

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

DECEMBER 1978 \$1.50

02239

CC

# **SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE**

**OFFSTAGE WITH  
GEORGE BURNS**

**CLAUDIA WEILL'S  
GIRL FRIENDS:  
THE MAKING  
OF THE MOVIE**

**PROSTITUTION  
UPDATE: THE  
CARRIAGE TRADE**

**INSIDE THE  
WORLD'S RICHEST  
SHOPPING CENTER**

**PLUS: FABULOUS  
FESTIVE FASHION,  
FOOD, AND FICTION**



Austria 60 S/Belgium 86 BF/Denmark 15 DKr/France 11.20 Fr/Israel 1.50 U.S./Italy 2100L/Japan 850 Y/Norway 14.75 NKr/Switzerland 6.30 F/UK 70 P



In a world filled with blatant propositions,  
brash overtures, bold invitations,  
and brazen proposals...

Get Your Share.



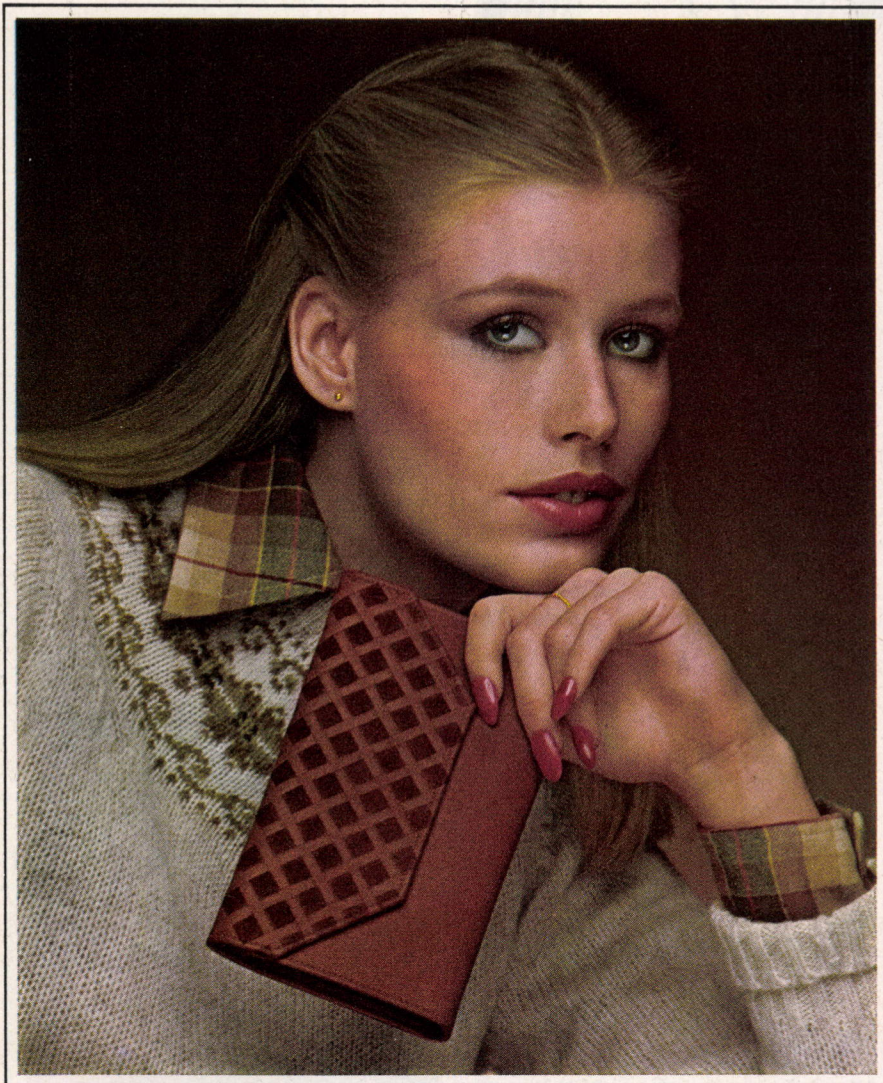
## Jovan Musk Oil Aftershave/Cologne for Men

Available in Aftershave/Cologne, Travel Size Aftershave/Cologne, Cologne Spray, Soap-on-a-rope, Aftershave Moisturizing Balm and Gift Sets. At fine stores everywhere. Jovan, Inc., 875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611

©1977 Jovan, Inc.



# THE SCANDIA COLLECTION. THE BEAUTY OF IT IS ONLY HALF THE BEAUTY OF IT.



A stunning example of Scandinavian simplicity.

The sleek geometric pattern burnished into supple Softy Lambskin.

Obviously, we've given a lot of attention to what you see. But once you discover how beautifully they organize all of life's little details, you'll realize we've given just as much attention to what you don't see.

And in our eyes, that's what makes them so beautiful. To give or receive.

Above, the "Scandia" Stasher/Checkbook Secretary in Rust. Also, Camel. Matching accessories from \$4.50.



## PRINCESS GARDNER®

Prince Gardner, St. Louis, Mo. A Division of SWANK, INC.



# VIVA®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN DECEMBER 1978 VOL. 6, NO. 3

## DEPARTMENTS

Habitat: A word with the authors	6
First Word: All My Children	Kathy Keeton 8
Forum: Letters from readers	10
Astrology	Martine 18
Careers	Jane Trahey 20
Medicine	Jean Seligmann 22
Fitness	Blair Sabol 24
Tattler	26
Film	Elizabeth Stone 37
Books	Laurie Stone 38
Music	Carole Flake 41
Dining In: The Palace	Brie Quinby 81
Last Word	Judith Thurman 114

## FASHION & BEAUTY

Are You Ready for Red?	Photographs by André Carrara 48
Scarlet Woman	Photographs by Serge Lutens 57
Falling for Red	Photographs by Jade Albert 76

## FICTION

A Clever Kids Story	Ann Beattie 74
---------------------	----------------

## ARTICLES & FEATURES

Catherine Mumford Booth	Carol Mithers 35
The Vision of Claudia Weill	Elizabeth Stone 45
Roundup on Rodeo Drive	Susan Duff 61
Red-Hot Gifts	Photographs by Tohru Nakamura 66
Prostitution: Part II	Emily Prager with Edward Claflin 71
Grape Expectations	Alexis Bessaloff 73
George Burns	Michael John Weber 99

All photo credits	86
-------------------	----

Publisher: Bob Guccione  
Associate Publisher & Editor: Kathy Keeton  
Associate Publisher (Int'l.): Franco Rossellini  
Managing Editor: Helen Irwin  
Art Director: Rowan Johnson  
Articles Editor: Patricia Lynden  
Senior Editor: Catherine Guinness  
Fashion Editor: Anna Wintour  
Accessories Editor: Georgia Gunn  
Beauty Editor: Susan Duff  
Associate Editors: Carol Mithers, Brie Quinby  
Associate Art Director: Claire Victor  
Assistant Art Director: Wanda DiBenedetto  
West Coast Editor: Toni Biggs



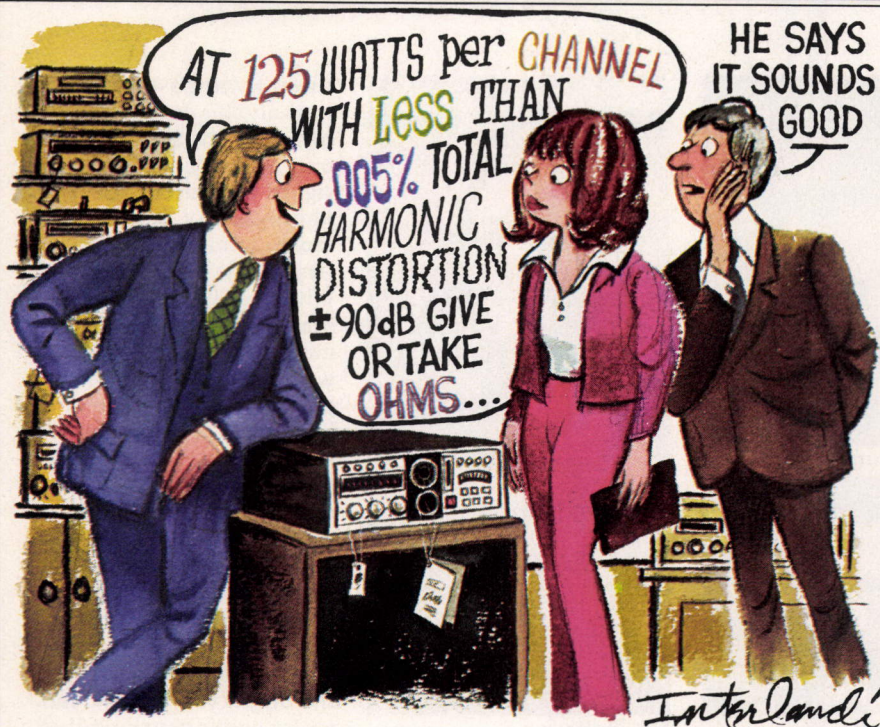
Photograph of Nina Marks of Zoli by Shig Ikeda. Makeup and hair by Shelley Durham. All makeup from Aziza by Prince Matchabelli. Cheeks: Natural Glow Creme Blush in Light. Lips: Natural Lustre Lipstick in Copper with Copper Lustre, topped by Natural Lustre Lip Gloss in Natural with Tawny Lustre. Eyes: Soft Touch Shadow, Winewood on lids and under lower lashes, Bisque as a highlighter. Both from the Tinted Neutrals Collection. Soft liner in Soft Brown. Lashes: Extra Length Mascara with Sealer in Brown/Black. Fragrance: Aviance by Prince Matchabelli.

VIVA, 1978, Volume 6, Number 3, published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Viva International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Entire contents copyrighted © Viva International Ltd. 1978, all rights reserved. Chairman: Bob Guccione; President: Kathy Keeton; Executive V.P.: Irwin E. Billman; Secretary-Treasurer: Anthony J. Guccione. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage rates paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to Viva or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in fiction or semfiction and real persons or places living or dead is coincidental. Newsstand sales price, \$1.50 in U.S., Canada, and AFO (\$2.00, special issues). Subscriptions: U.S., Poss., Canada, AFO—\$12.00 per year. Elsewhere—\$15.00 per year. Address changes, etc., to Viva Subscriptions Dept., 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Farmingdale address. Printed in U.S.A. by Meredith Printing and distributed by the Curtis Circulation Co. VIVA® is the trademark of Viva International Ltd., New York, N.Y. © 1978 Viva International Ltd., Penthouse International Ltd.





# How To Buy A STEREO WITHOUT GOING THROUGH AN INTERPRETER.



Shopping for a stereo can be a confusing experience.

Those complex components and that audio jargon can make anyone feel a little intimidated.

But take heart.

Because you can buy a terrific (and affordable) sound system without learning a second language.

## THE BASIC INGREDIENTS.

The basic stereo system consists of a receiver and speakers. Then you can add a turntable, cassette or 8-track deck, or any combination of the three.

The receiver is made up of a tuner (for AM, FM and FM stereo broadcasts), a preamplifier (to boost the signal) and an amplifier (to beef up speaker power).

The speakers should

faithfully reproduce recorded sound with a minimum of distortion. 3-way bookshelf or floor speakers will adequately fill most size rooms. Bear in mind, though, that big speakers don't necessarily produce big sound.

## CENTREX SAVES SPACE.

A Centrex by Pioneer gives you all of the above ingredients in one perfectly pre-matched system. With specifications your audiophile friends can appreciate. You never have to worry about having one component weaker or less efficient than the rest of the system.

We've conveniently built the record changer into the top of the receiver unit to save space and end hook-up hassles. Our cassette

and 8-track decks are also housed in the receiver unit to eliminate the clutter of separate components.

## BUYING WITHOUT INTIMIDATION.

Make sure you have a good idea of how much you want to spend before you go shopping. You just might end up spending more money and not have the same quality as a Centrex by Pioneer. Remember, Pioneer is one of the most respected names in audio today.

When you buy, let your ears decide what sounds good. You wouldn't buy a car without test driving it, so make sure to test listen to your stereo system.

Bring a favorite album to an audio store. It helps to listen to music you're already familiar with.

If all this sounds simple, it is. With Centrex, we've made buying a stereo a very easy experience.



**CENTREX®**

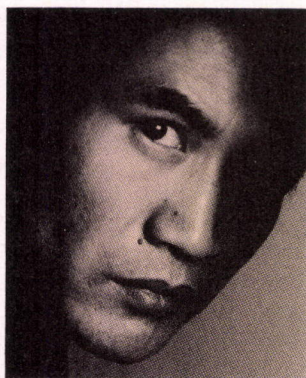


**A**nn Beattie, who wrote *A CLEVER KIDS STORY*, tells us: "I was once the editor of the literary magazine at American University. I didn't write very well. I left American University and went to graduate school at the University of Connecticut, where I studied literature and didn't enjoy it very much, but where I met J. D. O'Hara, who taught me how to write a lot better. I got an M.A. from Connecticut in 1970 and stayed around because there were no jobs that interested me, and because I was lazy, and because I was in love with my husband, who was there. Shameful, but true. And then I started sending a lot of stories out. One was bought by the *Atlantic*. After twenty or so rejections at the *New Yorker*, they bought a story. And another. And so on.

"I taught undergraduates at Connecticut for four years, until 1975. This year I am teaching creative-writing classes and classes in short fiction at the University of Virginia.

"I live with my husband and dog in a big house in Cobham, Virginia. When I am not teaching or writing I spend time with my 200-plus plants, many of them gesneriads." Ann is the author of *Chilly Scenes of Winter* (Doubleday), a novel.

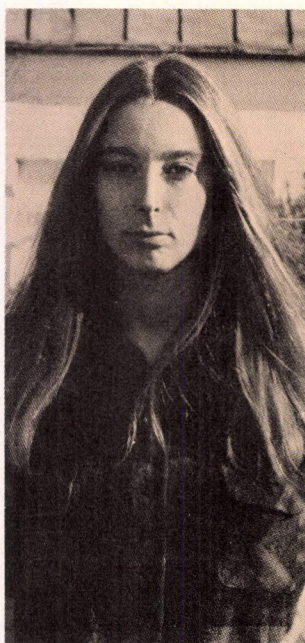
For our readers who are interested in WINE but who don't know their Chianti from their Chablis, **Alexis Besspaloff**, the respected wine writer, has put together for this issue a beginner's guide to choosing and serving wine, guaranteed to send you into the liquor store with a firm step and a resolved mind. Alexis became interested in the grape in his early twenties and, with several friends, formed a wine-tasting group. There



Tohru Nakamura



Alexis Besspaloff



Ann Beattie



Michael Weber with George Burns

he developed his palate and his knowledge. Three years later, his avocation became his business when he set off for the legendary wine country of Bordeaux to establish a buying-and-shipping office for an American importer. In 1965, he returned to the United States and traveled about selling fine wines for several years, until he grew weary of being constantly on the move. With the success of his first (and very popular) guidebook on wines, *The Signet Book of Wine* (New American Library, 1971), Alexis left his peripatetic buying-and-selling career behind to work full-time at writing.

Simon and Schuster has published his latest effort, *The Fireside Book of Wine* (1977), a literary anthology of writings about wine.

Tohru Nakamura is the inspired photographer who shot our wonderful RED-HOT GIFTS section this month. When we called him, he was still mulling over the relative merits of using mannequins or real, live models. "The models are certainly more flexible," he ruminated, "but then you don't have to talk to the mannequins." Tohru aims for "a feeling of spontaneity—a flow across the page" in his photography. The

striking composition of his work and his dramatic use of color stem, he says, from his training as a graphic designer. He went instead into photography because "I couldn't imagine myself sitting at a desk all day." Whenever he can steal time from his heavy load of commissioned assignments, he works on his own photographic ideas. "No matter how great the assignment is," he says, "I can never forget that it's not 100 percent my own work. I view photography as an art, and as a photographer I am trying to educate the public to see it as an art also."

We've all heard the story of the bright young New York writer-editor chucking it all to "get back to nature, man." But **Michael Weber**, the author of this month's profile of **GEORGE BURNS**, left a promising career as a white-water guide on the Salmon River in Idaho to come to the wilds of Manhattan and seek his fortune in the untamed world of publishing. He used his canny frontiersmanship to land a position as assistant to the publisher of *Harper's* magazine. Now Michael alternates between scribbling and adventuring; he recently helped to found a health-education newsletter in Nigeria. That done, he crossed the Sahara with a company of Algerians: "Whenever we got hungry, we just killed another goat. They're delicious." After he had turned in the George Burns piece, Michael seemed eager to be on his way to his next project. This time it was a raft trip down the dangerous white waters of the Green River in Utah. *Note:* Burns fans will want to watch his TV special, "George Burns's 100th Birthday Party," soon to be shown on CBS. 🐐



The French call  
such thoughts fantasy.



*toujours  
moi*  
The fragrance.  
The fantasy.

*Parfums Corday*



## ALL MY CHILDREN



BY KATHY KEETON

This year marks *Viva's* fifth Christmas, and for a five-year-old, of course, Christmas is an exuberant occasion. It's odd, I suppose, but whenever I think back to my own childhood Christmases, wonderfully happy moments for me, I am immediately reminded of a few wretched Yuletide holidays I spent in London as a young woman—times that were a sort of one-hundred-and-eighty-degree turnaround from the marvelous little-girl's Christmases I had had in South Africa so many years before. I think that in many ways, December, and the holiday season in general, is a time of contradictions, of confusing emotional polarities, a time when even the most ecstatic happiness can be tempered by memories of loneliness and desolation.

Families seem to be an integral part of the season, and there are times when the reunion of a family for the holiday can bring up ancient pains, unresolved (perhaps never to be resolved) conflicts, and all those powerful emotions that simply defy definition. *Viva's* health column this month talks about the "holiday blues" and how that complicated unit of human beings the family can have profound effects on one's seasonal moods. I think this column will provide you with some useful information that might help you conquer that creepy little demon depression, if it shows signs of slipping in to spoil the joyful pleasures of this Christmas.

Thinking of my own "family"—Bob, and the magazines we've created together—fills me with the very best of the Christmas spirit this year. Five-year-old *Viva* is preparing for a supremely joyous Christmas (more about that later!), and, from her two older brothers—*Penthouse* is now ten years old and *Forum* is seven—come the most festive issues ever. Most exciting of all, for Bob and me, however, is the newborn we have in the house—three-month-old *Omni*. A baby's first Christmas always adds a special note of excitement and anticipation! With the birth of *Omni*, Bob and I are experiencing all the joys of new parenthood once again. Oh, we've done it all before; we've brought spanking-new magazines into the world, nurtured them, worried over them, and watched them grow. But this time, perhaps because *Omni* is such a very special creation of ours, the thrill and hopefulness we feel are overwhelming. The long gestation period is over, the labor pains have been endured, and the delivery was more than successful; it was positively dazzling. Forgive my maternal pride, but I just can't contain my excitement over this new magazine; *Omni* offers its readers the very best writing and artwork on the wonders of science. This year, our new addition to the family is renewing everyone's optimism and sense of togetherness. Christmas spirit,

as corny and cliché-ed as that phrase might be, is running high through our offices here in New York.

Speaking of all my "children," it occurs to me that one of the best ways to get the most out of Christmas is to try to rediscover and re-create the happy child who dwells within each and every one of us. For most of us, it is the memories of those early Christmases which bring forth the happiest images of this special season—the breathless belief that there really is a Santa Claus, the joyful gaiety of stringing a tree with silvery tinsel, the goose-bumps-all-over feeling you get when all the presents are beautifully displayed beneath the tree. There is a child in every one of us who probably knows how to enjoy the season's delights much more completely than our grown-up selves do.

I want all of you to have the best Christmas yet this year, and I think this month's *Viva* will help to put you in just the right mood. For the child in you who yearns for the cozy comforts of a grandfather's lap on Christmas Eve, there's a wonderful interview with that wise old granddaddy of comedians George Burns. To remind us all of the warmth of women's friendships, *Viva* had an in-depth talk with the amazing new American film director Claudia Weill, who made *Girl Friends*, the movie everyone's talking about this year. And to help you entertain your friends with that special *Viva* flair, we asked New York's luxurious Palace restaurant to concoct a spectacular holiday feast you can prepare and serve to a select group of your very best friends. In addition, a complete guide to buying, tasting, serving, and delighting in the very best wines has been written for this month's *Viva* by wine connoisseur *extraordinaire* Alexis Bepaloff. It's a not-to-be-missed compendium of information to help you wine your way through the holiday season with style. And, our December fashion and beauty pages show you how to make sumptuous, stunning statements in red.

The Christmas season in New York is one of my favorite times. The cold winter air tends to make people gather indoors for long evening conversations. Yuletide music lifts the spirits of heavily laden shoppers dashing in and out of the big department stores. Doorways are adorned with wreaths, flocks of ice skaters head for Central Park, the enormous tree at Rockefeller Center is lit up, and even cabdrivers' moods seem to improve. The exuberance of the season heightens our feelings of friendship and love toward those we treasure. *Viva* wants to give you a limitless measure of Christmas spirit this month, and so do I. That's the best gift of all, I think. Have a wondrously childlike, ravishingly red, and positively splendid Noel! 🎄



WHEN I'M  
IN THE MOOD,  
THERE'S NO  
STOPPING ME.

© MAX FACTOR & CO. 1978 AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Hurray for a fragrance  
that goes the limit.



*Just  
Call Me*

**Maxi**<sup>TM</sup>

FROM  
NORTON SIMON INC

MAX FACTOR





THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

BOB GUCCIONE

Publisher

KATHY KEETON

Associate Publisher & Editor

VIVA INTERNATIONAL LTD.

The Corporation

Bob Guccione (chairman)

Kathy Keeton (president)

Irwin E. Billman (executive vice-president)

Anthony J. Guccione (secretary-treasurer)

Alma Moore (director of public relations)

Gerald Adler (corporate counsel)

Editorial

Editor, Kathy Keeton

Managing Editor, Helen Irwin

Articles Editor, Patricia Lynden

Senior Editor, Catherine Guinness

Fashion Editor, Anna Wintour

Accessories Editor, Georgia Gunn

Beauty Editor, Susan Duff

Associate Editors, Carol Mitthers,

Brie Quinby

Copy Editor, Judith Sonntag

Research Editor, Susan Bidel

Photo Editor/Subsidiary Rights,

Hildegard Kron

Humor Editor, Bill Lee

West Coast Editor, Toni Biggs

Contributing Editors, Blair Sabol,

Jean Seligmann, Elizabeth Stone, Laurie

Stone, Jane Trahey

Art

Art Director, Rowan Johnson; Associate Art Director, Claire Victor; Designer, Wanda Di-Benedetto; Staff Photographers, Earl Miller, Eddie Adams; Stan Malinowski, Pat Hill, Bob Guccione

Administrative

V.P./Director of Advertising, Beverley Wardale; Advertising Manager, Carole Kaye; V.P./Advertising Administration, Woody; Katsoff; V.P./Administrative Services, Jeri Winston; V.P./Production Director, John Evans; Circulation Manager, Ralph Perricelli; Controller, John Holland; Advertising Production Director, Toni Wagner; Editorial Production Manager, Camille Russo; Assistant, Linda Bogdanoff; Research Director, Carole Rossant Corporate Advertising Consultant, Charles Mandel

Advertising Offices

New York (Beverley Wardale): 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022—Tel. (212) 593-3301—Telex no. 237128; Midwest (Norman Kamikow): Viva International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601—Tel. (312) 565-0466 West Coast (Anne Sage): Viva International Ltd., Century City, 1900 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, Calif.—Tel. (213) 277-7125; U.K. & Europe: Peter Goldsmith, Advertising Director, Viva, Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England—Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex no. 919865; Molly McKellar, Director of Publications, Viva Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Rd., London W14, England—Tel. 01-381-0377

Editorial Offices

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022—Tel. (212) 593-3301; Los Angeles: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069—Tel. (213) 652-8070; Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street NW, Washington, D.C.—Tel. (202) 298-6050; Toronto: Kathleen Curry, 33 Harbour Square, Suite 1828, Toronto, Ontario M5J 2G2—Tel. (416) 863-9425; Europe: Bel Mooney, 3 Thurlough Ave., London SW128AN, England—Tel. 01-673-3724

Bureaus

Berlin: Hans Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45, West Germany. Herzlia Pitua: Leonard Stone, 46 Eavid Hamelech St., Herzlia Pitua, Israel. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th Fl., Rio de Janeiro, ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedomir Komijenovic, Srebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

DECEMBER



FORUM

## LETTERS FROM READERS



### N LOVING MEN

I wanted to thank you for printing Jane Lazarre's article "On Loving Men" (September 1978). I loved it, and I really related to the people in the story. Ms. Lazarre has my special thanks and appreciation.—Emma Brown, Brooklyn, N.Y.

### BATTERED WOMEN

Karen Lindsey's article "When Battered Women Strike Back—Murder or Self-Defense?" in *Viva's* September 1978 issue was excellent and very timely. I hope that an article of its caliber will someday also make the pages of magazines such as *Woman's Day*, *Family Circle*, and *Good Housekeeping*. The millions of women who read those magazines are probably the ones most in need of the information provided in such an article.

I have a complaint, however. An ad soliciting orders for a book (about a male flight instructor/murderer) that is billed as a "roaring twin-seater of sex and violence" is placed on the same page as the horrifying conclusion of "Murder or Self-Defense?" The implication of the ad is that this man kills the women he sleeps with. I'm personally offended that I'm expected to finish a serious and important article and order this trashy book in the same five minutes.—Cheryl Novick, Austin, Tex.

I read *Viva* often, and I find it quite interesting. I found the article "When Battered Women Strike Back—Murder or Self-Defense?" particularly good. I am fifteen years old, and I am in love with an eighteen-year-old man. We have had fights, and he has badly beaten me. Often I have thought about taking his life or my own. From my point of view, I think it is best for women who are being beaten to get away; but often if a woman really loves a man, being apart hurts her more than being beaten. I know women who have had problems with their husbands and who have thought about killing them, but instead have taken out their anger on someone else. I hope that these women have learned something from your article, because many women do strike back without murdering, and perhaps there are people who can re-

ally help with the situation.—C.S., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

### "LA PASIONARIA"

*Muchas gracias* for Merle Wolin's inspirational article "La Pasionaria," which appeared in the September 1978 issue of *Viva*. You should continue with such fine choices of material and writing because they make your magazine well-rounded. Keep it up!—Georgia Rodriguez, San Francisco, Calif.

I am an avid reader of *Viva* because it promises something a bit more substantial than the fare that most women's magazines offer. But Merle Wolin's article on *La Pasionaria* disturbed me.

Dolores's flamboyant statements about Fidel Castro made him seem like an adorable idol. As a Cuban who had a hell of a time getting out of that country when Castro was in his "adorable glory," I disagree strongly.

My food was rationed, while I saw the supplies being shipped to Communist countries. I saw my children march and scream "Fidel" as if he were a god.

When Dolores says that Cuba should be a great stimulus for Latin American revolutions, I don't understand. People leave their homeland by the thousands every year, in any way they can, to escape this influence.—Elana Blanco, Miami, Fla.

Merle Wolin's article about Dolores Ibárruri was excellent, as was the photography. If only America had a few heroines like her, maybe the press would relegate people like Anita Bryant to the back pages where they belong.—Lee Kirsner, Philadelphia, Pa.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

Dirk Wittenborn's piece on Sir Cecil Beaton ("Photographer to a Gilded Age," September 1978) was excellent. It's about time that we paid tribute to the forerunners in a medium that is only now being recognized as art. Whatever Beaton's personality quirks, he has proven himself to be a versatile and imaginative photographer, and one who has set the standards for a new generation of photographers. Thank you for this informative article.—A.K., New York, N.Y.



# Eye Writing is here!



Now you can line, shadow, contour and style your eyes as easily as writing your name. Maybelline introduces new Eye Color Styler-Pencils. 9 luscious, blendable colors. Invent. Have fun. Write eyes as unique as your signature. It's easy with a pencil. That's eye writing!

## Eye Color Styler Pencils

Try Lip Color Styler-Pencils, too.

**Maybelline**  
Fine make-up sensibly priced.



## CRAWFORD FANS

I protest against Helen Lawrenson's article "The Troubling Truth about Joan Crawford," which appeared in the August 1978 *Viva*. I resent this derogatory material about famous people who are dead and unable to defend themselves.

I realize that the plots and stars of Crawford's time were manufactured by people at dream factories so that fans could go on fantasy trips. In Crawford's case, "The Lacquered Lady" was her image. She once said, "If you want to see the girl next door, go next door."

Her personal life is none of my business. It doesn't change her performances, which is what we so often paid to see.

Ms. Lawrenson also neglects to mention that the bulk of Crawford's estate

was left to six charities, with the largest amount going to the Motion Picture Home and Hospital.

What next? "The Troubling Truth about Helen Lawrenson"?—D. Stump, Pittsburgh, Pa.

There is hardly anything new in the pastiche of gossip, innuendo, and supposition contained in Helen Lawrenson's sleazy article on Joan Crawford. And, having been a guest in Crawford's home, Lawrenson shows appalling manners in the description of her visit.

So Joan Crawford came from a humble background. Who cares? The essential truth is that she became a gifted screen actress by dint of hard work and perseverance. Who cares about her

home life and her lingerie?—Don Gregory, Essex Falls, N.J.

I was appalled to see the "hatchet job" that Helen Lawrenson did on Joan Crawford in *Viva's* August issue. It was the most biased, demeaning article that I have ever read. I know that women used to read this sort of crap in the 1930s, but in 1978?

I don't think it is fair to write slanderous articles which border on sensationalism. It is not Joan Crawford who is a "woman with no heart," but Helen Lawrenson who is a "writer with no heart."—John Adams, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

My compliments to *Viva* for including Helen Lawrenson's "The Troubling Truth about Joan Crawford" in the August 1978 issue. But I felt that I had to comment about the completely negative portrayal of Miss Crawford. Surely, Joan must have had something "good" about her. Joan Crawford may have been all the things Helen Lawrenson said she was, but Lawrenson cannot deny that Crawford was also one of the greatest actresses this world has ever known. She was a star in the truest sense of the word.—Dorothy Haith, Huntsville, Ala.

## POPULARITY PLUS?

I was intrigued by Marcia Stamell's "The Girl Most Likely . . ." (September 1978). I remember those select few in high school who seemed to have it all together, to be "better" than the rest of us. By the time I graduated, the aftereffects of the sixties had weakened the old social structures; still, after graduation, whenever I ran across one of the old "in group," I found it hard to talk, hard to forget those old status lines. And now it appears that those so-called goddesses were just as filled with doubt as the rest of us! How, then, does that mystifying process start? What prompts it? Will it ever end? I think, now, that by following those strict, arbitrary social lines, we missed out on so much, so many friendships. It's such a shame.—S.P. DaViney, Newport Beach, Calif.

## STRANGE TALE

I just finished reading "Newt Likes the House Neat" by Stephen Dixon (September 1978). It's such a quirky story. I'm not sure if I like it. I think I do. But who picked that illustration? It was the most hideous thing I've ever seen!—A. Spanyer, San Francisco, Calif.

## ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE

I enjoy every issue of *Viva*, but I would like to mention a couple of articles that I found particularly satisfying. "Gam Plan" by Susan Duff, which appeared in the August 1978 *Viva*, was superb. I

**KAHLÚA & Soda  
fzzz.**

**DISCO**

**COOL THE FEVER WITH:**  
an ounce of Kahlúa, a fill-up  
of club soda, a squeeze of lime, over ice.  
And send for the Kahlúa recipe book. It's on the house.

Kahlúa, Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.  
Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc. 116 N. Robertson, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

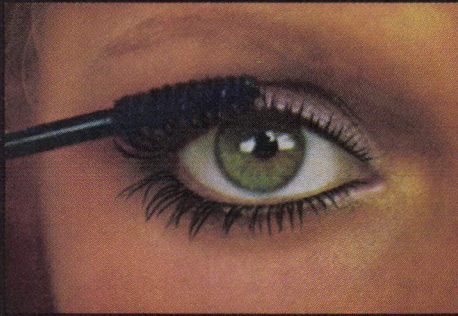
© 1978 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc.



# Maybelline creates Fresh Lash™ 24-hour mascara that conditions, too!



The never-before  
formula smooths  
on fresh.



Conditions your  
lashes every  
minute you wear it.

Maybelline brings you  
a fresh kind of long  
for your lashes.  
The 24-hour long. It's  
yours with Fresh Lash.



Stays on all day.  
Stays on all night.



It's smearproof.  
It's sleep-proof.

Fresh  
lash

24 HOUR  
POLYMER  
MASCARA

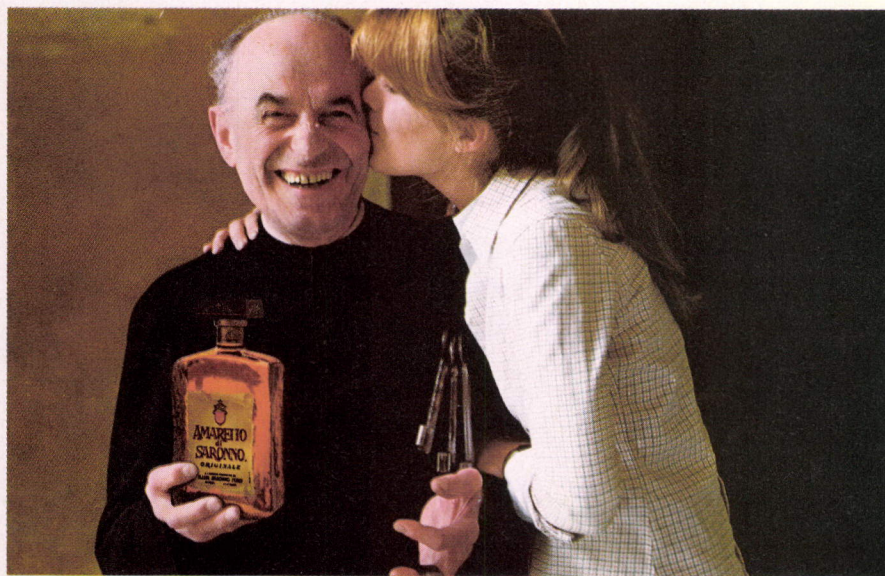


Maybelline®  
Fine make-up / sensibly priced

Nobody out-lashes  
Maybelline.



# Here in Saronno, we do it all for love.

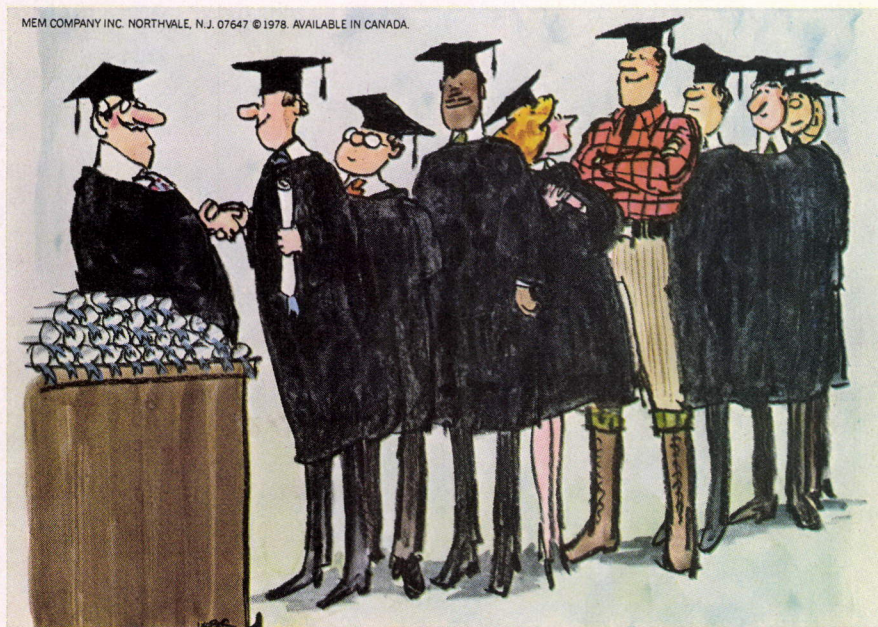


Just the way we've been doing it for 450 years.  
With Amaretto di Saronno. The original drink of love. There are all kinds  
of amarettos you can buy... but why fool around with love?

## Amaretto di Saronno® The Original.

Liqueur 56 proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., Jericho, New York. © 1978.

MEM COMPANY INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1978. AVAILABLE IN CANADA.



**"Somebody's wearing Timberline."**



Timberline® toiletries for men. Also available in gift sets. From \$3.

have been following the exercises every day, and my legs are getting one hell of a workout. And Blair Sabol's "Beating the Boredom" (September 1978) was very helpful, since I do find myself getting bored with my exercise routine at times.

I also enjoyed Judith Thurman's "Endings," which was in the August issue. It was nice to read something derived from real facts and feelings instead of made-up fantasies.

I could write a paragraph on each article, but I'll stop here and say, "Thanks, and keep up the terrific work."—Tina Gage, Tulsa, Okla.

### PROFESSIONAL OUTLOOK

Three loud cheers for Jane Trahey's "Secretaries: Pooling the Power," which appeared in the Careers section of the July *Viva*. I was married for twenty-three years, had four children, went to school, and performed superior work in many office jobs as a bookkeeper, office manager, credit manager, secretary, and typist. Since I could not earn over \$11,000, I took numerous courses in an attempt to land other jobs that were not only challenging but financially rewarding. My superiors, always men, were willing to give me more responsibility, but not more money. So, after reading Trahey's article, I've decided that the only way out of the secretary syndrome is to start my own business. Thank you, *Viva*, for convincing me. —J. Evans, Tempe, Ariz.

I've been reading *Viva* since issue number one, and I must say that all of the changes have been for the better. Thank you especially for the Jane Trahey article "Secretaries: Pooling the Power," in the July 1978 issue.

Recently I quit my job over a salary dispute; the man who had held my position previously had received a higher salary even though he had had no better education or experience.

When will there be a "white collar" union where all the "paper-pushers" can strike? We need to show the executives just how vital a job we are doing. We deserve more than we are getting. —P.K., Ore.

### THE GOOD AND THE BAD

I have a few opinions about *Viva* that I'd like to take this chance to express.

Jane Trahey (Careers) is the best writer you've got going for you. She is blunt and intelligent and writes with the knowledge that other women deserve and need her insight. She has a gift that is unique, and I am elated that she shares it through your magazine.

Your photography is excellent, and *Viva* leads the list of magazines that are concerned with innovative and slick fashion concepts.



Now *Maybelline*<sup>®</sup> creates  
see-through lip frosts!

See-through color  
See-through feel  
See-through frost

# 'SHEER FROST' FRESH COLOR 3<sup>®</sup>

A fresh idea in lipstick.

Our model is wearing Glazed Cinnamon.





# BEAUTY FROM TOE TO TOP.

Is what we strove for and have now achieved, with a complete cosmetic product line including skin care, make-up, powder and cream eye shadow, mascara, lipsticks, lip glosses, soft pencils (in 100 color combinations), nail polishes, powder and cream rouge, brushes and all necessary accessories, and the all-time favorite Avigal Henna. All formulated from biological raw materials imported from West Germany, France and Israel. So write us for details or pop into our one-stop beauty salon in New York for a complete make-over—facial, eyebrows and lashes, bleaching, manicure, pedicure, sculptured custom-made nails, waxing, depilation, shiatsu body massage, and Avigal Henna treatment.



**IL-MAKIAGE**

Head Office: 521 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022  
Salon: 107 East 60th Street, New York (212) 371-3992



Your articles have become increasingly shallow and noninformative, except for the rare occasion where an author has exhibited exceptional insight and responsibility to her or his readers.—B. Calhoun, Columbus, Ga.

I have been reading your magazine for over a year now, and I have yet to miss an issue. I very much enjoy most of what *Viva* features, but there are a few things I would like to comment on.

First, what happened to your monthly quizzes? I found them entertaining and informative, and I'm sad to see that they're no longer in *Viva*.

Second, your fashion is very interesting, but who can afford it? I would like to see some practical, affordable fashions for office and evening wear.

Finally, congratulations to Jane Trahey for her fine article on female office workers ("Secretaries: Pooling the Power," *Careers*, July 1978). While I don't agree that a union is what is needed, I think that management should be informed of the statistics regarding salaries and the cost of living for a single, self-supporting, rent-paying woman. No one can live comfortably on the average secretarial salary.—Joanne Leighton, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

**Editor's reply:** While quizzes are no longer a monthly feature in *Viva*, we have not dropped them altogether. We will continue to print "entertaining and informative" quizzes from time to time.

For some great, affordable fashions, we suggest that our readers turn to the fashion section of this month's issue. Upcoming issues of *Viva* will continue to feature beautiful clothes at down-to-earth prices, but remember that what we are trying to convey are ideas, not looks that must be rigidly copied. Your imagination is the key to making our ideas work for you.

#### EARTHLY DELIGHTS

Julia Orange's article "The Pleasure Is Yours," which appeared in the July issue of *Viva*, really intrigued me. Unfortunately, there was no address included, and I'd like to write for further information. If you could point me in the right direction I'm certain my body would appreciate it dearly.

I've fallen in love with *Viva*; the articles are interesting, timely, and enjoyable.—Patricia Barkuloo, Minneapolis, Minn.

**Editor's reply:** For further information on The Secret Garden write to:

The Secret Garden  
c/o Ray Stubbs  
P.O. Box 67  
Larkspur, Calif. 94939  
(415) 924-5742.

Almondy. Creamy.  
The Pink Squirrel.  
Just pour it straight  
from the bottle.  
We added the liquor.  
You add the ice.  
Beauty.  
Without the bother.



# THE HEUBLEIN PINK SQUIRREL.

Heublein \* Pink Squirrel 30 Proof © 1977 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

#### HAIR CARE

I would like to compliment Susan Duff for her article "The Ultimate Secrets of Beautiful Hair," which appeared in the May 1978 issue of *Viva*. I am a trichologist certified by the International Association of Trichologists, and I would like to add one important fact that was missing from the article. The International Association of Trichologists is concerned with much more than the cosmetic health of the hair and scalp. Hair, skin, and nails regenerate approximately seven times faster than other body tissues, and because of this the diagnosis of hair can provide a way of detecting chemical imbalances in the body much sooner than this can ordinarily be done. Diffuse hair loss, or an abnormal amount of hair loss from

any part of the scalp, almost always indicates a dysfunction of some sort somewhere in the body. Hair loss can result from hormonal imbalances, nutritional deficiencies, and a number of other causes. Trichology can play an important role in maintaining good health.—Burton Sklaroff, Meadowbrook, Pa.

Have you read something in *Viva* that makes you want to cheer—or scream? Save your voice, and write us a letter. All letters for Forum should be addressed to Letters to the Editors, *Viva* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022. All letters to the editor become the property of *Viva* magazine. The editors reserve the right to edit for publication.





## SAGITTARIUS

(NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21)

BY MARTINE

**A**RIES (March 21–April 19) New associates, travel, and good news are in the picture for December. Career matters are under a lucky influence after December 13; parties and entertaining can do much to keep you in touch with the right people. Love, however, is still your vulnerable area. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** Take stock of a lesson you learned in 1978. An upcoming decision should be based on a past experience. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 1, 8–9, 17, 27.

**TAURUS** (April 20–May 20) Money plays a large role throughout December. If you are adept at dealing with certain people, you can ease the way to getting something you want. This month brings luck that may involve a past effort. Changes in a sexual relationship are in your chart. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** No matter how hard you try, you can't please everyone. Don't blame yourself. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 2, 11–12, 21, 29.

**GEMINI** (May 21–June 20) Patience and hard work pay off for you this month. Letters and phone calls work to your benefit. You are popular and sought-after during the holidays. This is a time to decide who is truly important in your life. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** Analyze a problem—then act boldly. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 4, 13–14, 22, 31.

**CANCER** (June 21–July 22) Romantic excitement and social affairs are highlighted this month. A surprising new alliance can enhance your image. Skillful maneuvering will help you with a problem, but the solution won't come until the middle of March. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** Extravagance can put you into a tight financial bind, so beware. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 5, 16–17, 23, 27.

**LEO** (July 23–August 22) Long-range ambitions and career recognition are emphasized this month. You are especially versatile, but you may find that love interferes with a professional matter. Be ruthless to avoid wasting your time and talent. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** Travel to a far-off place is very tempting, but if you stay home you may enjoy an unusual romantic dalliance. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 1, 7, 18–19, 28.

**VIRGO** (August 23–September 22) The accent in December is on self-expression; artistic pursuits are highlighted. After December 15, you

IF YOU ARE SAGITTARIUS, you need freedom more than anything else. Travel, excitement, and the unconventional intrigue you. Generous to a fault, you will give away your last possession. Restless, adventurous, and impulsive, you make a better friend than lover. You always have one foot outside the door.

While luck is your lifelong companion, down deep you are a secret worrier, and you often have psychic "hunches" which you try to hide.

IN THE COMING YEAR, you will push ahead. Problems in finances and career will clear up by March. In February and September, changes will occur in your home situation. A love bond deepens, although you may not realize it until later on in the year.

**MARTINE'S ADVICE FOR 1979:** Widen your circle of influence. Your success depends on how well you can deal with the greatest number of people.

deal with a surer hand in an intimate relationship. Try to be more openly affectionate with those closest to you. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** You are particularly astute in a financial matter. But don't act too cautiously. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 2, 10, 21–22, 29–30.

**LIBRA** (September 23–October 22) Auspices for a career/financial negotiation couldn't be better. You are perceptive, intuitive, and able to maneuver persons who are "difficult" by using your inimitable tact. Holidays are extremely social, and you are in your prime when entertaining at home. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** A romantic prob-

lem can be easily handled if you maintain your usual charm. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 3, 15, 23–24, 31.

**SCORPIO** (October 23–November 21) The first ten days of this month hold great promise. Ambitious plans that emerge during the New Year have their beginnings now. You must come to terms with an emotional conflict. Take time to search out your true feelings. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** Don't put off till tomorrow what you should do today. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 6, 9, 15–16, 25–26.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22–December 21) Your self-confidence and sexual allure are prominent this month. Someone influential appears on the scene; pay attention to their advice and counsel. An unexpected bonus (possibly financial) falls into your lap before New Year's Eve. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** Pay particular attention to the fine points of an agreement you are negotiating. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 1, 8, 17–18, 27–28.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22–January 19) This December you should try to put more order into your life and to achieve greater peace of mind. Originality and creative ideas are stressed. Around December 20–30, you are singled out for praise, and a love affair undergoes a change after Christmas. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** Confronted with three choices, you should choose the middle way. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 2–3, 11, 20, 29–30.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20–February 18) Friends and social connections play an instrumental role this month. Deal in facts and logic, not feelings and innuendo. Your own attitudes and values are undergoing change; looking at things more philosophically will help you through this period of unrest. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** Be a little more self-indulgent. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 4–5, 13, 22, 31.

**PISCES** (February 19–March 20) December finds you more aggressive, versatile, and decisive. Financial opportunities come and go quickly, so keep on your toes. Christmas heralds a separation in the paths you and a loved one are traveling. This is a temporary situation (until May), but it will cause a permanent alteration in your plans. **MARTINE'S ADVICE:** An exciting offer is very tempting, but be sure you examine all the angles. **LUCKY IN LOVE DAYS:** December 3, 6–7, 15, 25–26. 🌈



# The evolution of the revolution.

## The new Bose® 901® Series IV Direct/Reflecting® speaker.

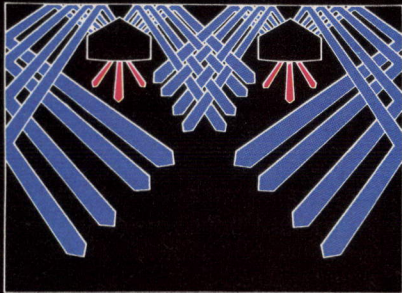
When Bose introduced the original 901® speaker, high-fidelity critics around the world hailed its revolutionary approach to sound reproduction.

"Bose has, in a single giant step, produced one of the finest speaker systems ever made." (USA)

"The orchestra is there in front and the atmosphere of the concert hall all around." (Belgium)

"Bose contains more technical innovations than any other speaker of the past 20 years." (Austria)

"...sets new standards for loud-speaker music reproduction." (France)



Now the 901® has evolved. Again. Introducing the Bose 901 Series IV Direct/Reflecting® speaker system. With new equalizer controls that consider your room as part of the speaker design. And a new answer to the problem of choosing an amplifier.

It is a known fact that moving a speaker just a few feet in a room will alter its performance. And that the variances in a speaker's performance from one living room to the next can be vast. This is a problem all speakers have regardless of design. Except one.

A new approach to the study of listening room acoustics and an ambitious survey of many actual listening rooms has resulted in new equalizer controls for the Bose 901 IV. These controls allow you to simultaneously adjust several bands of frequencies in a precise manner to match the per-

formance of the 901 IV to your room. In a way that cannot be duplicated even with an expensive graphic equalizer.

As a result, the 901 Series IV speakers perform as well in the living room as in the demonstration room.

Were our engineers to design a speaker specifically for your living room, you would not get better sound than you do when you properly adjust the equalizer controls on the Bose 901 Series IV.

And the 901 IV provides a simple answer to the problem of choosing the power rating of your amplifier or receiver. Choose any amplifier you wish. The 901 IV provides surprisingly loud sound with as little as 10 watts per channel. Yet it is durable enough for us to remove all power limitations on the 901 IV. There is no power limit. Period.\*

With these new improvements, the Bose 901 IV gives you a flexibility no other speaker can. You can place the 901 IV in almost any room and get the life-like, spacious sound for which the 901 IV

Direct/Reflecting® speaker is famous. And you can match it to virtually any amplifier.

We think that once you hear the new Bose 901 IV Direct/Reflecting® speaker, you'll agree. The revolution has evolved.

**BOSE®**

\*There is a power limit in commercial applications. For information, contact Bose Customer Service.



## SHARING THE WORK THAT DOESN'T PAY

**S**oap-opera music. Male voice. "And now, direct from Washington, D.C., we bring you a new program devoted entirely to depressing statistics from the Commission on the Status of the Working Woman in America. Tonight's statistic deals with the number of hours a working woman puts in each week versus the working hours a male clocks up. Females: sixty-six. Males: forty-six.

"Tune in tomorrow, when we will bring you another depressing statistic in the lives of working women."

Funny? Women I talked to about their working hours didn't think so. In fact, many of them thought the length of their work weeks had a deadening side effect on achievements in their careers.

"Look," says Sybil S., an executive secretary to the president of a large corporation, "I'm so bushed when I finally do get dinner over, all I want to do is fall in the sack. I never do any office work at home. I can no more concentrate on office reports than I can fly. I zonk out reading trade papers. And I know that these are all the things that you ought to be doing in my company if you want to get ahead. But Carl manages to subtly suggest that cooking for him and keeping house make me happy because that's what I naturally have as a gift. He has the damndest way of making me feel guilty if I bitch."

Sybil is not alone. Most women have one thing in common when they work and try to keep a house—the "house guilts." A lot of women believe that they have special talents for homemaking and feel mean and lazy about not exercising them.

"It's crazy, I know," says Lizzie T., a journalist for a prestigious weekly. "If I'm running late, I start getting the guilts. And to make up for being late, I fly into the kitchen and get into my domestic act, juggling pots and pans."

The guiltiest-feeling of all the women I talked to were those with children. "Listen," says Louise G., "I'm bringing in more than 40 percent of the family income, but I'm the one everyone has at if things aren't just so. I just wish they'd see my career in the same light as Daddy's. But the world expects so much more from a mama."

Young Lucy K., a department-store



BY JANE TRAHY

manager, says, "We set out to save for a co-op. Lucky me with a degree in medieval history—I got a job typing. It was the only skill I had that was worth a sou. Dick said if we banked my salary and kept everything at status quo, we could get our co-op in a couple of years. I don't think I'll be alive then. You see, I get to keep *my* status quo as well. I still do all the housework, cooking, cleaning, and laundry. Dick hasn't got a clue how much work it takes to run a house. He thinks all women are born with Westinghouse steam irons in their right hands."

With 41,000,000 women in the work force, 51 percent married and God knows how many housemating, scenes like this must be played daily in millions of homes. Traditionally, women were taught that it was indeed a woman's job to run the house. And it wasn't nice, or even conceivable, that a woman would relate her services to money. By playing down the importance and value of housework, men made it seem valueless. But when men faced with divorce try to buy services like housekeeping, laundering, nursery care, and cooking, they are stunned at the money it takes, and waste no time finding a new mate to perform these services free of charge.

So what is the answer? Is there one?


A bright young woman I know did it this way. "I decided that if we were to make a go of our relationship, we would have to understand each other's needs and goals. I'm into a career in manufacturing. I'm not going to quit—ever. My friend and I decided we'd just role-switch every month. He shops. I cook. And vice versa. We share as much of the work as we can because it's more fun. We yell if things go wrong, but it's all on top and no raging underneath. I think it's saved us both."

One man gave me an interesting insight into how males feel about housework. "I know from nothing about housework and I don't want to know," says Red, an actor. "My doll is trying to housebreak me and I don't like it. So I just do everything wrong. She gets so exasperated that she is starting to ignore me and do it herself. That's great! I think women *are* better at these things than men."

"But," I asked him, "don't you think Sue gets tired of trying to work full-time and do all the work at home?"

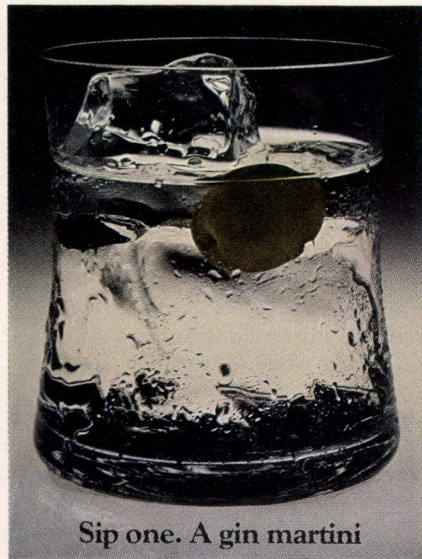
"Sure I do. But as long as she doesn't raise a stink, I keep quiet and let it ride. I just keep telling her how great she is."

Beware the compliment trap! Even super-smart women are suckered into this one. Beware all those kudos about what a great cook you are, how good you are at shopping, keeping books, and arranging parties, flowers, and furniture. These are all lures set to create the atmosphere that most encourages you to take on these jobs permanently. Make it very clear that the only way to have a happy life is to share jobs that have to be done. Don't wait, either. Talk the first day, when everything is sunny and sweet and beautiful. Conversations about sharing can become very uncomfortable in the middle of relations or at the end, when they're falling apart.

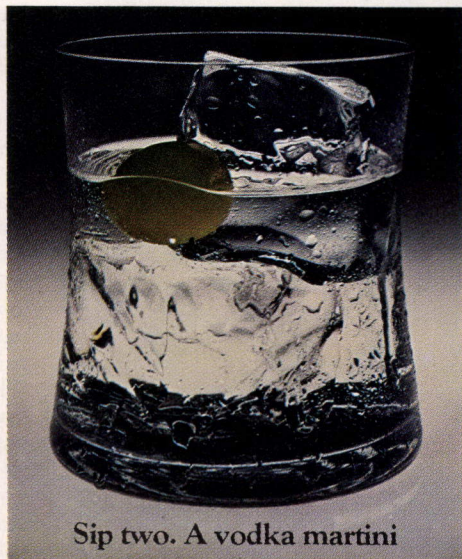
Since a woman who starts working this year probably will work twenty-five years of her life, it's vital that she do everything she can to develop her career. A woman's working years can be a joyful trip or a pit stop—a sixty-six-hour work week with twenty-six working hours nonreimbursable. Give your career a break. Break the myth that a woman's place is in the home—and her work is never done. 



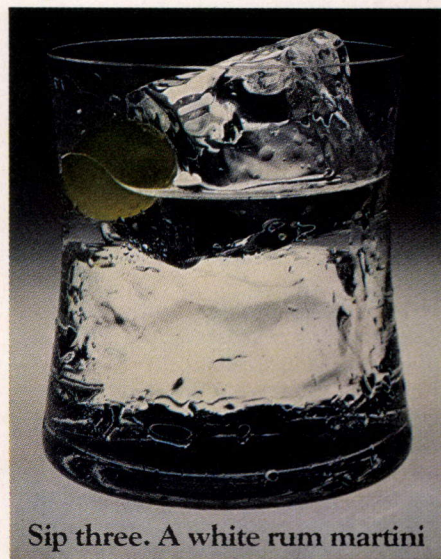
# How to switch to a white rum martini in 3 easy sips.



Sip one. A gin martini



Sip two. A vodka martini



Sip three. A white rum martini

A sip of a gin martini reveals the flowery presence of juniper berry oil and herbs.

A sip of a vodka martini usually reveals nothing. Vodka has no taste.

Now take your first sip of a white rum martini.

You'll notice a satiny smoothness.

That's because Puerto Rican white rum is carefully aged for smoothness and good taste. For at least a full year by law.

Neither gin nor vodka is aged a single day. (Which may explain the harshness associated with conventional martinis.)

Can people detect the difference in smoothness between white rum and gin or vodka?

We know they can. We found it out in taste tests with hundreds of consumers. The result has been a significant preference for white rum.

If you're not a creature of habit, take the 3-sip test at home with friends.

If you and your guests opt for the white rum martini, don't be surprised.

More and more people are switching to white rum martinis every day.

**PUERTO RICAN RUMS**  
Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free drink recipe booklet "Light Rums of Puerto Rico," write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. VI-5, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.  
©1977 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.



## HOLIDAY BLUES

For some lucky souls, the Christmas season brings with it the traditional pleasures of family closeness, shared good times, and a feeling of warmth and benevolence. But for just as many, the approaching holidays signal an annual nightmare of despair and anxiety—a syndrome recognized by psychiatrists and often referred to as the “holiday blues.” For the chronically depressed, the season can be particularly difficult, but even those with habitually sunny natures may find themselves experiencing more sadness than comfort and joy as the days grow shorter.

The biggest problem with Christmas, most psychiatrists agree, is that it gives people unrealistically high expectations about what they ought to be feeling. “The fantasy expectation of well-being,” observes Dr. Helen De Rosis, associate professor of psychiatry at New York University School of Medicine, “is a pure carry-over of the excited, spontaneous reaction of little kids.” While there is no way an adult can hope to experience such feelings, De Rosis adds, childhood memories may be so vivid that the adult feels deficient for no longer responding in the same joyful manner.

“The advertisers almost command you to be happy—about the season as well as their product,” comments Dr. Richard Bedrosian, a clinical psychologist at the University of Pennsylvania, “and some people expect to function optimally at all times. It’s not enough for them to feel mild satisfaction or just get along with their families—they think they have to feel terrific.”

The family, in fact, is a catalyst for much Christmas depression. If you are single, your image of yourself may compare unfavorably with the idealized visions of harmonious households that appear on the television screen and magazine pages. “I realize intellectually that Christmas isn’t really like that for most people,” acknowledges Peggy Y., a twenty-eight-year-old journalist, “but I still long for it. I’m not very close to my family, and our exchange of presents gives me little emotional feedback.”

While some people may welcome the opportunity for a family reunion, others dread what promises to be a



BY JEAN SELIGMANN

tense encounter. Having realistic expectations can help things go smoothly, notes Bedrosian; just because you may have changed in the past few years doesn’t mean that a long-standing difficult relationship will be any easier. And if you really don’t want to go home, advises De Rosis, who is the author of a recent book on women and depression entitled *The Book of Hope* (Bantam paperback), you can refuse the invitation in a kind way. On the other hand, De Rosis points out, some young women who would love to be with their families for the holidays are reluctant to call them up and say so, because they fear it will compromise their independence. Nonsense, says De Rosis; wanting your family at Christmas is quite natural; admitting it poses no threat to your freedom.

Giving a present to somebody you love should be the pleasantest thing in the world, but when that gift is multiplied by twenty and the motive of generosity is overwhelmed by one of obligation, the Christmas spirit can be sorely strained. “Giving can be highly revealing,” observes Dr. Ari Kiev, clinical associate professor of psychiatry at Cornell University Medical College. “How you do it is like your signature.” Some exchanges are characterized by competition. “I’m very disappointed,”

confesses Peggy, “if a gift from an important person in my life isn’t as thoughtful or as substantial as what I’ve chosen for him or her.” In many cases, notes Bedrosian, givers try to outdo each other in a manipulative fashion, even to the point of incurring heavy debts.

New Year’s Eve can also bring on a full-fledged holiday funk. Like Christmas, Bedrosian points out, it is an occasion of forced jolliness, and it may be made worse by a post-Christmas letdown, the realization that the holiday wasn’t what you had hoped, and that the winter ahead stretches long and bleak. “New Year’s can be particularly horrendous for an unattached young woman,” says De Rosis. “Her whole view of herself may be damaged by not having the ‘perfect’ date for New Year’s Eve.” Peggy agrees: “If I’m in a stable relationship, I look forward to sharing the ritual,” she explains, “but if I’m alone, I feel almost suicidal.” (Indeed, suicide attempts do rise slightly around these winter holidays, but the annual peak does not arrive until April.)

Happily, there are some measures you can take to head off the December blues before they descend. The experts urge you to make plans well ahead of time that will keep you active and involved with other people. Buy theater tickets, give a party, invite a house guest. Remember that liquor is a depressant—and so is sleeping too little or too much.

Kiev recommends a thoughtful review of past holiday experiences to find alternatives that will enable you to make this year different—and happier. If you’re overwhelmed by Christmas preparations, suggests De Rosis, make a list of everything you think you *should* do, and then eliminate what really isn’t essential and delegate some tasks to others. “Engage in activities that give you a sense of pleasure and mastery,” advises Bedrosian, “and if you can, find an opportunity to do things for somebody else. Redirecting attention away from yourself will at least keep you from feeling worse.” And above all, keep in mind that almost everybody else is feeling the same way you do. And in just a few weeks, it will all be over. 🌟



# You may be satisfied with the absorbency of your tampon.

## We weren't.

# Introducing the most absorbent Playtex® Tampons ever made.

**Now all Playtex Tampons have a lot more absorbency with Maxi-Sorb® fiber**

It's a more absorbent fiber. And now it's in all Playtex Tampons. Regular, Super, and Super Plus. So no matter which one you use, you get added protection.

### **Playtex blooming action**

Playtex Tampons conform to your body's natural contours to help prevent by-pass leakage.



The blooming action, combined with Maxi-Sorb fiber, gives you even more protection. So you don't have to worry so much about staining.

### **Gentle Glide® applicator**

New, improved Playtex Tampons still have the same, smooth Gentle Glide applicator with rounded tip for easy, comfortable insertion.

And you still have the choice between Playtex Tampons

without deodorant or Playtex Deodorant Tampons, to help you feel especially fresh and feminine.

But whichever you choose, you'll be getting something you may not be getting now. More absorbency. More protection.

© International Playtex, Inc., 1978. Playtex, Gentle Glide and Maxi-Sorb are registered trademarks.



AVAILABLE WITH OR WITHOUT DEODORANT

## **An improvement you can really notice.**



## FOOD FOR FITNESS

I remember when the word "diet" usually meant weight reduction. Now, with the current fitness fad, all that's changed, and we no longer "starve and strive" for beauty and slenderness but instead "ingest and digest" for strength and stamina.

I'm all for thinking of food in terms of health and well-being. After I'd tried every kind of diet (from pills to Metrecal to Atkins to injections of pregnant-cow urine), the only thing that stabilized my recent weight reduction was an increase in body movement. When I started jogging I found that I not only had to cut down on my usually immense intake, but also that some foods (like dairy products, meat, and some grains) made me feel logy and actually slowed me down even though I had consumed them the day before. I began experiencing "food hangovers."

It has taken me two years to finally come to grips with my own eating habits. It hasn't been easy. I'm still experimenting and I still have "hog-outs," but diet continues to fascinate me and I keep asking those bodies I admire what and how they eat. When invited to people's houses I can't help sneaking a peek at the inside of their refrigerators.

What everyone would probably love would be to go to some knowledgeable internist who would run extensive tests and figure out a personal eating program for life—with no deprivation involved. But I believe that we can do that on our own by experimenting with food—becoming our own doctors. You have to become supersensitive to your body's (master's) voice. Obviously, eating is up to you and your mouth, but you can't forget everything below your neck. Perhaps that's why the more recent health-rage diets have emphasized movement instead of calorie and carbohydrate content, and magazines have cut back on those color spreads of low-cal recipes and instead are printing graphs showing how many minutes it takes to jog or swim off a cheeseburger.

I must admit to being totally confused when it comes to finding that one perfect "food for fitness" regime. A lot of health nuts are into roasting and boasting about vegetarianism or



BY BLAIR SABOL


fruitarianism; still others are going for the macrobiotic brown-rice ritual (great if you lead the life of a Zen monk), or the "mucus-free diet" (a disgusting name for a routine which requires abstinence from such foods as dairy products, nuts, and white rice on the basis that they clog your nasal and intestinal passages with mucus). Others believe in high-protein drinks or no/low-protein diets, better known as "carbohydrate overloading" (plates of pasta and six-packs of beer three times a day). Let's not forget fruit juice or water fasts or three-day-a-week herbal-tea "dry-outs" for a toxic system. Face it—there are enough diets to cover not only every kind of athletic performance but also every muscle reflex.

I also had a crisis over the "minimum daily requirement" of the vitamins I needed. Recently I called a halt to the whole vitamin issue when I found myself swallowing fifty-six pills a day and forever feeling bilious from the OD of it all—not to mention getting arrested in Acapulco last Christmas by Mexican customs officials who mistook my tackle box of B-15, lecithin, and ginseng tabs for dangerous drugs.

But out of all this confusion over food and fitness I have learned some "basics." Remember—you should con-

sider food a medicine, so whatever you eat should be simple, pure, and chewed very slowly. Undigested food is poison to the colon. Most people should cut down on salt, sugar, and certain fats, not to mention artificial flavorings, fillers, preservatives, and, in general, all processed plastic posing as real, live food. You should also watch out for certain dairy products as troublemakers. Try to be detached from food and don't eat unless you're truly hungry. Never overeat, and try not to go to bed on a full stomach. Try earning your food with hard exercise before or between meals. Eat only when you are comfortable in body, mind, and spirit. Try eating foods in season and in accordance with the climate and environment in which you live. Don't accept surviving on a purely fruitarian regime of pineapples and mangoes when it's January in New York.

Because I'm one of those who insist that most sickness (from cancer to hyperactivity to schizophrenia) is caused by poor digestion (I'm beginning to sound more and more like my grandmother), every time I get the flu or a bad headache, or even pull a temper tantrum, I try figuring out what I ate that might have upset me. It can be just the combination of foods we eat that sends us off-balance. For instance, some people think that you should never mix proteins, starches, and fruits, but rather choose one food and stick to it as a mini/mono meal.

The choice of whether to become a vegetarian is entirely up to you. Whether eating only greens really irons out the cellulite creases on the backs of the upper thighs, or eating mung beans helps you run faster, is questionable. I do find that a vegetarian meal always makes me feel lighter, clearer, and stronger. Who knows—but I can't help remembering what Thoreau said in *Walden*: "I believe that every man who has ever been earnest to preserve his higher or poetic faculties in the best condition has been particularly inclined to abstain from animal food, and from much food of any kind. . . . The gross feeder is a man in the larva state; and there are whole nations in that condition, nations without fancy or imagination, whose vast abdomens betray them." 



# "I wonder if I'm pregnant"

## New ACU-TEST gives you the answer. At home...in two hours.

Now there's an easy way to find out if you're pregnant. Acu-Test is a safe and simple urine test for pregnancy that requires no internal examination. In tests by hundreds of women in their own homes, Acu-Test's pregnancy readings proved to be 97% accurate.

You can clearly see the results of your Acu-Test in just 2 hours. The appearance of a dark ring in the mirror at the base of the Acu-Test kit indicates that you're pregnant. If the result of your Acu-Test shows you're not pregnant, and you do not start menstruating in a week's time, you need to use a new Acu-Test. If your period has not started after a second negative reading, consult your doctor.

The sooner you know if you're pregnant, the sooner you can begin to take proper care of yourself. Acu-Test. Clinically tested. At your drugstore now.



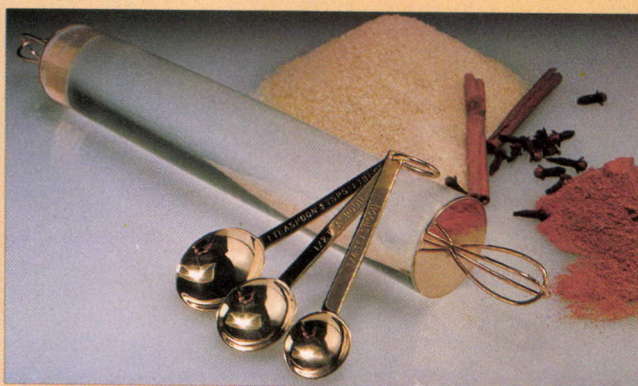


## GOLDEN GIFTS

By now you're probably feeling bombarded with gift ideas for mothers, grandmothers, mothers-in-law, husbands, lovers, and friends. For a change in perspective, we've decided to make some gift suggestions for *you*. (Just circle the object desired and then leave this page where it can be easily spotted.) An Austrian bicycle company, Steyr Daimler Puch, specializes in light, speedy, finely crafted, and very expensive two-wheelers. Their latest additions, the Speciales, are the Maseratis of bikes. These are bicycles built for two, for they can be bought only by the pair (a man's and a woman's). The Speciales are burgundy with gold pin-striping, fourteen-karat-gold plating wherever chrome would be on a regular bike, and gold-anodized rims, and they come in velvet-lined carrying cases. The price? A mere \$1,800 for all this luxe. They can be ordered from any Austro-Daimler dealer. But be quick! Only fifty pairs will be produced.



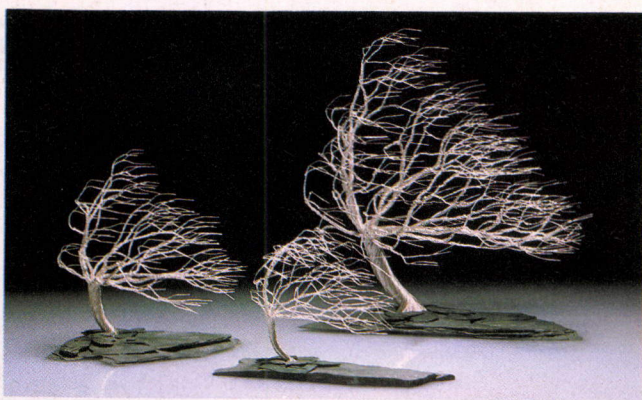
For stylish travel on two wheels



Accessories for a classy kitchen



Pirate chic



Gorham, too, can make a tree

## SILVER SALUTES

As most of us know by now, a man is apt to promise you everything. If he promised you the silvery moon, you are probably in for a disappointment, but if he prom-

ised you beautiful, silvery trees, you might be in luck. Gorham, the company that probably crafted your mother's best sterling, now makes some special silver items that we found irresist-

ible: tiny, delicate sterling trees for a bit of windblown nature indoors. The big tree is \$160, the medium one costs, \$120, and the little tree is \$70; they are available from any jeweler who carries Gorham.

The wonderful thing about Perrier water is all the sparkling and bubbling that goes on when you open a fresh bottle. But who can drink a full bottle? And, certainly, you hate to throw away what's left of the bubbly. Cartier has the silver solution: a specially designed Perrier-bottle opener and two Perrier-bottle stoppers to guarantee that the second half of the bottle will be as bubbly as the first. Impress your friends and keep your



Preserving the bubbles

holiday spirits effervescent, all for \$45, including a plush red Cartier box. The Perrier set is available at Cartier in New York, Palm Beach, and Houston; and I. Magnin and Burdine's.





Dog tags

If you are a homebody at heart, try cooking with real style. These fourteen-karat measuring spoons (\$750) and this fourteen-karat-gold and lucite rolling pin (\$600) are the perfect accompaniments for a \$225 Cuisinart, and the ultimate distinction of a real "status" kitchen. The measuring spoons and rolling pin are available at Neiman-Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, Bullock's, and fine jewelry stores across the



Dangling simians



Golden fire escape

country. A little daring, a little different, this fourteen-karat-gold, black leather, and diamond eye patch is definitely not everyone's cup of tea. Kenzo showed slightly tamer versions of eye patches at his summer couture shows. If you feel like making a *very* strong fashion statement, or want to pretend that you're a glitzy lady pirate, you can contact Jay Lavin for Peter J. Bentley,

Ltd., 526 N. Larchmont Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90004 (213-461-4901), for information on how you can "eye" this \$2,450 bauble.

As long as you're going gold, don't forget your pooch. He might like a little Fido bone strung along with his dog tags to show that he's a very meritorious mutt. The bone, which can be engraved with any name, is \$60, and is available at jewelers.

There's lots of monkey business going on nowadays, so we thought you would go ape over these golden primate earrings and necklace. The ear hoops are the monkey's tail (obviously for pierced ears only). We thought they'd look very nice presented in a black velvet box with a card that reads "For the gorilla of my dreams." (Necklace, \$298, earrings, \$262.50.) Or perhaps the LuvCuffs, miniature handcuffs that come as earrings, pendant, stickpins, and bracelet, will catch your eye. They can be used as charm holders, or you can signal your availability by leaving one little

cuff dangling open to invite suitors seeking loving bondage. LuvCuffs range from \$70 to \$135, and both the monkey jewelry and the LuvCuffs are available at Forms and Faces in the Chicago area, Bonwit Teller and Gindi in New York, and Mayfair Jewelry in Comack, Long Island.



LuvCuffs



For good health

## MAGNETIC CHARMS

From the inscrutable Orient come magnetic necklaces bearing tiny capsules of rare earth cobalt. Two million Japanese wear them to promote good health. They're



Fanciful dishes for a favorite child

\$27.95 to \$32.95 and come finished in fourteen-karat gold and rhodium. Available from TDK Magnetics Corp., Dept. H2, 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 411, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212.

## THANK HEAVEN

For little girls, and for little boys, too, all of whom would love to find these gifts 'neath the tree. Scenes from Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* decorate the Wedg-

wood-pottery nursery set, which includes a porringer, a plate, and a cup (\$25). There's also a money box (\$17), a double egg codder (\$15), a compotier (\$5.59), a ten-inch dinner plate (\$10), and a candy jar. The memo boards are adorned with "Two Bad Mice," "Tom Kitten," and other Potter classics, and are only \$2.75. At that price you can buy a dozen for whimsical, practical gifts, and even keep one for yourself! Both the Wedgwood and the memo boards are available at bookstores, most of which are now carrying quite an interesting variety of "side-lines," making them great places to do your last-minute gift shopping.





Jessie on the job

## FEMALE FOCUS

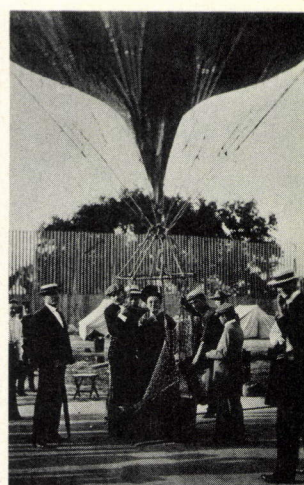
Jessie Tarbox Beals had guts and spunk and talent. In 1887, at the age of seventeen,



A matter of perspective

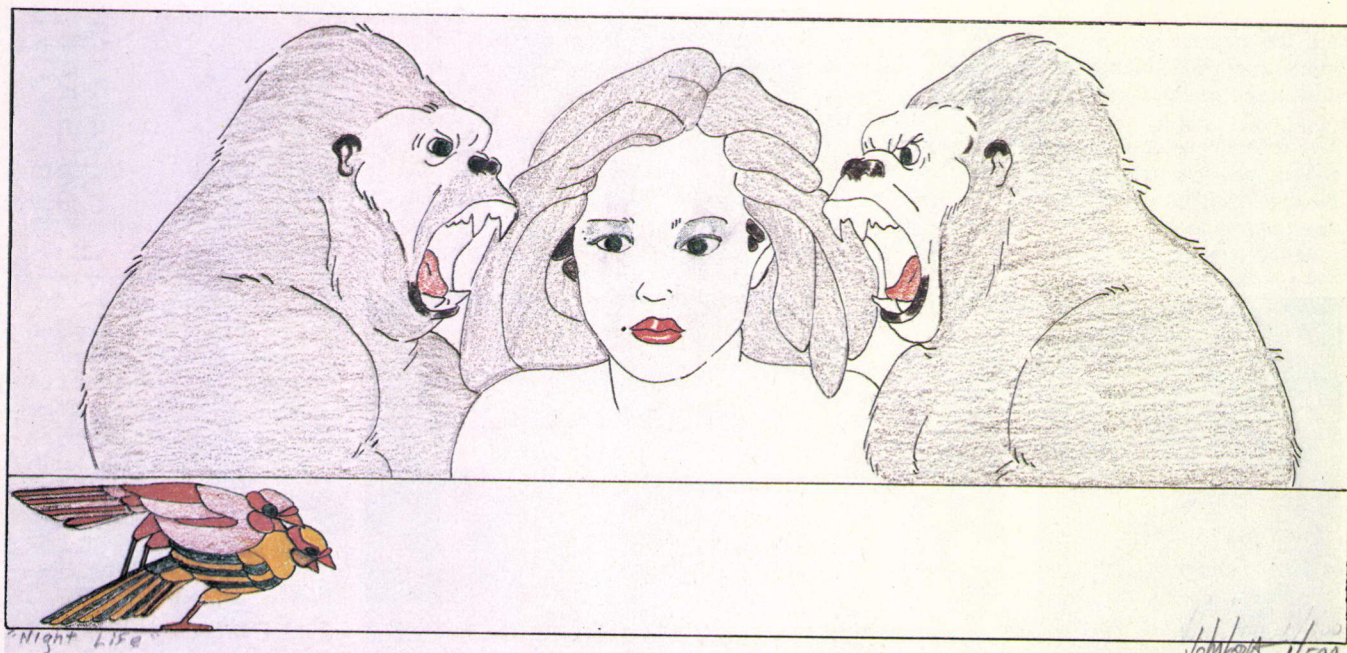
she left her native Canada and landed herself a staff-photographer's job at the *Buffalo Enquirer* in New

York—the first time ever that a daily newspaper had hired a woman photographer. In 1904, she won a gold medal for her photographs of the St. Louis World's Fair. A year later, she opened a studio in New York City, and from there she traveled all over, photographing society-women's kitchens, slum streets, opulent gardens, portraits of the famous, and everything else that attracted her sensibilities. Jessie's work was published in *Harper's*, *Vogue*, and the *New York Herald*. By the time she died, in 1942, she had earned a widespread reputation, and this year her work is being remembered with the publication of *Jessie Tarbox Beals: First Woman News*



To shoot from the sky

*Photographer*, by Alexander Alland, Sr. (Camera/Graphic Press, Ltd., New York City, \$25).



## Lithographs by John Long

Focus Productions is offering limited edition lithographs of this painting "Night Life", by American artist John Long. 500 signed and numbered prints, 26" x 14", are available exclusively through this advertisement for \$50.00 per print. To take advantage of this excellent opportunity to purchase John Long's work at this special price, call toll

free, day or night, (800) 621-8318. Illinois residents (800) 972-8308. Send check or money order to: Focus Productions Inc., "Night Life", P.O. Box 85, Jamison, Pennsylvania 18929. Major credit cards accepted. Allow two weeks for delivery.





**CLAMATO...**  
makes the best 'bloody' drinks in town.

Going to your favorite restaurant? Just ask for a  
**BLOODY CAESAR**  
(Clamato and vodka)



## HOME COMPUTERS

Oh, numbers, dratted numbers! They are thorns in the sides of many an otherwise intelligent woman's brain. When confronted with the mathematics section of College Board exams, you probably preferred to devise your own formulas, rather than attempt to recall those confounding theorems from Algebra I. Math, you professed haughtily to your father, would never be relevant to *your* existence. But then, suddenly, you found yourself confronted *daily* with an astounding number of numerical questions.

If you owe Master Charge \$155, and you give them \$40, and they charge 18½ percent yearly interest, what will



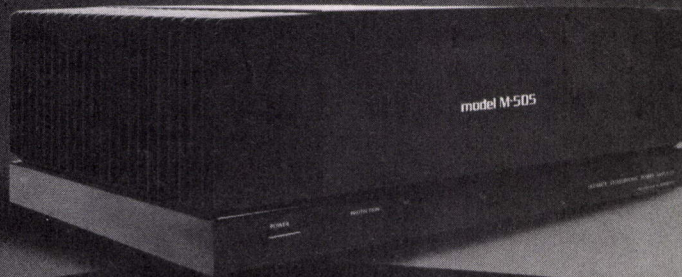
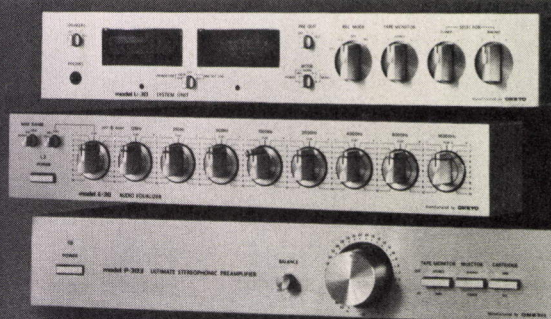
VideoBrain home computer

you owe them next month? Do you make or lose money in a savings account that pays 5 percent interest if the

interest is taxable and the rate of inflation is 4 percent? Getting dizzy? With the VideoBrain, a home com-

puter system, you can compute the answers to every financial and/or numerical question you can imagine. VideoBrain helps you keep track of tax-deductible expenses, balance your checkbook, and record and analyze your monthly expenditures. You can also learn higher mathematics and music theory, and play checkers, blackjack, pinball, and a computerized form of the ancient Japanese game of Go that was programmed by Arthur Samuel, a professor emeritus at Stanford University and an expert on artificial intelligence. VideoBrain is available at department stores and is priced from \$500 to \$1,100.—Gay Haubner

# ONKYO QUALITY... OUR DESIGN BASE.



**We  
make  
it new.  
We  
make  
it right.**

Onkyo as an innovator is constantly probing for new materials and methods for improved performance, high reliability and the best of advanced technology.

Innovation is what gave you Quartz-Locked tuning... the system that's impossible to mistune. Available in our Models TX-4500MKII, TX-6500MKII and TX-8500MKII receivers and in the T-9 tuner. It has also produced the Model TA-630D cassette deck with the exclusive 2-head Accu-Bias system for bias adjustment on a continuous rate rather than fixed basis and Dolby NR\*.

Our search for pure and undistorted sound resulted in the bus feeder line system for absolute minimum impedance which approaches the theoretical zero point for Equivalent Series Resistance, available on all our amplifiers (Models A-5, A-7 and A-10 integrated amp), P-303 preamp and M-505 main amp. Add the U-30 System Selector and E-30 Audio Equalizer for an audio system that is second to none. To give you the highest quality tuning, we developed the T-909, a true digital synthesized tuner including frequency readout for less than \$1,000. Run these components through the Onkyo M-160 or M-240 speaker system with oversized woofers for superb sound reproduction.

Whatever Onkyo product you select, you'll find innovation, quality and reliability. They form the design base for Onkyo products. And if you're dreaming of something we don't have yet, chances are it's on the drawing board. That's how we stay a step ahead of the art.

\*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

Artistry in Sound

# ONKYO

Eastern Office: 42-07 20th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11105 (212) 728-4639

Midwest Office: 935 Sivert Drive, Wood Dale, IL 60191 (312) 595-2970

West Coast Distribution Center: Damark Industries, Inc., 20600 Nordhoff Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311 (213) 998-6501

Canada: Sole Distributor, Tri-Tel Industries, Ltd., Ontario, Canada



The new perfume that needs no introduction



MADELEINE  
de MADELEINE

Now a fragrance with all the intrigue of being like  
no one else—and not wanting to be.



MADELEINE  
MONO





A potpourri from Yves Rocher

For women who love to dabble, test, smell, and try on beauty products before they buy, the idea of sending away for cosmetics is heresy. But several of **Yves Rocher's** products, available only by mail order, are delightful. Send a quarter to Yves Rocher, 2909 MacArthur Blvd., Northbrook, Ill. 60062, for their catalog-cum-beauty guide. Imagine opening the package and finding Coltsfoot and Mallow Cleansing Milk,

Millepertuis and Gentian Astringent, and Sesame Oil and Orange Flower Cream. With descriptive product names like that, you get a pretty good idea of what you'll be getting in the mail. Our experience has been that you can hardly go wrong with the beauty booty this company has to offer. Exotica for the bath and exclusive fragrance blends are just some of the unusual goodies offered by Yves Rocher.



Kits from Jerome Alexander

An artist would never think of spending his money on Winsor and Newton oils and then painting with dime-store brushes. But many of us buy lovely, expensive cosmetics and never give a thought to the tools we use to apply them. The next time you purchase makeup, throw away your dingy old applicators and find some decent sable brushes and good sponges. **Jerome Alexander** makes some of the best tools and kits on the market. Their products include everything from the essential brushes to a complete makeup wardrobe. Wonderful little pots of color to sponge and brush on everywhere!

"Eyebrows are everything!" a top French makeup artist recently told us. "They make all the difference between an expressive visage and a blank face that has no impact." *Très vrai*, we think, and in addition, fashion mavens are predicting a return to the forties look, complete with padded shoulders and penciled eyebrows. **Madeleine Mono's** eyebrow pencils (\$4) are great for shaping and for filling in where you've overplucked. They're soft enough to



Brows by Madeleine Mono

double as an eyeliner, and they come in shades that match eyelashes and brows: Black Coral, Slate Gray, Copper Penny, Brazen Brown, Sterling Silver, and Cobblestone Brown. A good eyebrow pencil/eyeliner is a beauty must these days.

Even if you can't find the time to refresh your cologne every few hours, you can still manage to surround yourself with that special perfume that says you. Try using perfumed soaps to prolong that wonderful smell. **Amazone**, a soft, woody, outdoor scent by Hermès, now comes in a beige bar (\$6) that promises to make your morning shower a real treat (although you should avoid using it on sensitive facial skin). Put a bar in with your lingerie and you'll be greeted with a waft of perfume each time you open the drawer. Or tuck a few of these scented soaps in with your linens for sheets that will inspire sweet dreams. No matter how you use them, scents are something to indulge yourself with during this holiday season.



Amazone scented soap

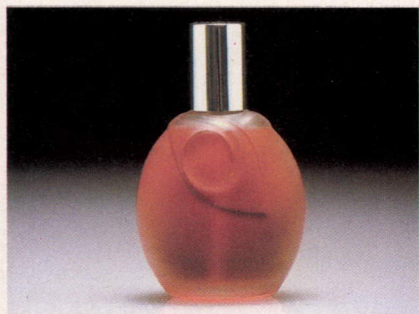


Beautiful Eyes, Maybelline

Experimenting is the best way to learn which makeup colors are the most flattering to you; but few of us have the resources required to bring home, say, twelve different shades of eye shadow to play with. Now, for a limited time, **Maybelline** is offering the Big Beautiful Eyes Collection, a \$17 value, for only \$4.95. The palette contains a range of colors, from soft highlighters to darker contouring shades. Get a few; they're a great last-minute gift. *And*, a super gift to give to yourself!

If you're reluctant to make a big investment in an untried look, this rainbow of shades is definitely for you.





A new bottle for Chloe

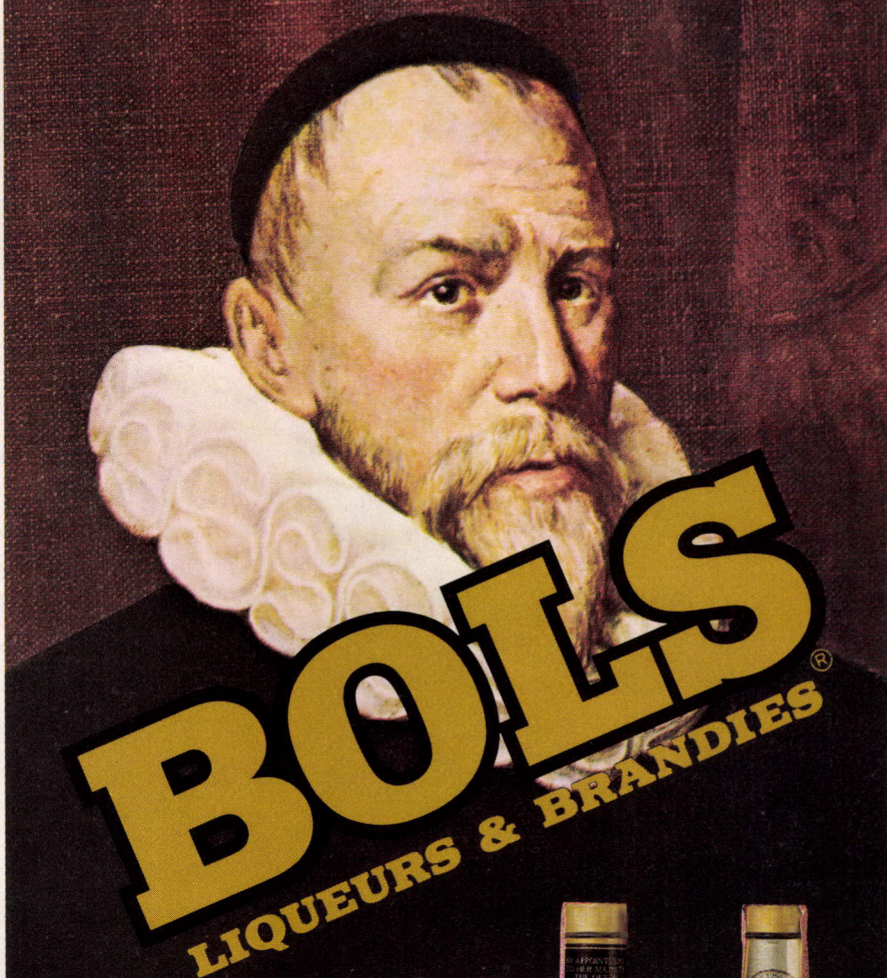
If you're concerned about the effect of aerosol propellants on the ozone layer, check out your favorite spray perfume to make sure there's a thin tube attached to the nozzle. That's your guarantee that the scent will help the environment, not harm it. **Chloe** Eau de Toilette (1.7 ounces for \$15), a classic floral scent from **Karl Lagerfeld**, is now available in natural pump bottles. Spray perfumes are the most convenient to use, and it seems appropriate that a fragile floral fragrance like Chloe should be sprayed on the natural way. Romantic, provocative, feminine, and subtle, the scent evokes visions of pastel flowers, an Impressionist's hillside scene, or a country bouquet.



Natural beauty by Cattier

**Pierre Cattier** has been a well-known name in European cosmetics for over twenty years, but here in the United States they are just beginning to move from the health-food shops into department stores, such as Macy's in New York. Cattier's products are pure and natural, blended from plant oils, honey, seaweed, and clay. Particularly luxurious is the Moisturizing Lotion with French Green Clay, a real bargain at \$4 for four ounces. Greater accessibility of European beauty products such as these from the Cattier line offers American beauties more opportunity to sample the best from abroad. 🚗

# LUCAS BOLS... as famous as Rembrandt. And older.



On the docks of Old Amsterdam, master distiller Lucas Bols gathered the world's most exotic flavor essences from the trade routes of Dutch mariners.

With an artist's skill, he blended nature's delicate creations and the finest ingredients into flavorful liquid pastels. Each the very portrait of perfection.

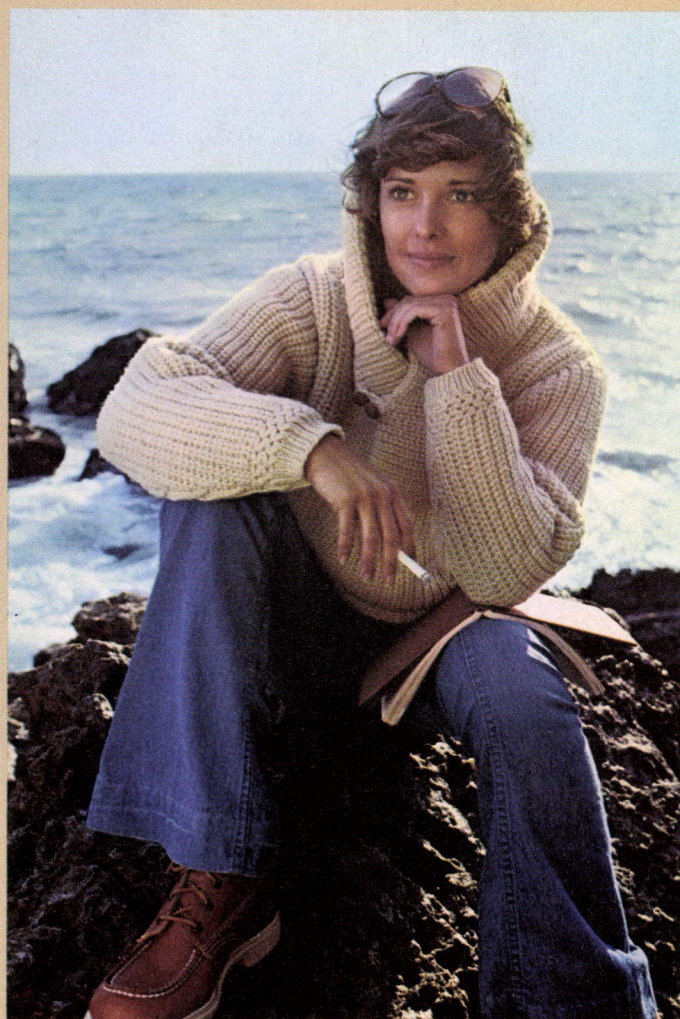
Today, we invite you to experience the world famous sensation of flavor and color in liqueurs passed down in the Bols gallery of masterpieces. Bols...preparing for your pleasure since 1575.



LIQUEURS AND BRANDIES 30-78 PROOF • PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A.  
UNDER PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF THE AMSTERDAM DIRECTORS  
ERVEN LUCAS BOLS DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY.



# Now. It's a satisfying decision.



Like many people you may recently have switched to a lower tar cigarette, with milder flavor.

But as your tastes have changed, you may have found yourself reaching for a cigarette even lower in tar. An ultra-low tar alternative that satisfies your new tastes in smoking.

Then the decision is Now.

Now has only 2 mg tar. And bear this in mind: today's Now has the most satisfying taste in any cigarette so low in tar.



**Only 2 mg tar. Significantly lower than 98% of all cigarettes sold.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", .2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Graphic

**A**s the holiday season begins, they become ubiquitous, the men and women dressed in plain, formal black uniforms. They stand on street corners or in front of department stores, ringing bells, or in groups singing hymns and playing music, exhorting shoppers to share their good fortune with the needy. They are members of the Salvation Army. For many people, contact with the Army comes only at Christmastime, or perhaps during an evening at the theater as they watch the virtuous Sarah Brown save the gambler Sky Masterson in *Guys and Dolls*. The Army, however, has been around longer than either the department stores or the musical. Its history traces back to Victorian England, where it was born and grew in the slums of East London.

If a group could be assembled of those "driven" or "called" to change or modify existing forms of religion, it would yield people with strong and particular visions of both this world and the next. It would also produce a great many men, for West-

## CATHERINE MUMFORD BOOTH



BY CAROL MITHERS

ern religion has among its founders an abundance of patriarchs. But among the group would be the figure of a woman dressed in the same poke bonnet and uniform that can still be seen today, which she herself designed as a costume that would set apart both her and her compatriots. Her name was Catherine Mumford Booth. With her husband, William, she founded the Salvation Army; today she is known as its mother.

She was born on January 17, 1829, in Derbyshire, England, to a Methodist minister and an extraordinarily religious mother. "In my own family," she said, "the conversation was always such as had to do with the salvation of the world."

Religion permeated Catherine's early life. The Bible was her first lesson book, and by the time she was twelve, she had read it from cover to cover eight times. Delicate and nervous, throughout her life constantly battling ill health, Catherine was from an early age sensitive to suffering.

At fourteen, a severe spinal attack ended Catherine's



schooling. She spent the next few years in bed studying systems of theology and philosophy. Her already intense religious convictions intensified, and one morning when she was seventeen, while reading a hymnbook, she experienced "conversion" and was "flooded with a knowledge of salvation."

A rift was developing in the Methodist church, however, and the minority rebel faction, known as Reformers, was expelled. Because Catherine spoke of their cause with sympathy, she was excommunicated.

In 1851, when she was twenty-two, she attended a sermon given by William Booth, a young Reformer preacher. Impressed by what he said, she invited him to tea. By May of 1852, they were in love and began a slow, cautious engagement which lasted three years. Catherine had very definite opinions about love, marriage, and the kind of man she would consider. He would have to have been saved, of course, and to abstain from all intoxicants. "His religious views must coincide with mine. . . . He should be a man of sense. . . . [There should be] a oneness of views and tastes, any idea of lordship and ownership being lost in love. . . . Neither party should attempt . . . an alliance where there exists a physical repugnance." Apparently William Booth met these requirements; they were married on June 16, 1855.

By this time William had split with the Reformers and had joined the Methodist New Connection. For the next two years, he and Catherine traveled, giving revival meetings. Catherine's health was, as always, poor, but in 1857, she began getting more and more in-

involved herself. She began by talking to young people. She wrote to her father, "I felt quite at home on the platform, far more so than I do in the kitchen." She began to preach, something rather unheard-of in Victorian times, and, in fact, often was billed as something of a curiosity—"Come and hear a woman preach!"

In 1861, the Booths broke with the New Connection Methodists over an order that they give up their evangelical activities. William and Catherine had no intention of doing any such thing. Although a timid woman, Catherine was a fiery preacher. She was described as "a prepossessing countenance with, at first, an exceedingly quiet manner, [which] enlists the sympathies and rivets the attention of the audience." She spoke with the power that comes only from absolute conviction. She heard "inner voices" that confirmed the rightness of her beliefs, and wanted not to wait for "sinners" to find redemption, but to compel them to seek it. She seemed almost to try to terrify her listeners into changing their ways.

In 1865 William began to work in a tent in an open-air gospel mission in East London. It was the beginning of what would, in 1878, finally be given the name "The Salvation Army."

From the Army's earliest days, Catherine was completely involved in its activities. She designed the Army uniform and flag and was a driving force behind the Army's insistence on the evils of alcohol. And, from the beginning, also largely owing to Catherine's influence, the Army afforded both sexes equal rights in religious affairs. Catherine had always believed that female inequality was artifi-

cial, unnatural, and against God's will. In one of her earliest pamphlets, she had written, "I love my sex. I desire above all earthly things their moral and intellectual education; I believe it would be the greatest boon to our race."

By 1868, the Salvation Army had its first official headquarters; by 1869, it had a magazine, fourteen preaching stations, some soup kitchens, and 140 services each week. And Catherine Booth, whose involvement had been constant and total, had given birth to eight children. She raised them with complete strictness, impressing upon them that they had been born to be saviors of mankind. All the children became active in the Army at early ages, and her daughter Evangeline became, in 1934, its first woman general.

The Salvation Army, with its authoritative, almost military code of behavior, its somewhat fanatical proselytizing, and its complete condemnation of alcohol, was not popular with the current society, which favored the kind of refined, genteel religion for which Catherine had little use. If the world regarded both her and the Salvation Army as crazy, it was because the world itself was mad, and she was in revolt against the existing social order. She seemed to feel a connection with all society's rebels, even if she disagreed with their philosophy or methods. Although it was the assistance of a few wealthy individuals that kept both the Booths and the fledgling Army going, she had little use for the well-to-do, and regarded the possession of wealth as an inherent evil. "Woe unto ye, ye rich," she said; and, "When you have seen as much of the upper classes as I have, you will

turn to the poor, as your Lord did, as by far the most hopeful of the two." To her, life offered two options: salvation or revolution. "I often think," she said, "how the higher classes will curse their fastidiousness and indifference when their mansions are burning about their ears!"

Not surprisingly, these views did little to aid the Army's popularity. As they continued to work through London, Salvationists were often attacked and beaten by mobs, and jailed for preaching. The Army, however, continued. By 1879 it had held its first experiments with the sale of low-cost food to the poor; by 1871 it had published its first book, *How to Reach the Masses with the Gospel*; in 1872 there was an unsuccessful attempt to start a mission in the U.S.; in 1878 the famous Salvation Army bands were started to help in hymn singing; and in 1880 Catherine opened Rescue Home for Women in East London, to help in the training and saving of "fallen" women.

When, in 1880, Catherine discovered that she was terminally ill, she broke the news to her husband by apologizing that she wouldn't be around to nurse him on his deathbed. Until her death two years later, she continued, though confined to her home, to be active in Army affairs. She herself showed no fear of dying: "I don't care about my body. . . . It has been a poor old troublesome affair. I shall be glad for it to be sealed up. It is time it was."

When she died, a huge funeral was held, but the Salvation Army flags were not flown at half-mast. Catherine Booth's death, the Salvationists believed, marked for her not an end, but the beginning. And she left a living legacy.



FILM

# GIRL FRIENDS

BY ELIZABETH STONE



Anne (Anita Skinner) and Susan (Melanie Mayron)

**T**here's real life and reel life, and one of the things I'm almost used to by now is that the reality on film is a different kind of reality from the one I'm going to run into as I walk down the street. I mean simple differences: people in the movies never have pimples or wear the same set of clothing twice. When they're outdoors, the wind blows through their hair and makes it ripple in a way that gives nobility or poignancy; when they cry, they never snort and snuffle the way people I know do. So it comes as quite a surprise when a movie has the feel of life as it is outside the movie theater. The film seems smaller, and one has to adjust to that at first, but it has a seductiveness and charm all its own.

What brings all this to mind is Claudia Weill's excellent new film, *Girl Friends*—the story of Susan Weinblatt and Anne Munroe, two friends (roommates

twice in order to figure out how that happens.

Part of the small-scale simplicity has to do with the fact that *Girl Friends* was made for half a million dollars—cheap, when one con-

edited together in a glitzy, glossy way. If Anne and Martin's apartment looks as if someone actually lives in it, it's probably because someone actually does live in it and was kind enough to lend it to Weill and her cast and crew for the day.

Another reason why *Girl Friends* seems so much like real life must certainly have to do with Claudia Weill's eye, with how she sees things and conceives of an event. Accustomed to making documentaries, Weill has always had to find and convey the kernel of meaning, not in a neatly laid out scene, but in some small hangnail of a moment that reveals more than only itself. It's a talent that she carries over to *Girl Friends* as well. For example, after Anne's marriage, Susan is left to put her life together in a new apartment that the two women had originally planned to share. The degree of Susan's glum, needy loneliness is revealed adroitly, not through dialogue (though Vicki Polon's screenplay is nicely colloquial), but through a minute of footage that culminates in Susan's opening the refrigerator door and reaching past the cottage cheese to the Hershey bar next to it.

An equally understated gem of a happier sort occurs when Eric (played by Christopher Guest), Susan's recent one-night stand, drops by unexpectedly. Her willingness to take a risk, to trust herself and maybe him as well, is brought to life in a tiny, otherwise perfectly inconsequential moment—she gingerly sits on a hammock that she and Eric have just strung across her living room and, finding it safe, lets him sit down next to her.

Wisely, Weill avoids the big-time-bravura show-biz moments. We don't see Susan and Eric bed down,



Eric (Christopher Guest) and Susan: a serious affair

at the start) whose lives go separate ways. Anne (played by Anita Skinner) gets married to Martin (played by Bob Balaban) and has a baby and a country house, while Susan (played by Melanie Mayron), at first fairly weepy and wobbly, pulls herself together and has a serious affair and a growing career as a photographer. The film has the feel of real life, and I've seen it

siders that most Hollywood budgets are six or seven times that. What this means is that Weill didn't have enormous amounts of money to spend on props and sets and machines that ripple people's hair on an otherwise still day. She didn't have one or two extra cameras on hand so that a scene could be shot from two or three different angles simultaneously and then



either for their one-night stand or later, when they really have something to make love about. Instead, we're given brief glimpses of the moments following those moments. And while we see Anne both when she knows she is pregnant for the second time and then following her abortion, we don't watch her make her presumably agonized decision, nor do we see her go through with it. The choice to focus on moments of modest stature is part of what accounts for the lifelike scale of the film.

It is also a result of how Weill and screenwriter Vicki Polon chose to handle the overall plotting. Most lives don't have plots; they meander and straggle on episodically, interspersed with trips to the dentist and taking out the garbage. And, over time, things do change, but rarely dramatically. Weill preserves the dilatory, episodic feel of life, though without the straggle. Most engaging is Susan's acquaintance with a supportive if amorous rabbi (played by Eli Wallach) for whom she takes bar mitzvah and wedding photographs. The scenes with Susan and the rabbi don't move the action forward, but the substance of those scenes justifies their presence. At the end of *Girl Friends*, everything is not tied up neatly—not a critical observation, but a testament to the film's ability to duplicate the feel of life. At the end, one wonders whether Eric and Susan will stay together, and how Martin will deal with Anne's abortion. And how will Susan's photography exhibit be received? And will Anne and Susan continue to be friends? The presentation allows us to believe that yes, there is life after the closing credits.

All the actors play their roles with spareness and vi-

talinity (with the exception of Viveca Lindfors, who overacts her part as an art-gallery owner), but the character of *Girl Friends* is most heavily indebted to the excellent work of Melanie Mayron, the young actress who first appeared on screen as the hitchhiker in *Harry and Tonto* (1975). Mayron plays Susan with a certain slack-jawed, wide-eyed, quizzical vulnerability that's wonderfully endearing. She's also able to suggest Susan's growth over time by subtle changes in the way she walks and holds herself. Mayron's control is such that she's able to resist the temptation to claim too much for her character. Susan's diffidence never quite disappears; rather, it's nudged and nagged by a new willingness to take risks. In fact, if Richard Dreyfus is the new antiromantic *mensch*-hero of the decade, Melanie Mayron can be termed his female counterpart.

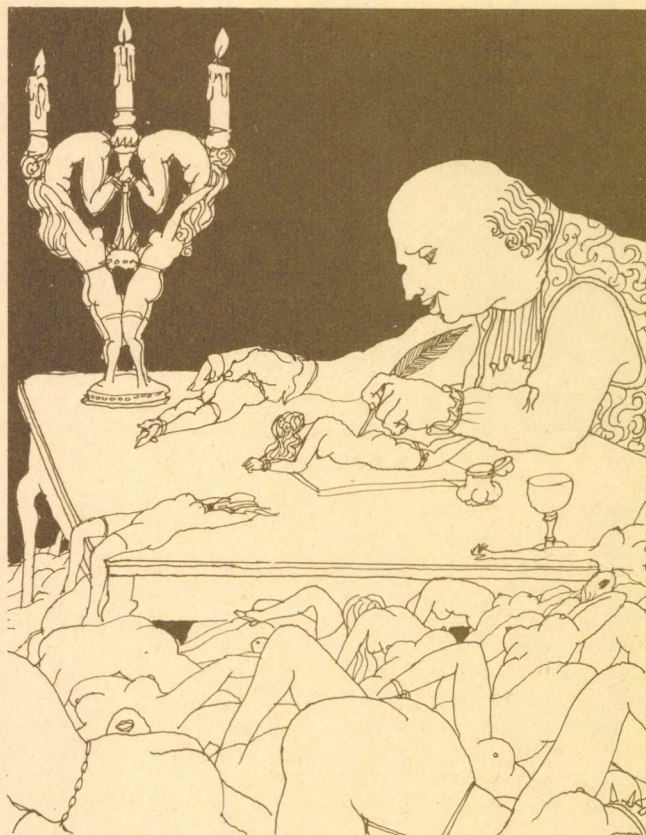
Although *Girl Friends* is one of the best movies I've seen this year, it's not without flaws. I never really understood why Susan would want to be friends with Anne, and was never really convinced of the bond between them. Perhaps part of the problem is that a title like *Girl Friends* leads us to expect a film exploring friendship between two women. But unlike *Julia*, *The Turning Point*, and *One Sings, the Other Doesn't*, Weill's *Girl Friends* is really Susan's film; Anne is not very much more than Susan's foil.

But, as Claudia Weill said, in making *Girl Friends* she was just trying out the medium of dramatic features to see if she could do it. She can do it. She has skill, an interesting sensibility, and a great deal of talent. I'm eagerly looking forward to seeing what she comes up with next.

## BOOKS

# PAIN AND POLITICS

BY LAURIE STONE



The Marquis de Sade

In his biography *De Sade* (T.Y. Crowell, \$12.95), Ronald Hayman asks rhetorically, "If we were not still afraid of de Sade, why would we still be keeping his books on the poison shelf?" The "poison shelf," I presume, is for censored books. Although de Sade's writings have been available in paperback editions for years in this country, in England, according to Hayman, "it is still impossible to buy a translation of *Justine* and *Juliette*."

That's a bad situation, and

Hayman is right to protest—no society that calls itself free can justify the suppression of any book. But Hayman also suggests that there is something wrong with fearing de Sade. We "still fear," he writes, as if we ought not to, as if fear, like censorship, were antiquated, embarrassingly unsophisticated, inappropriate. Hayman confuses issues by lumping together censorship and fear: the first is a political, judicial act; the second is an emotional and moral response.



It is sane and healthy to fear the emotional and political positions de Sade takes in his books, because they are truly terrifying and dangerous. De Sade's stories aren't just imagined parables about sex and pain, good simply for masturbation, or for some new ideas about positions and partnerships. De Sade was writing about the world he knew, the aristocratic world of hierarchies and privileges which gave de Sade—and many, many others—the license to maim and abuse, repeatedly and mostly without consequences, all women, children, and men of lower rank.

The politics of the *ancien régime* rested on the power structure depicted in de Sade's boudoirs. For de Sade, pleasure for one person was totally dependent on someone else's humiliation and pain. For de Sade, a woman's pleasure in sex completely eclipsed his own, which was why he preferred anal intercourse, the mode least likely to satisfy the woman. De Sade was an aristocrat in love with death.

De Sade was an unloved child and a mostly unloved man. His mother—actually both parents, but the mother's rejection was felt more keenly by the boy—abandoned him to his grandmother when he was four. On the basis of what is known about de Sade's early life—his training by Jesuits, his unhappy, arranged marriage, his service in the military—it is not at all difficult to construct a psychoanalytic explanation for his neurotic and psychotic behavior, but “understanding” de Sade does not mitigate his actions one jot.

De Sade was a monster. He preyed mostly upon prostitutes and indigent women. The testimonies of the women who had de Sade

arrested and eventually brought to trial described in detail how he beat, raped, and mutilated them, imprisoned them in his château, and threatened to murder them if they did not submit. Some women escaped; de Sade may have wanted them to. Imprisonment was, in any case, part of what de Sade wanted for himself; and he spent almost half his life in jail, fourteen years in the Bastille (he was there when it was stormed in 1789) and several in the Charenton mental asylum, where, as Peter Weiss depicted in *Marat/Sade*, he acted in and directed plays that the public attended.

It was in prison, too, that de Sade first began to write. Cut off from his actual “libertine” life, de Sade was free to fantasize. His novels, among them *120 Journées de Sodome*, *Justine*, and *Juliette*, are encyclopedias of ravagement and mutilation that make his own reported exploits look pale by comparison. In order to increase and stimulate their sexual appetites, his characters whip themselves into frenzies of perversion, climaxing at one point in *120 Journées* in cannibalism: pieces of buttocks, breasts, and flesh are sliced off, cooked, and eaten.

As do almost all biographers, Ronald Hayman has to some extent identified with his subject. He champions de Sade as the patriarch of the literature of alienation, a model on whom Baudelaire, Lautréamont, Rimbaud, Genet, Artaud, and Camus partially shaped their sensibilities. In this company de Sade is meant to look like a radical nay sayer, a bad guy/good guy artist-as-rebel.

Hayman also suggests that de Sade committed his horrendous crimes to pro-

voke God to anger, to get God to intervene in human affairs, since God clearly did not manifest himself on behalf of good. Hayman sees de Sade as an iconoclast, the first doubting, modern man. But far more than he fulfills this image, de Sade appears the sentimentalist, insanely disappointed by Christianity and aristocratic privilege but attached nonetheless to these things in which he still *has faith*.

De Sade's novels are not repudiations of the world in which he grew up; they are homages to it. The noblemen of de Sade's novels rule their erotic empires with absolute authority, determining who shall serve, who shall live, and who shall die. De Sade's anger isn't directed against the injustice that pilots human existence; it's against human existence itself. In nearly all of de Sade's works, cruelty alone eventually fails as an erotic stimulus, and the “libertines” find that only murder can sufficiently arouse them. Victims are strangled with silk cords as the “libertines” reach orgasm; there are mass butchering at orgies. If de Sade is to be seen as prophet and social revolutionary, so then can we include in this description Charles Manson and the designers of the massacre at My Lai.

Hayman's apologies for de Sade seem very lame beside his own lively, well-researched narrative of the painful and pain-giving events of de Sade's life. *De Sade* is mostly informative and readable. Hayman's response to de Sade's crimes is tempered by the fact that many of de Sade's contemporaries practiced the same perversions that he did, the fact that de Sade's society sanctioned in its political and economic practices many of the acts for which de Sade was convicted, the

fact that de Sade was a complex character capable of odd strokes of indulgence and forgiveness where revenge might have been the more reasonable response, and the fact that de Sade's writings have the virtue of being remarkably, obsessively honest, if also boring and repetitious (Hayman does not concede this last).

But tempting as it is to see humanist qualities in criminals and madmen because they are also writers (hardly anyone bothers to if they are not), Hayman's liberal view of de Sade is naive. It issues, I think, from a desire to see value, to see good, in a writer whose works the critic already values. It issues too, I think, from a failure of imagination, from an inability to identify with the victims of de Sade's crimes, to imagine how terrible it must have been to be imprisoned, sexually assaulted, and tortured by a rich nobleman with a house full of discreet servants in a château so far from any village that screams would, of course, go unheard. From the perspective of the victims, de Sade would look not like a literary hero, but a vicious thug.

#### FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS AND READING, VIVA RECOMMENDS...

If all writers lived like Brendan Gill—or any Benchley or Huxley—with quiet rooms in which to work, large, uncluttered desks, lots of paper, and people who tiptoe around saying, “Shush, he's working,” Tillie Olsen would not have needed to write *Silences* (Delacorte, \$10.95). *Silences* is a gloss on and extension of Virginia Woolf's inquiry into the conditions required for the creation of literature. Olsen's mixture of notes, comments, and essays is full of insight and passionate concern about the plight of



writers—like herself—who, because of poverty, lack of encouragement, sexism, or all three, exist on the verge of silence.

*Other Shores*, Diana Nyad (Random House, \$8.95). Marathoners are a species of masochist akin to saints, but marathoners do the



Diana Nyad



Tillie Olsen

extreme, body-wracking things they do for themselves, not for humanity. And that, I think, is okay. Nyad's egoism is unpretentious and open, although, like any single-minded obsession, it suffocates after a while. Still, if you have ever felt the allure of mind-dissolving bouts of extreme physical exertion, of swimming every day because you *have* to, of running longer and farther than anyone else, of counting to a hundred and beginning

again, and again, and again, you will appreciate Nyad's lucid unfolding of her own life in sports. It will probably also make your own athletic addiction seem like a short walk.

Originally published in 1956, Pauli Murray's moving and fascinating *Proud Shoes* is in print again (Harper & Row, \$12.95). Civil-rights lawyer, Yale law professor, ordained Episcopal minister, feminist, and writer, Murray tells the story of her racially mixed heritage, of her maternal grandparents' lives, and the history of black/white relations in this country over the past 150 years.

*People of the Lake*, Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin (Anchor Press, \$10.95). Not unlike shamans who read old bones to predict the future, anthropologists try to read in them the past, the



Pauli Murray

origins of humankind. Richard Leakey, son of Louis and Mary Leakey, has spent ten years recovering bones from Lake Turkana, East Africa, a remarkably abundant site. Hypotheses about the nature of humankind greatly depend on the nature of the people who pose them. These two writers are optimistic humanists who creditably dispute the theory of an innately aggressive and war-prone *homo sapiens*.

I hate recipes for delicious things that you know will

kill you, or, worse, make you large. I was therefore impressed as soon as I saw that the smiling author on the cover of *The International Slim Gourmet Cookbook* (Harper & Row, \$13.95), Barbara Gibbons, wasn't fat. The text here smacks a little of the exclamation-pointed,



Richard E. Leakey

italicized, you-can-do-it-fat-person style of *Weight Watchers* magazine, but the recipes look good and cookable, and come with calories-per-portion. Most of the recipes have straightforward names, but a few cute ones have slipped in. I would rather eat tuna from a can standing up than something called "Mexican Round Steak Mañana" or "Sunrise Stroganoff."

*The Dream of a Common Language*, Adrienne Rich (Norton, \$9.95). In these poems that are dreams, or primitive rituals or incantations, Rich sounds saner than ever. She writes confessionally—not for the side-show appeal, but to tell us everything she knows about her own history. She thinks that this has something to do with our history, and she is right. Her white-hot anger at men and her conviction that women are a different form of life are not generally transformed into good

poems, but a long love-poem sequence is clear and moving. Rich is unquestionably one of the best living poets, and it is a joy to see the way her mind works.

Forget mouthwash; it won't really give you better breath. Don't drink artificially sweetened soda on the



Roger Lewin



Adrienne Rich

beach or sun yourself if you have taken a birth-control pill; these products (and others) increase your chances of getting sunburned. These and many more helpful pieces of information are included in *Dr. Zizmor's Brand-Name Guide to Beauty Aids* (Harper & Row, \$12.95). He tells you what's in the stuff you buy and what the ingredients can do to help or harm you. This is a sensible, non-preachy, pro-consumer book. Quite rare, all in all.



# MUSIC

# WOMEN IN JAZZ

BY CAROL FLAKE



Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday

If you had been strolling down Broadway in Manhattan on the evening of June 29, 1978, you would have encountered a strange scene at the corner of Fifty-third Street. Near the site of the old Birdland club, where bebop ruled in the late forties, a group of women were playing what appeared to be an impromptu jazz set on the sidewalk. To a jazz aficionado, some of the faces would have been familiar, but most of the musicians were new discoveries for the crowd gathered on the pavement. This alfresco jam session was part of the Universal Jazz Coalition's Salute to Women in Jazz.

The Coalition's four-night shoestring-budget salute had not originally been planned as a public-street-corner event. The series was originally scheduled at Casablanca II, the former Birdland, as a showcase for lesser-known and upcoming women jazz musicians. But



Pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi

when Casablanca's owner locked the women out in a dispute over financial arrangements, the musicians took to the streets.

Undaunted by the potential fiasco, Coalition organizer Cobi Narita and the scheduled musicians hooked up a sound system along the adjacent sidewalk. Jay Clayton, a mercurial scat singer (scat is a type of jazz singing where the voice is used as an instrument, with improvised nonsense words used for their tonal value

alone), skittered her way through "Summertime," easily upstaging the intrusive street sounds, and set the mood for the rest of the night.

The next evening, the padlock was still on the door, and dozens of musicians were still out on the pavement. Some of the most famous *grandes dames* of jazz sat patiently on the sidewalk in folding chairs. Singers Emme Kemp and Maxine Sullivan and vocalist-pianists Patti Bown and Diana Janis performed sets in high spirits despite the chaos, while high priestess Mary Lou Williams nodded in approval. Now in her mid-sixties, Williams had just taken a bow two weeks before as the leading lady of jazz by performing an eight-minute keyboard history of improvisation at President Jimmy Carter's special White House jazz concert.

The new-found spirit of sisterhood proved so infectious that an extra concert was scheduled at Carnegie Recital Hall. That evening, over a hundred women jammed in new and spontaneous combinations. It was a kind of epiphany for many women who had not played with other women musicians. Jay Clayton was heard to say, "This wasn't a 'feminist' thing. None of us want to exploit the fact that we're women. But wow! All those women horn players and drummers."

Not since the days of the all-girl bands in the thirties and forties had so many jazz women taken the stage together. 1978, however, was the year of the jazz woman. The UJC's salute was a heartening follow-up to the women's jazz festival held in Kansas City in March, which featured leading pianists Mary Lou Williams, Marian McPartland, and

Toshiko Akiyoshi, and pioneer guitarist Mary Osborne.

In addition, a series of albums have recently been released which compose a kind of crash course in the history of women in jazz. For those who think that the story of women in jazz begins with Billie Holiday and ends with Sarah Vaughan, Stash Records' five-album set forms a lively remedial history. The first two albums in this series, recorded in the time span from 1926 to 1961, entitled *Jazz Women: A Feminist Retrospective*, showcase the women who were part of such combos as Woody Herman and his orchestra, Jack Teagarden's band, and Dizzy Gillespie and his orchestra. Another album focuses on pianists; a fourth, on all-women groups; and the last, on "Swingtime to Modern."

These albums emphasize that ladies have not only sung the blues, but have also led bands and played bebop trumpet, stride piano, swing-time saxophone, and avant-garde trombone. While most jazz women at the top are pianists and vocalists, there have been female horn and reed players, like Valaida Snow and L'Ana Webster, who could "cut the mustard," and who were accepted by male musicians as pros rather than novelties.

Marge Hyams, a first-rate vibraphonist who played with bandleader Woody Herman, recalls, "Existentially, as you're living something you're not really conscious of it. Only in retrospect, when you start looking back and analyzing, can you see the obstacles that were put in front of you." Mary Lou Williams told Bernard Brightman, the producer of the Stash series, "As for being a woman, I never thought much about that



one way or the other. My whole life was and is just music. No musician ever refused to play with me. No one ever refused to play my music or my arrangements. I was always accepted."



Scat singer Phyllis Hyman



Flutist Bobbi Humphrey

Such ready acceptance for women was rare. In response to an antifemale article in a 1938 issue of *Downbeat*, Rita Rio, a successful bandleader who later parlayed her talent and looks into a movie career, replied, "... the feeling, tone and phrasing ... is a quality which girls alone are more likely to possess because of the esthetic nature of their sex." And women jazz musicians experimented with that quality. Some of the songs performed by all-girl bands of Rio's time reveal a sly feminine bravado. In "Jump Children," for instance, as performed by the

highly successful international Sweethearts of Rhythm, one verse declares, "I ain't good-lookin' and I don't have waist-long hair, but Mama gave me somethin' 'll take me anywhere." The singer continues, "I may be big, but baby, don't you fear. I can climb a hill without shifting gears."

Bravado aside, while most key jazz instruments, like the tenor sax and trumpet, are played in a primarily fearsome, macho style, there have also been virtuoso male players who muted their attack into a more mellow, pliant tone. "Masculine" and "feminine" are not clear-cut boundaries in jazz. In fact, the individualistic and improvisational qualities of jazz have made it the most apt musical form of self-expression for many women.

Younger musicians are finding it easier—and even necessary—to break new ground. Avant-garde singer Betty Carter said, "I always knew I couldn't sound like Ella Fitzgerald or Sarah Vaughan or anyone else." Carla Bley, a composer and bandleader, has evolved a mocking, parodistic style which wreaks havoc with traditional musical genres. She is matter-of-fact about her role as innovator in the jazz world: "There's no secret to the trip. It's just totally normal and natural." As it should be for both the men and the women involved in that exploratory, experimental music that is jazz.

Note: Fortunately, many women jazz musicians, who are still unfamiliar to most listeners, are finding opportunities to record. However, those records are not always easy to find in your neighborhood record store. The five-album "Women in Jazz" retrospective can be purchased by writing to Stash

Records, P.O. Box 390, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. Carla Bley's albums are on the Muse Records label, 160 W. 71st St., New York, N.Y. Several hard-to-find jazz albums by women have been released by Inner City Records, 43 W. 61st St., New York, N.Y. 10023. Of particular interest are albums by Mary Lou Williams, pianist Joann Brackeen, and vocalist Irene Kral. New jazz albums have been released by scat specialist Phyllis Hyman (Arista), pianist Patrice Rushen (Elektra/Asylum), flutist Bobbi Humphrey (CBS), saxophonist-flutist Hillary (CBS), and pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi (RCA).

## RECORD REVIEWS

*The Twelve Hits of Christmas* (United Artists LA669-R)

A whimsical, nostalgic collection, including Nat King Cole singing "The Christmas Song"; Gene Autry twanging "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer"; "The Chipmunk Song"; and Spike Jones's "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth."

*Phil Spector's Christmas Album* (Apple SW-3400)

One of the great producers of rock 'n' roll picks hits for Christmas including "Frosty the Snowman" by the Ronettes; "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" by the Crystals; and "Here Comes Santa Claus" by Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans, among others.

*Dylan Thomas Reading "A Child's Christmas in Wales" and Five Poems* (Caedmon TC-1002)

A tender, dramatic reading of the great poet's sparkling, magical remembrance of the central event in the life of a child.

*A Nonesuch Christmas* (Nonesuch H-71232)

Christmas as kings and priests knew it: a collection of sacred and ceremonial

music from the Middle Ages, Renaissance, and Baroque periods.

John Denver, *Rocky Mountain Christmas* (TK APL 1-1201)

Caroling with a Rocky Mountain high—includes "Aspenglow," "Coventry Carol," and "Rudolph."

The Salsoul Orchestra, *Christmas Follies* (Salsoul SZS 5507)

Disco renditions of favorites like "Little Drummer Boy" and "Sleigh Ride," as well as a Christmas medley and New Year's medley.

Berlioz, *L'Enfance du Christ* (RCA VICS 6006)

One of the great Christmas oratorios, with Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony.

*Rhythm-and-Blues Christmas* (UA LA A654-R)

A funky Christmas, with the tour de force version of "White Christmas" by Clyde McPhatter and the Drifters, as well as B.B. King's "Christmas Celebration" and the Orioles' "It's Gonna Be a Lonely Christmas."

J.S. Bach, *Christmas Oratorio Highlights* (Gramophone)

A condensed version of Bach's cantatas for the celebration of the birth of Christ, with Karl Munchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. Leopold Stokowski Conducts "The Nutcracker Suite," and Debussy, "Children's Corner Suite" (RCA ANSI-2604)

The eminent conductor's renditions of two of the most delightful symphonic children's fantasies. "Dance of the Sugarplum Fairy" and "Waltz of the Flowers" are as much a part of Christmas as "Silent Night." Debussy's suite is a delicate whimsy written for his daughter. *Handel's Messiah* (London OSA-1396)

Joan Sutherland sings soprano solos with the English Chamber Orchestra and the Ambrosian Singers.



# TASTE WINSTON LIGHTS

The low tar  
cigarette  
that's all  
Winston.  
All taste.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHT 100's: 13 mg.  
"tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.





Melanie Mayron (left), star of "Girl Friends," chats with director Claudia Weill.





# THE VISION OF CLAUDIA WEILL

FOR THE  
DIRECTOR OF  
*GIRL FRIENDS*,  
THIS IS ONLY THE  
BEGINNING

BY ELIZABETH STONE

"I have this recurring dream," says Claudia Weill. "I dream that I am reading a novel, and in the dream all I see are the printed words on the page. The words aren't there before I read them. They appear as I read them, maybe half a word ahead of my eye. I guess it's my way of saying that I'm a writer of the words I'm reading."

The dream certainly serves as a metaphor for Weill's career as a filmmaker—a career in which she has leapfrogged from one intensely involving film project to another without seeming to need any sense of her ultimate destination. Now thirty-two, Weill first became interested in filmmaking while she was an undergraduate at Radcliffe, and she spent her early twenties making short documentaries on a wide variety of subjects. Some of her films were subsidized by grants; others were made for sponsors such as "Sesame Street." Weill first came to public prominence in 1975, when her documentary *The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir*—which was produced and codirected by Shirley MacLaine—was nominated for an Academy Award. Now Claudia Weill is the director of her first feature-length dramatic film, *Girl Friends*, which tells the story of two

friends whose lives diverge. In April, Warner Brothers agreed to distribute the grant-subsidized film and to finance Weill's next two projects. In June, *Girl Friends* was enthusiastically received at the Cannes Film Festival; and in August, when the film opened in New York, it was warmly greeted by the critics.

"In a funny way what happened to me is something I never even dared dream about," says Weill. "Not 'dared,' maybe; it's just that I never *did* dream about it. I'm not an unambitious person, but I'm not ambitious in the sense of 'I want to be a famous director.' I never thought of going to Hollywood. When friends of mine would leave to go out to Hollywood because they had decided they wanted to make features, I'd say, 'You're nuts!'"

There is nothing of Hollywood, but lots of herself and her tastes, in her small, funky, and comfortable Broadway office. On the cork-lined wall behind Weill's desk is a newspaper clip in French—evidence of one of the 140 interviews about *Girl Friends* that she did while in Cannes. It says, among other things, that she is related to composer Kurt Weill and that *Girl Friends* is not about lesbians. Further along the wall, near a Delvaux print she likes, is a



photo of Weill with her camera on her shoulder. She says it's her Mick Jagger look, although, in person, Weill, with her short, brown, curly hair and her blue eyes, conveys both a seriousness and a mirthfulness that is at odds with the Jagger style. Across the room, propped up on a windowsill, is a large, illustrated cardboard placard that reads, "I like what you like," which was used on the set of *Girl Friends*.

Really, Weill seems to like what she likes, and has moved ahead in her own idiosyncratic fashion. "I had sort of wanted to make a dramatic film, but I didn't know how to, so I thought, 'Well, I'll apply for a grant, and if I get it, I'll be forced to think about how to do it.' So I started slowly stockpiling grants. I studied acting for a year, and directed theater for a while, which was sort of training to do this film. I never thought it would be feature length.

"I read a short story called 'Bliss' by Katherine Mansfield which I really loved. I kept thinking about the girl in it and how her marriage was shattered in one evening just by seeing her husband help a woman on with her coat and her realizing they were having an affair or maybe having an affair.

"I started thinking about the wife before she got married—where she'd been living, whom she'd been living with. And that became Anne Munroe" (played by Anita Skinner), a character in *Girl Friends* who says she wants to be a writer, but somehow bolts into marriage and motherhood instead. "Then I started thinking, 'Who were her roommates?' I saw her living with someone else and that became Susan Weinblatt" (played by Melanie Mayron), a photographer grappling to get her apartment, her life, and her work in order.

"Then I became involved with Susan, who didn't get married, and I wondered what happened to her after Anne marries Martin [played by Bob Balaban]. Then I started moving forward with Susan's story in time. The thing people don't do enough of is acknowledge in how roundabout a way an idea comes. It stews, you go backward and forward and allow a certain amount of discouragement to be part of the process. Eventually you come up with something, and that's how it happened here.

"Really, what I was trying to learn was 'How do you tell a story?' because I'd never told a story before in this sense. I was just trying something out to see if I liked it, if I could do it, if it interested me. Anyhow, when I did finish, the next job was getting the film distributed." So Weill gathered up her film cannisters, took a plane to Los Angeles, and began phoning the studios from her hotel room. The result was the deal with Warner Brothers.

According to two of the film's publi-

cists, Claudia Weill hasn't yet absorbed the implications of having a multimillion-dollar corporation backing her. In part, the reason is that she still has "huge debts and deferments and loans and liens and everything." On the day when we spoke, the publicists were attempting to persuade Weill to get another phone line installed; the one phone she does have, they argued, is always busy and no one can get through. Weill was reluctant to install a phone she felt she couldn't afford.

"It's like there are two tracks in my head," she explains. "On one level, I can't help being seduced by the studio lunches and the press and the glory and the hoopla, but then on the other

---

“What happened to me is something I never dreamed about. I'm not an unambitious person, but I'm not ambitious in the sense of 'I want to be a famous director.' I never thought of going to Hollywood.”

---

level, I just feel an immense distance from all this." Her voice fills with a parody of suspicion. "Like 'wait a minute.' Like I might be the hottest thing in town this week, but not next week."

On a third track, perhaps, was worry, particularly about the advertising campaign, which she felt would be too big and would promise too much. "*Girl Friends* is not a big action film; it's about a very slight shift in consciousness. The pleasure of this film is the pleasure of discovery. If there's this great expectation for it, people will say, 'It's nice, but what was the big deal?'"

When I saw the film at a critics' screening, people weren't saying too much, but they were laughing a lot. I was especially moved, I tell Weill, by one scene in which Susan Weinblatt and her boyfriend, Eric (played by Christopher Guest), talk in his kitchen. He is mashing potatoes while Susan is primarily being anxious. She is a photographer on the eve of her first gallery opening, and she has a boyfriend who

wants her to live with him. "You like me," he explains, "because you can tell me why you don't like me." Susan is so anxious that she picks a fight and leaves.

The anxiety is contagious, I tell Weill, and the proof of this is what happened to me and the man I don't live with yet when we left. He suggested going to a coffee shop across the street. "No," I said, "I want to go to one that has seats. That one is only take-out."

"No, it's not," he said.

"Yes, it is," I insisted, with a heated self-righteousness which ought to have alerted me to the fact that something was brewing beneath the surface. We went to the coffee shop—which did not have seats—at which point what went through my mind (quite rationally, I thought) was "How could I want to live with someone who can't even remember that this coffee shop doesn't have seats?" What came out of my mouth was "I want to break up!"

"Oh, you're kidding!" shrieks Weill. "Oh, that's great! You couldn't write a better script than that!"

"It was pretty awful at the time," I say, but I'm laughing, too.

"I mean, you didn't really want to break up, did you? Oh, I'm sorry," she says, through our mutual junior-high-school-pajama-party siege of the giggles, "I know I'm supposed to be sympathetic, it's not really funny, but it's so funny!"

In general, Claudia Weill is not a shrieking giggler. For the most part (her boots, jeans, and shirt-buttoned-to-the-collar part?), she exudes self-confident determination in an understated, no-nonsense way. But she is, at moments, simply demure, so soft-spoken that her words often disappear in an end-of-sentence murmur, at the same time that she inches away from my tape recorder and wedges herself into a corner between her desk and the wall. Mostly the inching and whispering come about when I ask her to conceptualize about herself. "Do you have any idea," I ask, "at what point in your life you imagined your life as it in fact has evolved?"

"Oh, that's an interesting question." There is a long silence. "I never did, I don't think. It always just kept . . ." She trails off.

"Appearing a word ahead of you in print?"

"Yeah! Exactly!"

"Is it that you're happiest going along fully immersed in the individual moment?"

"Well," she says, "I feel that it's most honest. For me to say [and here her voice turns mock macho], 'What I mean is —, and what I have to say is —, and what I'm going to do is —'—I just don't have something to

(Continued on page 111)



# The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Wolfschmidt Vodka • Distilled from grain • 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

## Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka



# ARE YOU READY FOR RED?

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRÉ CARRARA**

Hair by Pascal Boissier of Jean-Louis David

Makeup by Wendy Whitelaw

Models: Rita Tellone of Model Management and Julie McClay of Elite

Le Car by Renault





**O**f course you are! It's the holiday party season—the only time of year you can *really* dress to indulge your most naughty, temptress fantasies and *be* the sultriest, slinkiest woman at the party. Your grand entrance should be fun—pure panache! They'll love your nerve and style as you make the rounds of parties and more parties. It's the time for the overstatement, for festivities with you at their center—fabulous red!

Red spandex flounced skating dress (\$53.50) worn over black spandex straight slashed skirt (\$53.50) with matching long gloves (\$15), all at OMO-Norma Kamali, N.Y.C. Red spandex leggings (\$28) by Patricia Field, N.Y.C. Black spandex and leather belt (\$15) at Ian's, N.Y.C. Black satin strappy stilettos (\$95) at La Marca, N.Y.C. Circle rhinestone earrings (\$4), Woman of Fashion for Stephan Adrian at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.







# **WATCH THEM FOLLOW YOU TO THE PARTY.**

Red satin quilted jacket with black trim (\$100), red charmeuse silk narrow pants (\$120), both by Betsy Gonzales for Sonata at Lonia, N.Y.C. Red satin disc hat (\$40) by Don Kline at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. Black patent pumps (\$92) by Charles Jourdan, all stores. Black patent double-wrap belt (\$50), La Bagagerie, N.Y.C. Black stretch-satin gloves (\$15) and rhinestone bracelet (\$25), one of a kind from Early Halloween, N.Y.C. Heavy diamond drop earrings (\$100) and Maltese cross (\$67.50) by Joseph Mazer at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. Red and white polka-dot cotton square by Echo.





**YOU MIGHT FEEL SILLY DOING THIS, BUT THE OUTFIT IS TERRIFIC!**

Red silk wrap dress with padded shoulders and matching sash (\$150) by Betsy Gonzales for Sonata at Lonia, N.Y.C. Red spandex leggings (\$28) by Patricia Field, N.Y.C. Red straw boater (\$62) by Eileen Carson at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. Silver lurex gloves (\$15) plus rhinestone bracelet (\$15), one of a kind from Early Halloween, N.Y.C. Red and silver bubble necklace (\$25) by Mirielle for L.H.O.O.Q. at Reminiscence, N.Y.C. Rhinestone disc earrings (\$4) by Woman of Fashion for Stephan Adrian at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. Metallic red strappy sandals (\$135), Maud Frizon, all branches.



## TWO BASIC LITTLE RED DRESSES THAT YOU CAN WEAR EVERYWHERE

*Left:* Ruched red spandex body-hugging dress (\$165) at Kamali, N.Y.C.

Red silk jacquard scarf (\$40) by Geoffrey Beene for Jewelcase at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. Red satin pumps (\$120) at La Marca, N.Y.C.

Red sequined disc hat (\$80) by Don Kline at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.

Black beaded gloves (\$10), Civilian Clothing, N.Y.C.

Black drop earrings and bobby-pin necklace by Marypolitan, N.Y.C.

*Right:* Red spandex gathered dress (\$85) by Lisa Marascio for Ian's, N.Y.C.

Black pillbox by Patricia Underwood, N.Y.C. Black satin pumps (\$135)

by Maud Frizon, all branches. Black tasseled purse (\$143)

by Barbara Bolan at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. Black satin gloves (\$15),

one of a kind from Early Halloween, N.Y.C.

Rhinestone drop earrings (\$6) and bracelets (\$10) by Woman of Fashion for Stephan Adrian at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.





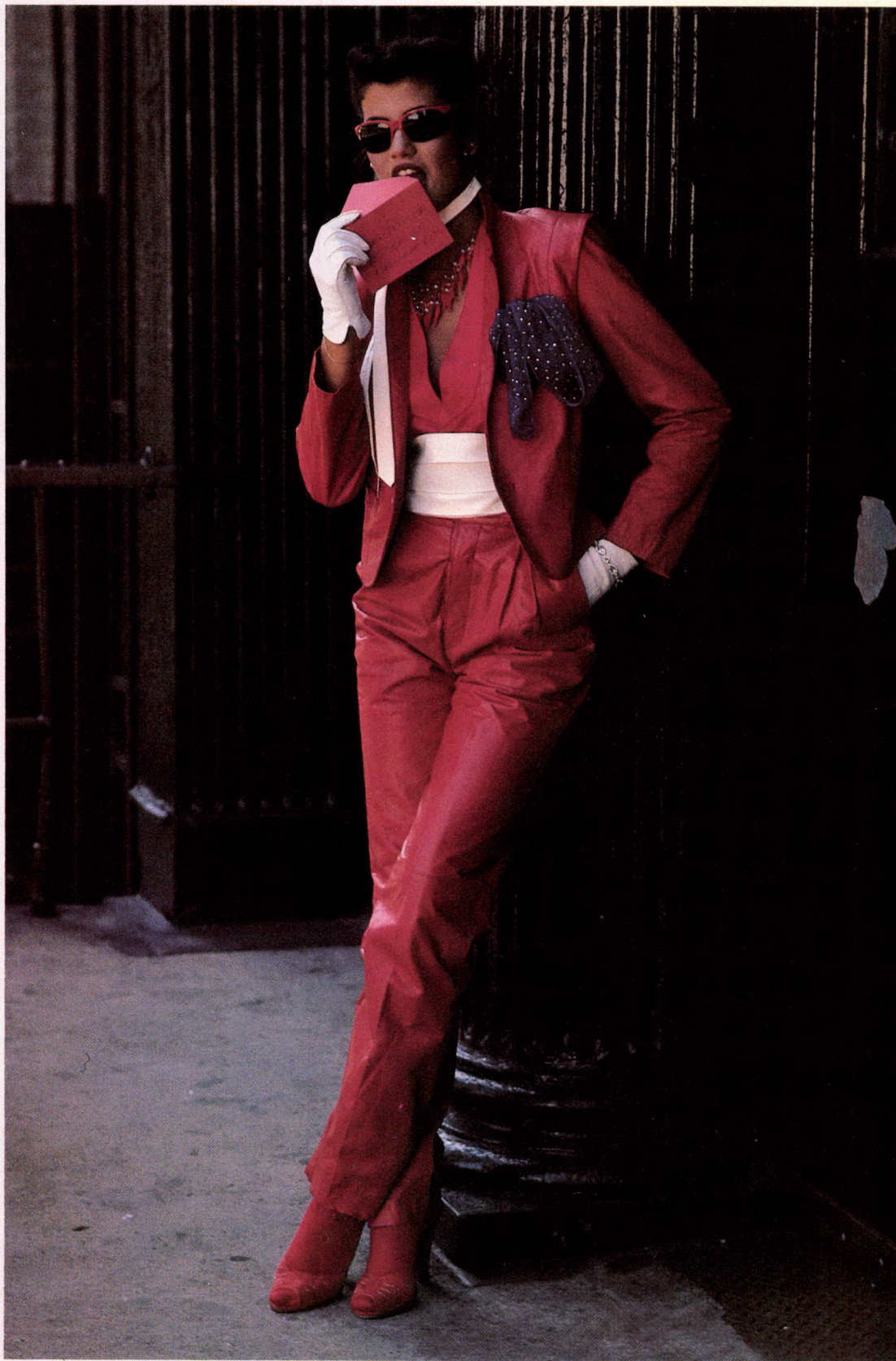


Le Car



## JUST THE OUTFIT TO WEAR TO THE MAILBOX

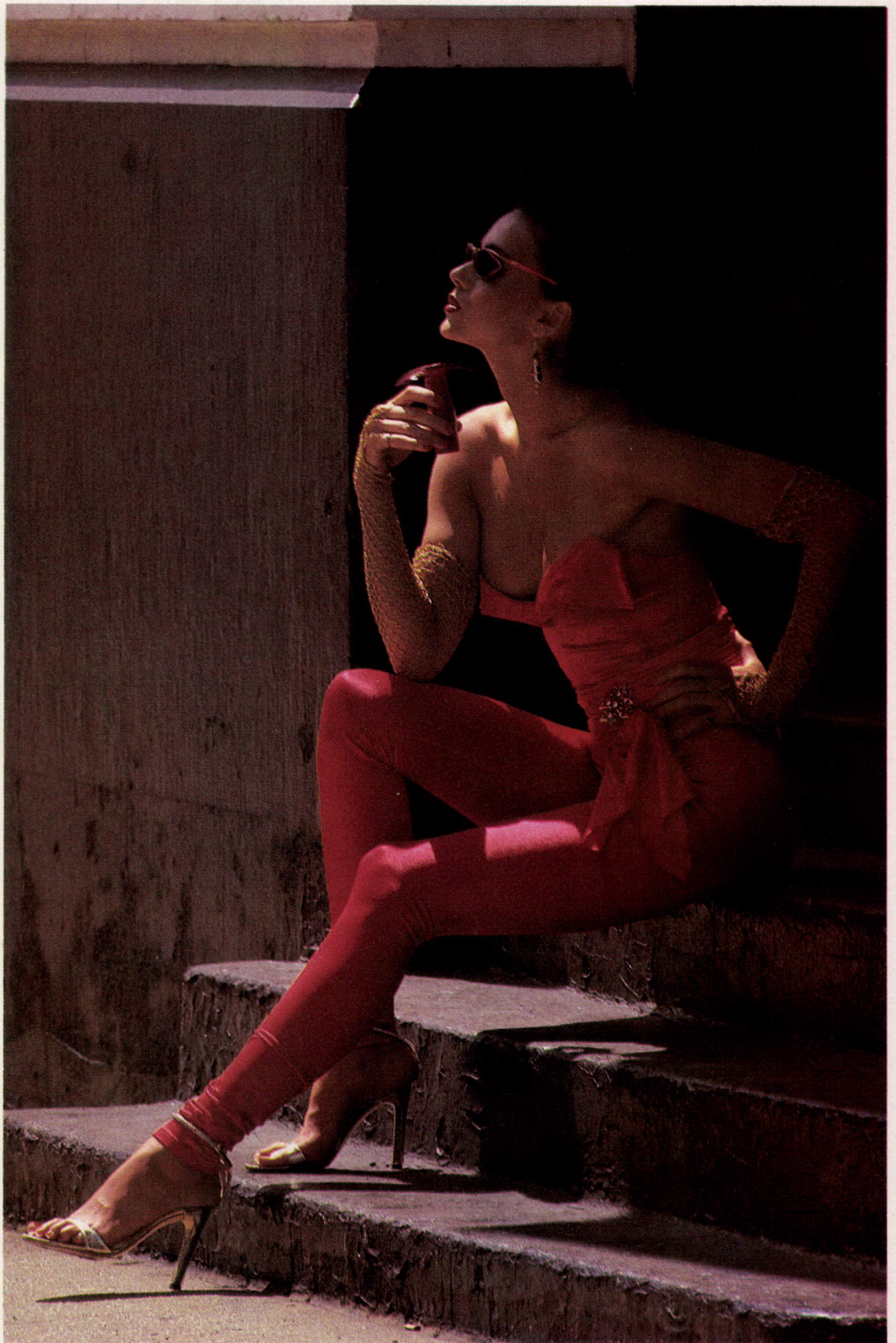
Red leather padded-shoulder Spencer jacket (\$300), matching narrow pants (\$290), ribbed-silk waistcoat (\$70), ivory pleated-silk cummerbund (\$50), and tie (\$7.50), all by Pinky and Dianne for Private Label at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. Red suede shoes (\$135), Maud Frizon, all branches. White leather gloves (\$15) from a selection at Early Halloween, N.Y.C. Red motorbike glasses (\$12) from Fiorucci, N.Y.C. Red bubble necklace (\$25) by Mirielle for L.H.O.O.Q. at Reminiscence, N.Y.C. Purple scarf (\$18) by Don Kline at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. Red stationery by Tiffany & Co., N.Y.C.





**OUTRAGEOUS! YOU GOTTA LOVE IT!**

Red spandex boned wing corset (\$39) and matching pants (\$30) by Betsey Johnson at Macy's and Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. Red spandex waist wrap (\$15) at Ian's, N.Y.C. Gold and diamanté strappy shoes (\$107) by Charles Jourdan, all branches. Red diamanté glasses (\$28) by Private Eyes at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C. Gold drop earrings and rhinestone brooch by Marypolitan, N.Y.C. Gold mesh gloves (\$10) by Screenland at Civilian Clothing, N.Y.C.; Broadway Baby, Washington, D.C.; Burdine's, Miami, Fla. Black stockings throughout by Screenland at Civilian Clothing, N.Y.C. 🚗









# SCARLET WOMAN

Brilliant, brazen, provocative, and sultry, red is anything but boring. It's the lusty color of blood and fire, the enigmatic gleam of dazzling rubies, the daring choice of worldly women. The eye pursues red; red commands attention, demands response. Red is bold and authoritative; it speaks its own language and creates its own mood. Red is not for the reticent. It is seldom conservative and never shy. Red doesn't hesitate to make its own statement, an articulate, self-confident, challenging proclamation. The meaning is clear and to the point. The image is haunting and unforgettable. Red is adamantly female, the hue of the universal woman. Red is the color of the hour, of the day, of the season, of forever. Red is ancient, modern, eternal. Red is *you*, if you dare. Seize the challenge. See the next page to make red yours—your scent, your hair, your visage, your fingers and toes, your essence!

SHE'S NOT AFRAID  
TO SURROUND HERSELF  
WITH THE BOLDEST,  
MOST PROVOCATIVE  
OF COLORS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SERGE LUTENS FOR CHRISTIAN DIOR



This season's ravishing reds are the prettiest ever. Red is the color of the glowing Yule log, of the twinkling Christmas lights, of the radiant Burgundy wine served at a holiday supper, of the merry ribbons tied on a wreath. Shades of joyous red conjure up images of happy, festive times, so wear them everywhere!

**Red scent:** Splash red all over with Geoffrey Beene's compellingly feminine Red cologne (2 oz., \$20)—or dab just a drop of the hue behind your ears and on your pulse points with the intensely sensual Red perfume (1 oz., \$100). Of course, fragrances have colors, just as colors have moods. The GB scent combines fragile floral notes of jasmine and rose with deep, woody undertones of oak moss and vetiver. Think red, sense red, and scent red with this exquisitely lavish fragrance.

**Red tresses:** Now is absolutely the time to add the charisma of red to your hair, and using henna is the best way to do it. Henna, made from the *Lawsonia inermis* plant, is an organic hair tint that offers a range of shades, from the deep auburn/brown tint made from the roots of the plant to the bright copper red derived from the stems. It's best to have the process done professionally the first time, since the salon colorists can analyze your hair's texture and strength, as well as its color, to give you exactly the shade you want. In New York, Lisanne of the Jean-Louis David Salon (Henri Bendel, 10 West Fifty-seventh Street) is the top henna expert, the colorist who can turn the mousiest of browns into the most effervescent of reds. The cost is thirty-five dollars for short hair, a bit more for longer hair. Depending on what color hair you have to begin with, you can henna your hair any shade from a shimmering strawberry blond to a sensuous, deep titian. The longer the henna is left on your hair, the deeper the red and auburn tone. And, the natural conditioning agents of the tint will make your hair shine, shine, shine, whatever the color. (FYI: Henna also comes in a neutral shade, which makes a top-notch, colorless conditioner if you're not yet ready for red.)

**Auburn lashes:** Flicking your lashes with Calvin Klein's Auburn mascara (\$7.50) creates a unique and classy effect that's smashing with red tresses. The conditioning, cream, brush-on mascara from the designer's new collection of cosmetics is encased in a Klein-red wand that is an accessory unto itself. On flirtatious eyelashes, the Auburn shade creates subtle holiday magic.

**Rose/mauve lids:** Demure yet daring eye shadows in red-inspired shades of deep garnet, pale mauve, and rose beige make eyes as beguiling as the winter twilight. Glemby Best Eyes

## RED BEAUTY SPECTRUM



Shadow (\$6.50), in a two-hue compact of Garnet Rose and Mauve Mist, produces whispered wonders of color for Christmas Eve eyes. For a provocative, mysterious look, try using the more fragile mauve shade on your lids, the deeper garnet glow on brow bones. Another enchanting rose tone for eyes is Chanel's Eye Shadow, Ombre de Chanel, in Sable Rose (mirrored compact in voile case, \$7.50), a warm champagne pink shade with the softest hints of pale sand beige. It's an incandescent blush of pale rose that shimmers softly on your lids.

**Red cheeks:** Reds for your cheeks should be true and clear, reflections of your skin's natural flush on a crisp winter morning. Alexandra de Markoff's Muted Red Contour Blende Rouge (mirrored compact, \$6.50) is a feather-light, cream cheek color that combines the innocent red of a child's cheeks with a sultry spark of bright, French-rouge red. Calvin Klein's Cream Blush in Crushed Berry (mirrored compact, \$8.50) is a more intense hue, suggesting cool raspberry red. It's a bolder blush of color to wear after the sun sets—for glittery holiday parties or heady evenings à deux by the fireplace.

**Red lips:** This year, lips that catch kisses under the mistletoe are auda-

ciously red, as bright as a holly-berry stain. Bold and naughty as a red can be, Wicked Wine, the deep burgundy lip shade that is one of Max Factor's Maxi-Gloss Sponge-On Lip-Glosses (\$2.00), comes in a little sponge-topped tube and gives you sheer, liquid-gloss color that even tastes good—as sweet as a sip of pungent plum wine. Chanel's Hydrabase Creme Lipstick in Chanel Red (\$6.50) is a classic shade of rich, dew-fresh color. Cover Girl Creme Lipstick in Really Red (\$1.75) is a saucy, impertinent lip color with lots of softening moisturizers. And Diane Von Furstenberg's Clear Red lipstick (\$3.75) is bright, bold, and beautiful, particularly with Von Furstenberg's Lip Gloss (mirrored compact, \$3.75) in jolly Japanese Red slicked over the lipstick for extra sparkle and shine. Red, red lips this Christmas look unquenchably kissable!

**Red nails:** Paint your nails red, red, red before you paint the town red on these festive December nights! Those maestros of finger-tip polishing, Il-Makiage (521 Park Avenue, New York City 10021), offer four fabulous red nail paints in their special, handsome, half-ounce bottles (\$3.50). #14 is a bright, merry red with gay pink highlights, #30 is a smashing, holly-berry red, #18 is a moody port-wine red, and #311 is a pure, joyful red laced with sparkling gold flecks. Million-dollar reds for your nails can also be had at down-to-earth, working-woman prices. Cutex Creme Enamels (\$.65) come in a multitude of dazzling shades. Cherry is a winsome, fruity color; Scarlet Ribbons, a romantic, ember-warmed red; Wine is a sassy, bright burgundy; and Redwood, a cedar-tinged rose. It's a bit banal to match the reds on lips and nails this year; contrast is more fun and creates more fascination.

**Red all over:** A spanking-new kit of sybaritic luxuries called For Your Strawberry Pleasure includes four heavenly products in subdued shades of red. These sexy, super-beautifying goodies are as sweet-tasting as they are skin softening. First, Body Lather, for two-in-the-tub, candlelit baths, makes deliciously creamy, shocking pink suds. Next, Body Soft, a tube of silky moisturizer for smoothing all over. Then, Body Massage, for giving each other forever-long rubdowns. And, at last, a Body Gloss for slicking over shoulders, knees, and whatever else you fancy, to make his and your skin glow like Christmas satin. A great way to spend a festive, red evening—lathering, softening, massaging, and glossing your very favorite holiday man. (Kit, \$16.50, available from I Natural Cosmetics, 595 Madison Avenue, New York City 10022. Add \$1.50 for postage and handling.)



# Introducing Jōvan Oil of Mink

Unlike many other beauty lotions, Jōvan Oil of Mink fights the major cause of aging skin—while it moisturizes and beautifies.

## **PABA HELPS PROTECT AGAINST THE MAJOR CAUSE OF AGING SKIN...**

According to leading dermatologists, outdoor light and the invisible ultraviolet radiation from it, contribute to more skin dryness, coarseness, and wrinkles than any other single factor. An ingredient called PABA contained in Jōvan Oil of Mink helps protect against aging skin by trapping these harmful rays before they reach the cellular structures of your skin.



## **WHILE NATURAL MINK OIL MOISTURIZES AND BEAUTIFIES**

Genuine mink oil is one of nature's most beneficial emollients. It smoothes, softens, and leaves your skin with a radiantly refreshed young look. Nothing pampers your skin like the touch of mink.

## **JŌVAN OIL OF MINK COMBINES THEM BOTH**

Today, the two best skin care ingredients come together in one bottle. New Jōvan Oil of Mink. Ask for it. At cosmetic counters of leading department stores and drug stores everywhere.

**Because your skin doesn't improve with age,  
your skin care should.**



**Jōvan Oil of Mink**  
Skin Care/Beauty Lotion

From the cosmetic laboratories of Jovan, Inc.,  
875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611  
© 1977, Jōvan Inc.





Celebrating. The Romans have a gift for it.



**Eggnog Lucullus.**  
One of 58 spectacular recipes  
in our free recipe book.  
Write Palmer & Lord, Ltd.,  
Syosset, N.Y. 11791. 84 Pf.

**Sambuca Romana**  
The Sambuca of Rome



# ROUNDUP ON RODEO DRIVE

## THE COAST CACHET OF CHIC

BY SUSAN DUFF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTA BOOTH



John Marks dresses: London in L.A.



Georgette Klinger:  
luxury facial salon

**T**here is a special, exquisite mood that imbues the experience of shopping in Europe. (The first time I entered Gucci in Florence, I heard harpsichord music wafting through the leather-scented air—and it *wasn't* Muzak.) One can't help being impressed by the impeccably mannered, service of salesclerks on Bond Street in London, by the never failing sense of chic in the Parisian shops of Les Halles.

Take the charm of European shopping, go halfway around the world, add the golden glow of California sunshine, and, *voilà, ecco*, eureka! you're on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills.





Ivory Tower near Rodeo Drive: trinkets in tusk



Crystal Palace: movie stars' hand-me-downs to buy

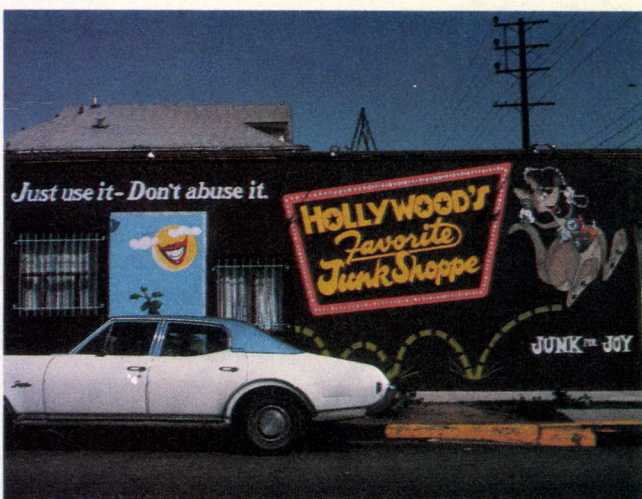
A mere silver dollar's throw from Rodeo Drive, on Melrose Drive in West Hollywood, the Crystal Palace is becoming renowned as the world's most fabulous thrift shop. The owners are eccentric about business hours, and you should phone ahead to learn precisely when they deign to open their opulently funky chambers to the public. Once within, however, you'll be dazzled by the moderately priced collection of antique wearables: madcap shoes, slinky gowns, twenties men's shirts, positively



Maxfield Bleu, Santa Monica



Camp Beverly Hills: street-chic parachute wear plus . . .



Junk for Joy: extravagant antique apparel





Right Bank Clothing Company: sportswear très trendy chic



Biking by the People's Store on Melrose in West Hollywood



The hot Kamali shop

profligate paste jewelry, a 100-year-old petticoat you can wear tomorrow as the ultimate "today" dress.

If money is no object, you can unload heavy coin at Alan Austin, a sparkling gem of a shop on Camden Drive, often touted as the area's choicest. Here you'll find an assortment of yummy silk shirts and perfectly classic gabardine and linen suits. Mr. Austin himself is likely to give you attentive personal service, and someone is sure to give you a glass of fine white wine to sip as you browse.

Known to habitués as



Bijan: Iranian palace on Rodeo

"The Triangle," the area is actually formed by three streets: Beverly Drive, Camden Drive, and Rodeo Drive. Big-money spenders from all over the world go there—and to nearby West Hollywood—to spend their biggest bucks. It's a place where you can look through the threads at tony hand-me-down shops like Aardvark's Odd Ark, or Eric and Company, to find fantasy antique silk kimonos, expansive fifties skirts, second-skin cashmere sweaters. Just for fun, you can also speculate on the original owners of

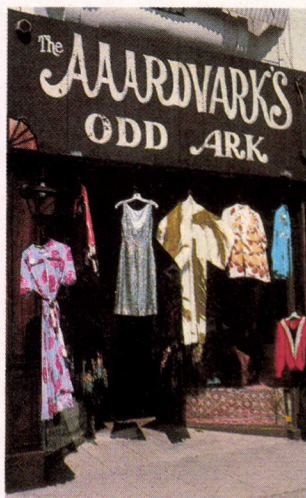




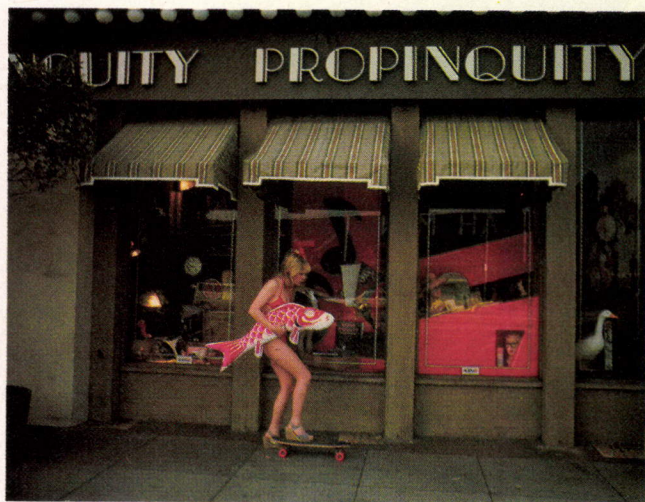
Jolly Wall Graphics on Melrose: pop art for the home and the body

these articles: Lana Turner? Jane Russell? Bette Davis? Debbie Reynolds?

It's quite likely you'll spot some celebs in the flesh if you step into Rodeo's Fred, a jewelry store where a simple gold necklace to accent your aubergine satin sheath can easily set you back fifty grand. And if star-spotting is your fancy, go into the glass-enclosed Right Bank Tea Room on Rodeo (inside the Right Bank Shoe and Clothing Company) to nibble crumpets and watch the *riche* throw cash around. Or try to get a table



Rags extraordinaires



Propinquity: a potpourri of gift goodies





Paleeze: classy old clothes



The Right Bank Shoe Company



Eric and Company: totally *haute* antique clothes



Fred's jewels: from Paris to Monte Carlo to Rodeo Drive



Jerry Magnin for men

at the Daisy, a sidewalk restaurant on Rodeo where getting a good vantage point (for watching *and* being watched) is so precious, the owner has been known to lease the best tables for \$300 a month.

Look no further, ye shoppers in search of paradise. Rodeo Drive, "The Triangle," and neighboring West Hollywood constitute a fashion-worshippers' mecca, a heaven on earth. On Rodeo, one is tempted to throw caution—and dollars—to the wind. 🚗



# RED-HOT GIFTS

From left to right:

'Tis better to give than to receive, or so they say. Feasting your eyes on the red-hot gifts on these pages is enough to make you wonder, though. Take that sizzling scarlet mink, \$6,000, by Ralph Lauren for Tepper Furs, Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. Who wouldn't want to find that coat under her Christmas tree? Or that subtly romantic antique statuette of frolicking lovers (\$400 at Bolero, N.Y.C.)? The rouge red clock, \$225, from Tiffany & Co., is a gift that's both luxurious *and* practical. Elsa Peretti's sparkling red purse allows a woman to carry her heart in her hand (\$790 at Tiffany & Co.). Who doesn't love lovely French things, like an enamel compact by Frog de Luxe? There's a map of France emblazoned on the front, get it? (\$35, from Fiorucci, N.Y.C.) The cheekiest chic is giving—or getting!—a really red hat, \$52, by Eileen Carson at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. A flame red leather waist wrap is the height of *haute* belting (\$25, by Elegante at Lord & Taylor or Bonwit Teller, N.Y.C.). How supremely *unexpected*—shocking red shoes for a present! (\$30 at Fiorucci, N.Y.C.) Or, New Wave, red-framed shades—ideal for glamour gals of every age (\$15 at Ian's, N.Y.C.). And, sexy red leggings will make someone's legs sizzle on the chilliest of days (\$28 at Patricia Field, N.Y.C.).

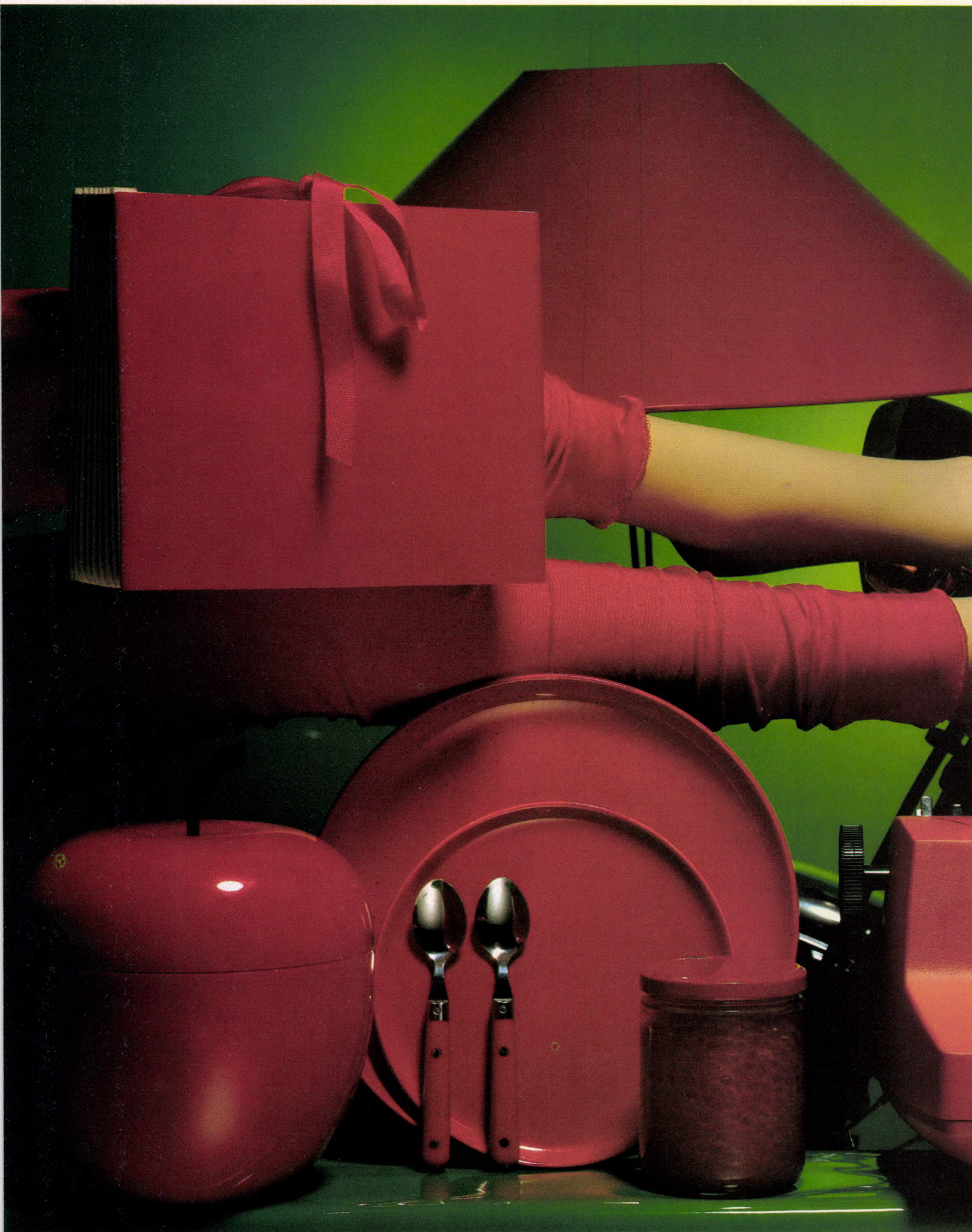
**PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY TOHRU NAKAMURA**















*From left to right:*

What better gift for a New York City chauvinist than a big, red-apple ice bucket to grace his, or her, bar? (\$15.95, from Hammacher Schlemmer.) The ultimate recipe holder, a bright red portfolio (\$33 at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.) is great for great cooks; efficient and stylish-looking, it makes filing magazine tear sheets as easy as pie. Ideal for anyone whose desk could use a touch of class, a voguish red Flischi lamp (\$225, from Abitare, N.Y.C.) will light up the life of someone you like—that someone might even be *you*! Bah, humbug to fancy china plates and traditional silver—if you want to give house gifts for Christmas, give red, red, red! Bright red spoons (\$1.50 each at Conran's, N.Y.C.) and bright red plates (\$9 each at Design Research, N.Y.C.) are great for giving. Want to give a special and unusual something to a special and unusual someone? How about fresh salmon caviar, the mildest and most succulent of the red fish roes? (\$25 per 14-oz. fresh-packed jar at Caviarteria, N.Y.C.) A gift of words is a gift from the heart, and what more extravagant way to give it than in the form of a solid red IBM self-correcting Selectric typewriter? Magnificent typewriters have been known to inspire magnificent love letters, of course. A red-hot car means the best wheels around, so a cherry red motorbike, like this CB 125 Honda (\$750, from Kamrod Co., N.Y.C.), has *got* to be the best street bike to give. Luggage is a present to inspire daydreams of blissful, faraway places. Give it in red (this 29-inch-size case, \$135 at T. Anthony, N.Y.C.). As great to give as it is to receive, red is the color of this year's best gifts. 





Illustration by Sona Gumusyan



This is second in a two-part article about the people who live by prostitution, or whose lives are touched by it. Last month we focused on the bottom level as a street prostitute, a pimp, the cops who stalk them, and a "john" talked in *Viva* about themselves and "The Life." This month a madam, a prosperous client, and a glamorous call girl—at the mid- and top levels in New York City—reveal themselves in the conclusion of our piece.

### THE MID-LEVEL

The Life at the mid-level is dominated by the escort service or the house, run usually by a madam, less often by a successful pimp. Within the house system, the girls deal with the clients on an "indate" basis, when the men come to the house, or as "outdates," when they visit the men. Arrangements are always made by telephone. The john either calls the madam, or the madam may call him if she has a girl he might be interested in. Although the rule seems to vary, the madam generally takes 50 percent of the fee for an "indate" and 40 percent for an "outdate."

The average house charge for straight sex ranges from \$35 to \$100, depending on the john's pocketbook and the woman's attractiveness. "S and M" prices start at \$100 and escalate according to the kinkiness of the act. However, since clients are either well-known to the house, or come highly recommended, the girls are relatively safe from abusive or psychopathic men.

Venereal disease is low among prostitutes who work in houses. A standard rule seems to be that once each week or every two weeks, a prostitute must present the madam with a signed doctor's certificate attesting to her good health. Prophylactics are used in the mid-level house, but, it seems, not on as inflexible a basis as among street prostitutes, who insist upon them.

Although there is a class system in *The Life*, it is not based on the amount of money a girl earns; a street prostitute's nightly take might well be more than even a top-level call girl's. Rather, class lines are drawn according to the number of "tricks turned"—the

more tricks, the lower the level—and the risks and difficulties incurred in plying the trade. Obviously, these are greater on the street.

Occasionally a girl does work up from the street to a house. In order to do this she must be independent, have a "classy" enough quality to appeal to a clientele of middle-class businessmen, and, of course, have made contact with a madam and proven herself to be a responsible worker.

Although the women at mid-level do not need pimps, many of them have "boyfriends" to whom they give most of their money or whom they support.

I interviewed Barbra, a madam, twice in her "house," actually an apartment in the prosperous midtown business area on the East Side of Manhattan. Each time, we sat outside in the fire stairwell while one of the "girls" entertained a client. On both occasions the customer stayed only fifteen minutes, and that included dressing and undressing. The girls say that clients arrive so excited by the idea of being with a prostitute that the sex is no work at all. If a prostitute has ten men a day, she has a total of only about seventy minutes of actual sex. Since, in a house, the madam knows her clients, a "girl" is told in advance which seductive technique most arouses each john. The more quickly she can satisfy him, the more money she will make and the less abuse her body will take.

As in a massage parlor, there is competition among girls in a house. The extent of it seems to depend on the madam. In some houses, where the women are forbidden to give out their personal phone numbers to clients—are sometimes even given lie-detector tests to make sure they have not done so—the competition is cut down. In other houses, where the girls may do so if they pay a ten-dollar phone fee, they compete strongly to attract johns.

Although in some houses the madam collects a ten-dollar-a-day "protection" fee, there is little or no chance of arrest for call girls. Even the police admit this.

(Continued on page 106)

# PROSTITUTION: PART II

## "THE LIFE" AT THE TOP

BY EMILY PRAGER WITH EDWARD CLAFLIN







# GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

A GUIDE TO SELECTING AND SERVING WINE

BY ALEXIS BESPALOFF

*"Wine is one of the most civilized things in the world and one of the natural things of the world that have been brought to the greatest perfection, and it offers a greater range for enjoyment and appreciation than, possibly, any other purely sensory thing which may be purchased."* Even the most casual wine drinker would hesitate to disagree with this appreciation by Ernest Hemingway, and those who drink wine with most of their meals would subscribe even more enthusiastically to his views. Yet the very diversity of tastes and styles which make wine such an unending source of pleasure and surprise can also discourage someone who simply wants to choose one or two good—but not terribly expensive—bottles to serve with dinner.

The first problem that a wine buyer faces in any reasonably stocked wine or liquor store is the number of different labels on display. Most wine names begin to make sense, however, once you realize that most European wines are labeled with their place of origin. This can be a region, such as Bordeaux, Beaujolais, Chianti, or Rioja; a specific village, such as Châteauneuf-du-Pape, Pommard, Soave, Barolo, Piesport, or Bernkastel; or even an individual vineyard, such as Château Lafite-Rothschild, Chambertin, or Schloss Vollrads. Other wines are labeled with the name of the grape variety from which they are primarily made, so you will see California wines labeled Cabernet Sauvignon, Zinfandel, Chenin Blanc, Petite Sirah, and Chardonnay; New York State wines such as Catawba, Baco Noir, and Concord; and such Italian wines as Barbera, Verdicchio, and Lambrusco. Many wines, especially inexpensive ones, are labeled generically—that is, with a familiar European wine name that does not actually correspond to the origin of the wine in the bottle: California Chablis, New York State Sauterne, Chilean Rhine wine, and Australian Burgundy are some examples.

Happily, there's more to learning about wines than just looking at labels—the more wine you taste, the more likely you are to discover the wines you like best, while developing

your palate and extending your interests beyond the most commonly available jug wines or the most popular American and imported brands.

The rituals of wine service can be exaggerated to the point where people are more concerned with making a mistake than with enjoying wine, but there are a few simple rules of service that are worth noting. Wine glasses, for example, should be clear, to show off the wine, and large enough that they need be filled no more than halfway—eight to twelve ounces are considered fine for all-purpose use. Wine enthusiasts like to swirl a wine gently in the glass to release its bouquet (which is actually a very useful indication of a wine's quality and personality), and for that reason avoid small, cramped glasses that have to be filled to the brim to provide a decent amount of wine.

White wines and rosés are usually served chilled—cooling these wines for an hour or two in the refrigerator brings out their refreshing qualities. You can also chill a wine in fifteen or twenty minutes by putting it in a container filled with ice and water—any container will do, as long as it's deep enough that the bottle can be submerged up to its neck. A wine served *too* cold will have very little taste: in a restaurant it's sometimes necessary to take a very cold bottle out of the wine bucket and just stand it up on the table. Red wines are traditionally served at room temperature, but light red wines such as Beaujolais, Valpolicella, and most jug wines are enhanced by being cooled to the equivalent of cellar temperature, say, sixty degrees or so. In any case, no red wine should be served too warm, whatever the temperature of the room. In an overheated restaurant or dining room, where the temperature may have crept up to seventy-five degrees or more, red wine is likely to taste dull and flabby.

Most wines are meant to be enjoyed with food, of course, and there has been a great deal written about the proper

(Continued on page 86)





# A CLEVER KIDS STORY

FICTION BY ANN BEATTIE

WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN,  
HE TOLD THE STORIES.  
SHE KNEW HE BELIEVED  
THAT'S WHAT HE'D ALWAYS BE—  
THE STORYTELLER,  
IN CONTROL, INVULNERABLE.

Illustration by Blair Dawson

Excerpted from the book SECRETS AND SURPRISES,  
to be published by Random House. Copyright © 1978 by Ann Beattie.



**T**he two clever kids are Jane and Joseph. The names alliterate. Our parents planned that—two cute kids with alliterating names, born two and a half years apart.

The summer that I was five and Joseph was seven and a half he began to tell me the clever kids stories when we were put to bed. We lived in what had been our grandparents' house in New Hampshire—a huge barn of a house with high ceilings and rose-splotted wallpaper. My parents moved there when Joseph was four and a half and I was two. He claimed to remember New York City. It was one of the many things I envied him for: he had been born in a hospital as high as a skyscraper; I had been born in a bed in the house in New Hampshire. When my grandfather died, my parents sold their furniture and my father quit his job, and they moved to the woods of New Hampshire, into the house where our family had spent the summer. My grandmother, after my grandfather's death, moved to the warmer weather in Georgia, and was able to live with a cousin whose husband had died a few years before. My grandmother came to New Hampshire in June, and stayed until the first of September.

The first clever kids story I remember was about her: the grandmother was chewing gum, and she blew a bubble so big that you could see things in it, like a mirror. The clever kids looked into the bubble and saw a robber coming in the door, and as the grandmother began to breathe in and retract the bubble they saw the robber getting smaller and smaller, but coming closer. The grandmother didn't see anything, because she was squinting, concentrating on making the bubble disappear. Just as the bubble was about to disappear, the clever kids whirled around and overpowered the robber. They took out their guns and shot him dead.

Nothing about the stories seemed odd to me. That we would have real guns seemed perfectly possible. Anything Joseph said seemed reasonable and likely. He told me that he could fly, and I believed him. Partly it was because when he told me the stories late at night—when he crept into my bed and awed or scared me and then ended

the stories in some satisfactory way—he seemed so authoritative that I couldn't help believing him. His whispering made the stories more emphatic. The secret ritual of climbing into my bed made them something we shared privately, and things privately shared must be important—and therefore true. When he told me he could fly I didn't challenge him. I had never heard of Peter Pan, and had never even been to a circus to see the trapeze performers, but I could believe that a person, particularly my brother Joseph, could fly. "Where do you fly?" I whispered. He thought about it. "I fly by the lake," he said. "I've flown on the main beach. One Sunday when it rained and there was nobody around."

I remembered the day he was talking about. It was springtime and it had rained for three days, but the rain was really pouring down that Sunday. And Joseph put on his black rubber boots and his raincoat and said he was going to the beach. My mother grabbed him by the arm and said he was not. My father told Joseph to go ahead, then turned to my mother and said he admired his son's spirit. Sebastian was visiting, and she started to argue, but backed down when Sebastian asked them please not to fight. In many ways, Sebastian was like one of us: he put his hands over his ears if someone said something harsh. Once, when he hit his finger with a hammer, I saw him cry. Sebastian had left New York the same year my parents did; my father worked as a carpenter with two other men, and Sebastian kept the books.

My grandmother did not like Sebastian. My father liked him very much, and my mother tolerated him. Joseph and I had mixed emotions: he was always kind to us, but when he was with adults he seemed childish, so we didn't respect him as we'd respect an adult, but when he played with us he seemed reserved—the way an adult would. When I was seven, when I saw him cry after he hit his thumb, my father took me aside and told me that sometimes Sebastian's reactions were a little out of whack because in New York he had had a breakdown. He explained to me what a breakdown was. I was fascinated, and wanted to tell Joseph, but somehow I knew that he was the

storyteller. In fact, I started to tell him, but he interrupted with his own Sebastian story: in the Bible they shot him full of arrows for being evil, but a beautiful lady pulled all the arrows out, without causing him any pain. "What happened to the holes?" I said. "All the arrows were shot into his face. She pulled them out so carefully that they just left little holes. Whiskers grew out of them."

As Joseph was fabricating stories that spring, strange things were happening that we didn't know about. We knew things were going on, but we were involved in collecting seashells from the main beach, playing hide and seek in the woods with Billy LaPierre, whose family had the camp next to ours, and the secret nighttime stories. We knew our mother was irritable and our father silent. We knew that Sebastian didn't come around very often. We did not know that our mother had had an abortion, and that Sebastian had driven her to Montreal, where she had it performed illegally, and against my father's wishes. I overheard her, one night, saying to him, "Where would we get the money for another baby? You won't commit yourself to anything. You could have worked for a prosperous business, but you hooked up with Frankie and Phil Renshaw. I'm already surrounded by babies: Sebastian in tears every time I turn around, you bumming around, your mother coming every summer and expecting me to do everything but wipe her chin."

I don't think that my mother loved Sebastian—but after the abortion, when my father felt that she and Sebastian had both turned against him, they began to spend more time with each other, discussing it. Then my father became jealous, and my mother laughed at him for thinking anything so stupid, and her taunting made my father bitter, and, finally, silent. Things were so bad that my grandmother came in June and left before the month was over, pretending that she felt guilty for having left her cousin.

Sebastian and Joseph and I drove her to Boston to get a plane. Everyone knew that it was strange my parents didn't go. My father said that he had to work, and my mother offered to go along for (Continued on page 91)

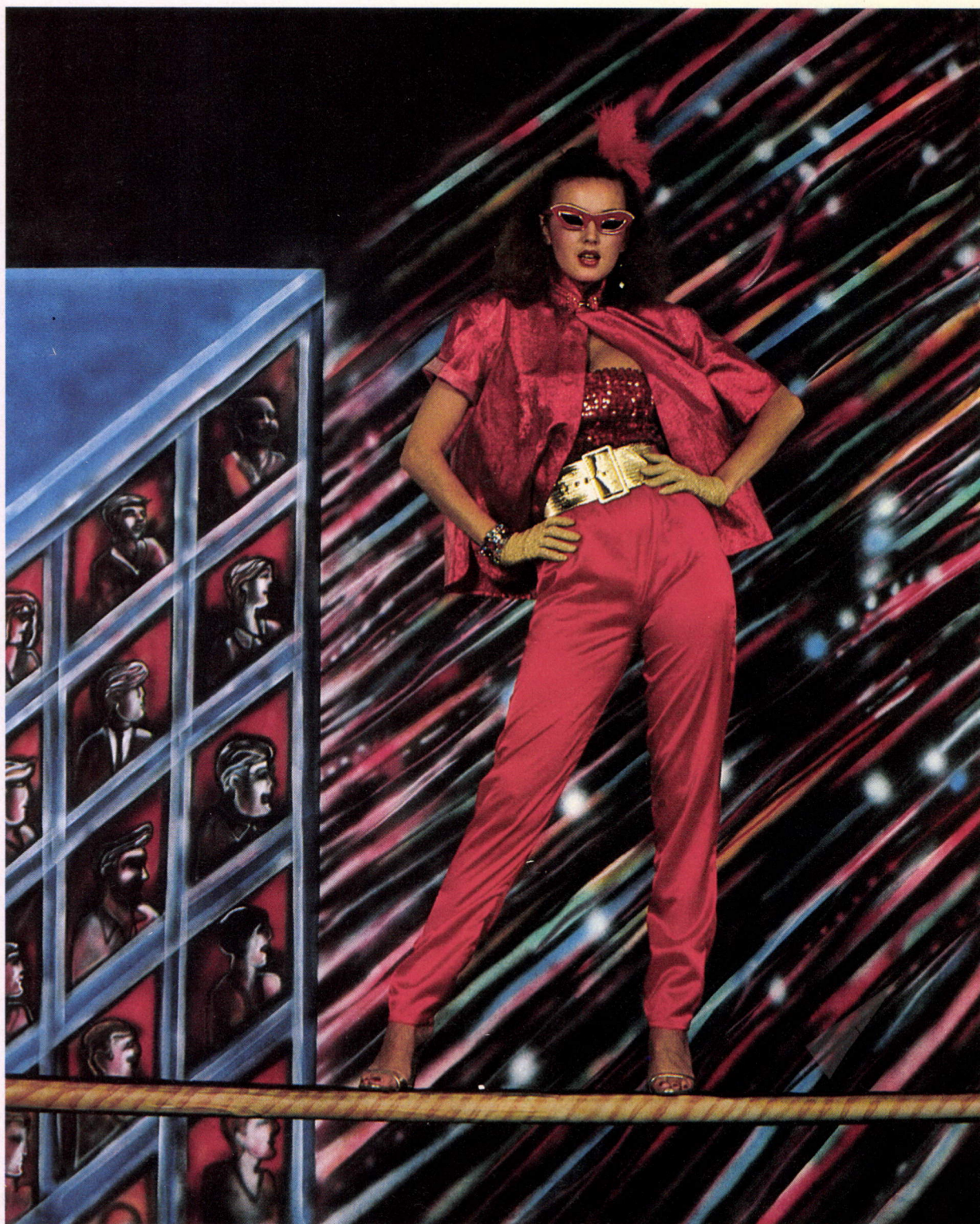


**FALLING FOR RED** *Photographs by Jade Albert. Concept and illustrations by Stan Peskett. Makeup by Jane Pittman of Cinandre. Hair by Miwa of Vidal Sassoon. Model: Susan Purdy of Elite.*

Risky and risqué, like a high-wire act, red's always a gamble, a gutsy, hotshot show starring you as a madcap flame, a reckless rose. *Left:* Red metallic short-sleeve shirt (\$50) at Jamie McDonald, N.Y.C. Red charmeuse silk narrow pants (\$120) at Lonia, N.Y.C. Red sequined stretch bandeau top (\$15) at Fiorucci, N.Y.C.

*Photographs by Jade Albert. Concept and illustrations by Stan Peskett. Makeup by Jane Pittman of Cinandre. Hair by Miwa of Vidal Sassoon. Model: Susan Purdy of Elite.*

Risky and risqué, like a high-wire act, red's always a gamble, a gutsy, hotshot show starring you as a madcap flame, a reckless rose. *Left:* Red metallic short-sleeve shirt (\$50) at Jamie McDonald, N.Y.C. Red charmeuse silk narrow pants (\$120) at Lonia, N.Y.C. Red sequined stretch bandeau top (\$15) at Fiorucci, N.Y.C.



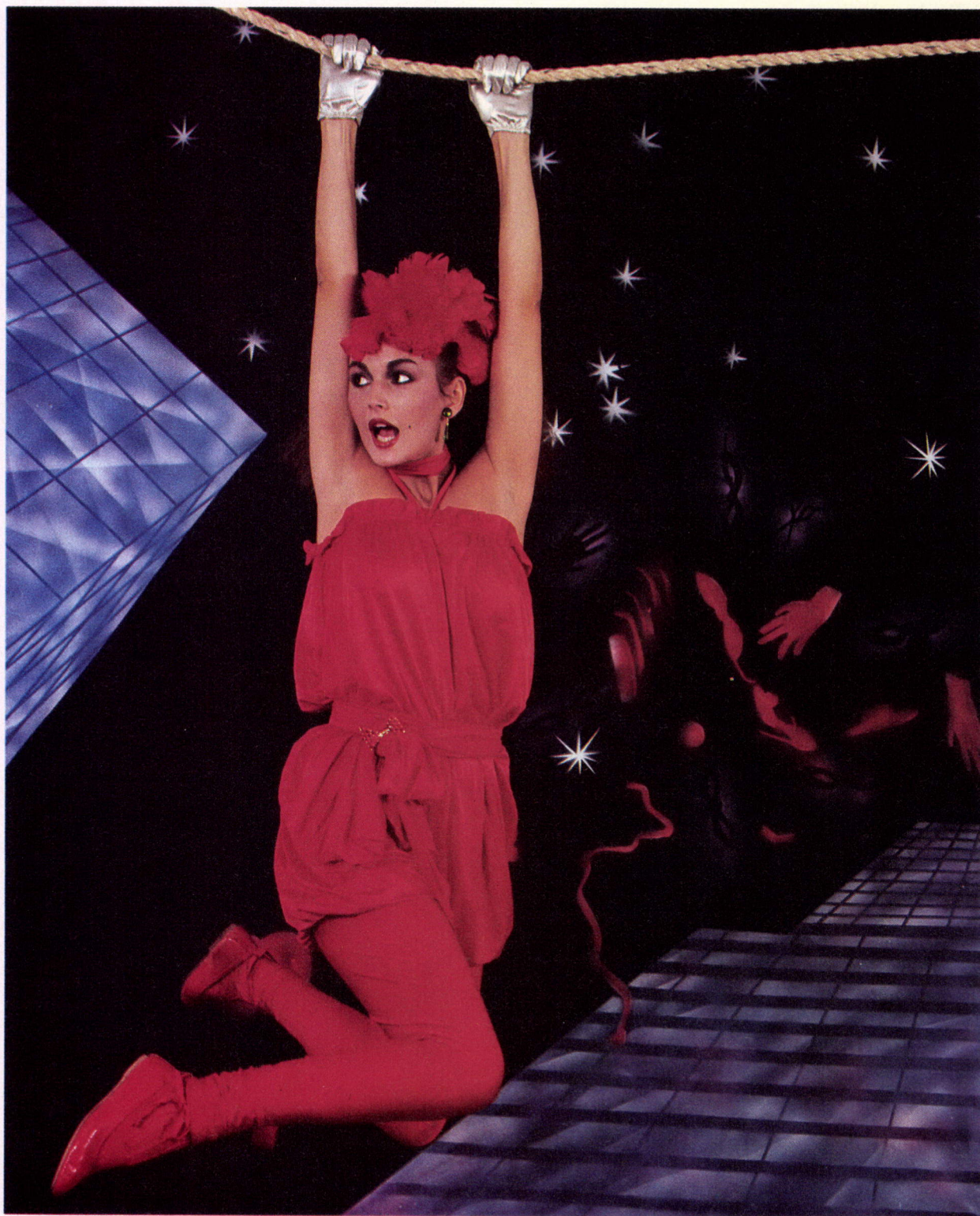


Provoked by the peril, the ecstatic shiver of stepping out in red, racy red, you teeter a bit, then take on the challenge of dressing up scarlet. *Right:* Red lurex halter-neck tight-fitting dress (\$82) by Betsey Johnson at Patricia Field, N.Y.C. Red sequined disc hat (\$80) by Don Kline at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. Black leather wide belt (\$50) at La Bagagerie, N.Y.C. Red satin pumps (\$120) at La Marca, N.Y.C. Black stretch-satin gloves (\$15), rhinestone bracelet (\$15), and drop earrings (\$10), all from a selection at Early Halloween, N.Y.C. Black fishnet tights by Screenland at Civilian Clothing, N.Y.C.






Taking the red plunge is bound to be chancy! Making a splash means taking a fall. You could lose your grip—no one said red was easy. *Left:* Red spandex balloon suit with waist wrap and matching leggings (\$145) by Lisa Marascio for Ian's, N.Y.C. Red socks also at Ian's. Silver stretch gloves from a selection at Early Halloween, N.Y.C. Red leather pumps (\$30), gold and red rhinestone bow-tie pin (\$4), and green crystal drop earrings (\$8) by Mirielle for L.H.O.O.Q. at Fiorucci, N.Y.C.

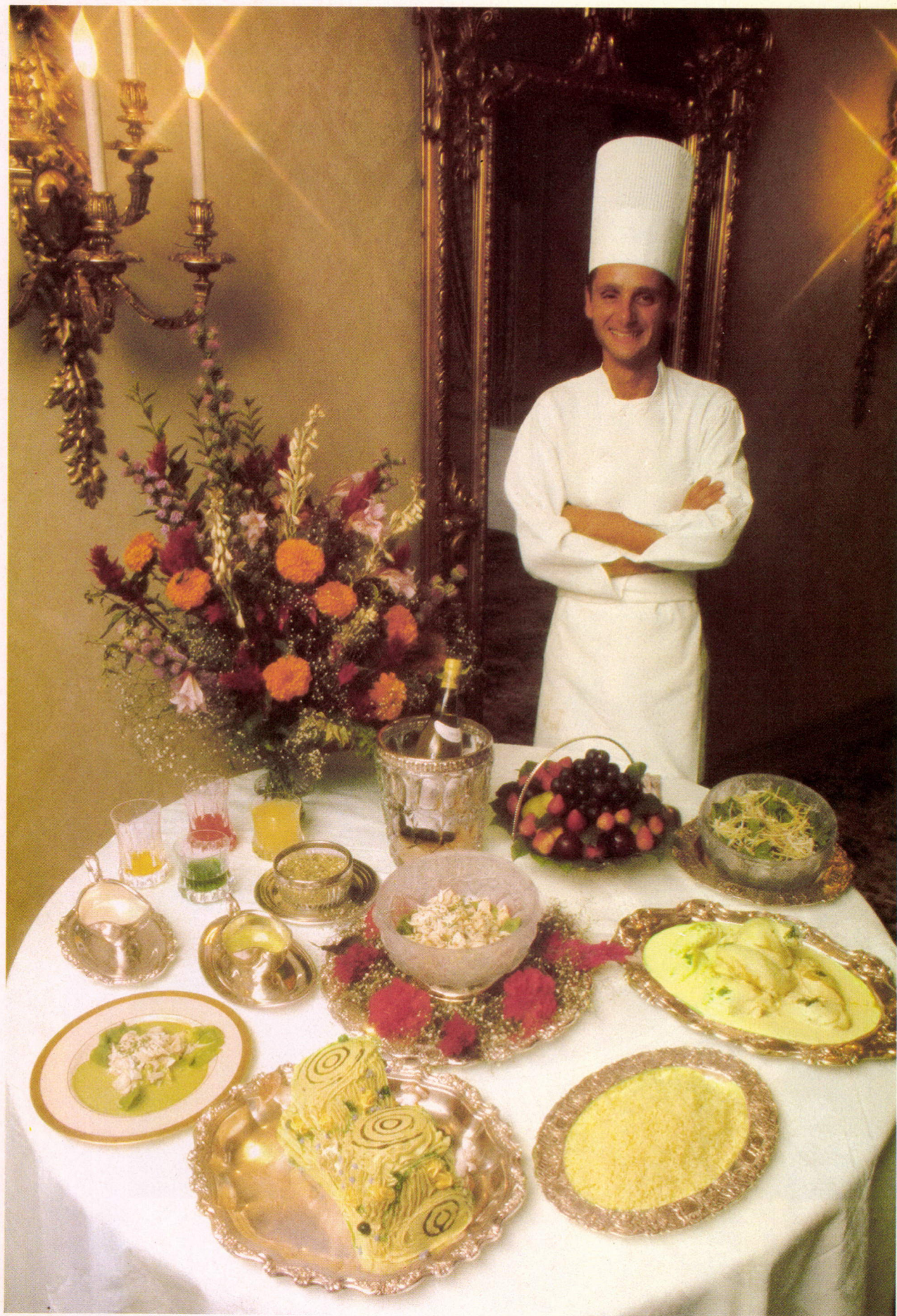




You're falling—or flying—from heaven to earth. Both divine and worldly, red does have its dangers. Soaring and plummeting, like all things of passion, red can take wing, then surrender to gravity. *Right:* Red spandex "garment bag" pointed-collar zipper suit and matching leggings (\$135) by Lisa Marascio, black satin stretch belt (\$15), both from Ian's, N.Y.C. Please turn to Fashion Finder, page 113, for all store and accessories information. 







Photograph by Santagto



Dining, in the sense that many generations have known it, is very nearly a lost tradition. The dinner hour used to be a time for intimate conversations, an opportunity to relax with friends, a social occasion when families could sit down together and discuss the happenings of the day. Eating was, and still should be, a pleasurable, even an elegant, event, a fact we often lose sight of in this age of fast foods and take-out service.

With elegance and ease in mind, Viva asked the chefs of some of the world's finest restaurants, people who are concerned with epicurean traditions, to create recipes that a busy woman planning a small dinner party could prepare. In this regular column, we will feature menus, accompanied by wine sugges-

tions, for parties ranging from intimate dinners for two to gatherings of eight. And, recognizing that eating should delight all the senses, we have made sure that none of these meals will be overwhelmingly expensive. Some may require more time to prepare, others may cost a bit more, but in every case the end result will be worth it.

The secret component in many of these recipes is, of course, your own imagination. We leave it to you to assemble the freshest of ingredients, and to take the time and care that will add your personal touch and make the whole evening a memorable one. And to quote the French, those masters of the culinary arts, we wish you "Bon appétit!"

## HAUTE CUISINE

### FROM ONE OF NEW YORK'S FINEST RESTAURANTS

# THE PALACE

BY BRIE QUINBY

**T**he Palace restaurant is a connoisseur's delight. When Frank Valenza and his wife, Bibbi, set out to create the restaurant of their fantasies, the "ultimate gourmet experience" was what they wanted their guests to enjoy. And when The Palace opened in 1975, critics agreed, nearly unanimously, that the Valenzas had succeeded in elevating dining to the status of art. The small, elegant establishment on New York's East Side is a setting that would please any true epicurean.

That an integral part of The Palace's philosophy is superb food is understood. Also obvious, however, is that the art of presentation is nearly as important as the art of gourmet cooking. A fish course may arrive at a guest's table replete with a clipper ship sculpted in toast and glazed to a sheen, or it may be accompanied by a jumping fish, carved in wax, which seems to rise by its own energy from the silver platter. Dessert pastries often appear in baskets sculpted out of sugar. The tables in the dining room are placed at a discreet distance from one another, and are set with cut-glass crystal, gold-rimmed china, and ornate silverware. Love seats create intimate settings for two. The rosebud-covered wallpaper, the silk-upholstered armchairs, and the delicate arrangements of roses and baby's breath that are placed on every table all speak of an elegance now nearly forgotten.

The kitchen is no less well arranged, and Michel Fitoussi presides over it with youthful exuberance. Born in Annecy,

in the Alps region of France, Fitoussi studied for three years at Challes les Eaux, a cooking school in the town of Chambéry. He then began a series of jobs, both in France and the United States, that finally brought him to The Palace, where he has been happily employed for two years. Now twenty-six, he is the head chef and is obviously pleased with the culinary liberties he is allowed to take. He has created some wonderful dishes of his own, but he also credits Valenza with inspiring him. "He has visions. He tells me, 'Make such and such,' and I say, 'No, impossible,' and then I do it, and it is possible."

A tour of Fitoussi's kitchen reveals gleaming stainless-steel counters, baskets of fresh salad greens, and an enormous cooling case that contains a rack filled with white wines from all over the world. Downstairs, in the pastry kitchen, the pastry chef painstakingly decorates a cake with cigarette-shaped shavings of chocolate. The cake will be one of that evening's dessert choices, a grand finale for the eight-course meal that The Palace serves.

Since dinner for two at The Palace can often cost \$250 and up, it was a small challenge for Fitoussi to invent a menu that would serve eight, in the Palace manner, for approximately \$60 (excluding wine. For the Palace menu, turn the page). He handled the task with the same ease with which he handled the *Viva* photography session. Fitoussi had set up the table; and, after carefully arranging the flowers and critiquing the placement of the dishes, the chef took his place between the mirror and the table. "Smile," said our photographer, as she snapped her shutter. "No, no," he replied in his quick voice with its heavy French accent. "I hate the smile. I look so young, nobody believes I am chef at The Palace." And he vainly tried to suppress his grins.

*Photo left: Michel Fitoussi, head chef at The Palace, with, clockwise from top, Crab Salad, Chicken with Champagne Sauce, Rice Pilaf, Yule Log, Crab Salad with Sauce Verte, Pernod in glasses, Ladoucette Pouilly-Fumé in wine bucket.*



## The Palace Menu for Eight

*Canapés served with well-chilled Pernod*

*Salade de Crabe  
(Crab-Meat Salad)*

*served with a well-chilled Ladoucette Pouilly-Fumé or  
a Mondavi Fumé Blanc*

*Poulet au Champagne avec Riz Pilaf  
(Chicken with Champagne Sauce served with Rice Pilaf)*

*Arugula à la Façon  
(Arugula Salad)*

*Bûche de Noël  
(Yule Log)*

### CANAPÉS

Buttered toast points, crusts removed  
3 oz. Roquefort cheese  
1 oz. anchovies  
1 hard-boiled egg yolk, chopped  
Chopped walnuts and parsley  
Cover half the toast points with anchovies, and smooth Roquefort over the rest. Garnish anchovy canapés with egg, and Roquefort ones with walnuts and parsley.

### SALADE DE CRABE

1½ lbs. crab meat, fresh, frozen, or canned  
8 leaves Bibb lettuce  
Arrange crab on lettuce and serve with sauces.

### SAUCE BASE:

2 egg yolks  
1 c. oil  
2 tsp. mustard  
Juice of 1 lemon  
Combine yolks, mustard, and lemon juice in a blender, and beat until well mixed. Add oil in a thin, steady stream, beating continually until stiff.

### SAUCE VERTE:

1 bunch parsley  
1 bunch watercress  
5 leaves from a celery stem  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Wash and dry parsley, watercress, and celery leaves; chop thoroughly in a blender. In a bowl, combine half the mayonnaise and the greens mixture. Pass the mixture through a sieve; add salt and pepper.

### SAUCE GRIBICHE:

¼ c. cornichons  
¼ c. capers  
¼ c. parsley, finely chopped  
4 shallots  
1 bunch chives  
2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Combine all ingredients, finely chopped, with half the mayonnaise.

### POULET AU CHAMPAGNE

8 pieces chicken  
Salt, pepper, flour  
1 c. butter or margarine  
6 shallots, finely chopped  
1 med. onion, chopped  
30 mushrooms, ½ chopped, ½ sliced  
½ bunch parsley, chopped  
2 c. dry white wine  
1 c. champagne  
1 pt. cream  
4 cloves crushed garlic  
2 tb. arrowroot dissolved in a small amount of water  
Juice of 1 lemon  
Preheat oven to 400° F. Salt, pepper, and flour chicken. In a large casserole, heat butter and place chicken parts, skin side first, in the pot. When the skin has whitened, turn the pieces, and continue cooking until meat is a uniform white. Remove pot from heat and add shallots, onions, parsley, and chopped mushrooms. Place pot in oven for 5 minutes, then add white wine, and continue cooking chicken for 20 more minutes. Place chicken pieces on a platter. To liquid remaining in pot, add cream, and cook for 5 minutes over moderate heat until sauce begins to bubble. Thicken mixture with arrowroot, stirring constantly. Pass mixture through a sieve and return it to casserole. Add champagne, sliced mushrooms, salt, pepper, lemon juice, and crushed garlic. Place chicken pieces in sauce and let simmer for 5–10 minutes. Serve.

### RIZ PILAF

2 c. rice  
1 med. onion, chopped  
¾ c. butter  
4 c. water  
Melt half the butter in a pot over moderate heat, and add onion. Sauté until it is limp, then mix in rice. Add water, cover the pot, and cook, over moderate heat, for 15 minutes or until done. Add remaining butter, and serve.

### ARUGULA À LA FAÇON

3 bunches of arugula, or enough of any hearty lettuce to serve 8 people  
1 bunch watercress  
The white part of 1 leek, julienned  
In a large salad bowl, mix greens and leek.


### DRESSING:

2 egg yolks  
2 tsp. mustard  
Juice of 1 lemon  
1 c. oil  
Salt and pepper  
In a blender, whip yolks, mustard, and lemon juice. Gradually add oil in a thin, steady stream, beating until thick. Add dressing to greens and toss.

### BÛCHE DE NOËL

⅓ c. sugar  
5 egg yolks  
5 egg whites  
⅔ c. flour  
Rind of 1 lemon, grated  
Preheat oven to 350° F. Bake sugar for two minutes on a paper-covered cookie sheet. Turn oven up to 425° F. With a mixer, whip egg yolks until thick, and gradually add sugar, beating until volume of mixture doubles. In a separate mixing bowl, beat egg whites until stiff. Gradually add flour and lemon rind to sugar-egg mixture until mixed. Gently fold egg whites into egg-yolk mixture. Place cake mixture in a greased and papered sheet pan, at least 10" x 12". Bake for 15 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Remove cake from oven and place a damp cloth over it. When just cool enough to handle, roll cake and towel together.

### CRÈME AU BEURRE (BUTTERCREAM FILLING)

1 c. egg whites (approximately 8)  
2 c. sugar  
2 c. butter or margarine  
½ c. water  
1 tb. instant coffee dissolved in small amount of water  
In a saucepan bring sugar and water to a boil. Insert a candy thermometer and let mixture boil until temperature reaches 240° F. Then start beating egg whites at medium speed until they are stiff. When thermometer reaches 250° F, immediately pour sugar syrup in a thin stream all at once into egg whites, beating continually. Continue beating until mixture cools. Add butter, bit by bit, beating constantly. Add coffee.  
Unroll cake, remove towel, and spread buttercream about ¼" thick over cake. Roll cake back into jelly-roll form. Cut both ends of cake at angles that resemble a log's. Using remainder of buttercream, cover outside of log, using a fork to create a bark design. Decorate with mistletoe, holly, or any kind of Christmas decoration. 



# Have a night on the town. At home.

Enjoy those exciting drinks you have in restaurants and on vacation in an even more comfortable spot. Your own living room.

Holland House makes 40 different cocktail mixes – liquid and dry. And each offers a drink as delicious as it looks. (Holland House is the largest selling cocktail mix in the world because our cocktails are the best tasting in the world.)

What's more, a Holland House cocktail is easy to make. You simply add as much of your favorite liquor as you like. Or as little.

So be a perfect host and serve the perfect drink. In the perfect place... your home.

## Holland House<sup>®</sup> Cocktail Mixes.



Manhattan

Whiskey Sour

Pina Colada

Alexander

Bloody Mary

Margarita



THE POETRY SOCIETY OF ENGLAND ANNOUNCES

# 'The Poetry of Love'

## Enamel Box Collection





A unique marriage of poetry and enameled art —  
two of England's richest and most romantic artistic traditions.

Issued in limited edition. Subscription rolls close: November 30, 1978.

PAINTING, IT HAS BEEN SAID, IS SILENT POETRY and poetry, painting that speaks...An epigram whose truth is gloriously demonstrated in the great love poetry of England.

Consider the following lines: Robert Burns' *O my Luvie is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June...* Shakespeare's *Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?*... Byron's *She walks in beauty like the night...* Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *How do I love thee? Let me count the ways...* Each line, in its own distinctive way evokes the language of the human heart in images so rich and so vivid that their brilliance will never dim.

Through the years, the immortal love poems of England have been honored in many ways. One of the most charming traditions dates back to the late eighteenth century. At that time, expert hand craftsmen created exquisite boxes in *enamel*—fused under intense heat to pure copper—with rich colors combining the brilliance of glass and the delicate opacity of fine porcelain.

Such enamel boxes were widely favored for their poetic and visual beauty. And today, the finest examples of 18th century enamel boxes are prized by museums and private collectors alike.

Now, the historic tradition of honoring the riches of English love poetry in the classic richness of enameled art is about to be revived by The Poetry Society. Under the direction of the Society, a unique *collection* of these exquisite enameled boxes will be created honoring the greatest masterpieces of English love poetry.

The cover of each box will be adorned with a magnificently portrayed and finely detailed scene capturing the charm and character of the poem that box honors. Each scene will be created in a rich array

of glowing colors—all *fired-in* so that generations from now, their brilliance will still live on. And inscribed on the *inside* of each lid will be the *heart* of the poem honored by the box, together with a silhouette of the poet, and the poet's name.

'The Poetry of Love' Enamel Box Collection will be issued in a single, strictly limited edition. It is available by subscription only, and in the United States the subscription rolls will be permanently closed on November 30, 1978. There is also a further limit of one subscription per collector. Thus, the total edition in this country will be forever limited to the exact number of valid subscriptions postmarked by November 30th.

The issue price is \$55 per box. Subscribers will receive their collection at the convenient rate of one box every two months, with the first shipment scheduled to be made in January 1979. Each box will be accompanied by informative material about the love poem from which the particular quotation is taken. And a Certificate of Authenticity, bearing the signature of the Chairman of The Poetry Society, will accompany each collection.

And each subscriber will have the right to cancel his or her subscription at any time on thirty days' written notice.

This is a collection whose beauty speaks with timeless eloquence to the eye, the mind and the heart alike. To enter your subscription, be sure to mail the application below by November 30th.

*The Poetry Society has entrusted the development of this program to The Franklin Mint. Subscription applications should be mailed direct to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.*

—SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION—

© 1978 FM

## 'The Poetry of Love' Enamel Box Collection

The Franklin Mint  
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for 'The Poetry of Love' Enamel Box Collection—a single, limited edition of twelve enameled collector's boxes created by commission of The Poetry Society. The boxes will be issued at the rate of one every other month with the first shipment scheduled for January 1979. And I will have the right to cancel my subscription at any time upon thirty days' written notice.

I need send no money now. I will be billed \$27.50\* as my initial payment for my first enamel box in advance of shipment, with an equal amount due after shipment. Please bill me for each subsequent box in two equal monthly installments of \$27.50\*.

\*Plus my state sales tax

Valid only if postmarked by November 30, 1978.

Limit: One collection per subscriber.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

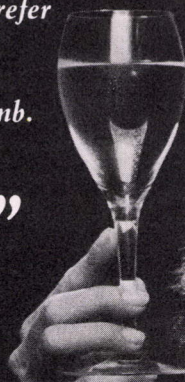
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_



*“If you’ve had it with all the mystery and ritual that surrounds wine snobbery, join the club! To me, if a wine tastes good, it is good. I prefer white wine. I even serve it with roast lamb. My wine? Geyser Peak Chardonnay.”*



# GEYSER PEAK

© 1978 Geyser Peak Winery, Sonoma County, CA—where fine wines began in California.

## WINES

(Continued from page 73)

pairings of particular dishes with specific wines. Too much attention to wine-and-food combinations can only discourage those who want nothing more than to enjoy a glass or two of wine with their meals. There are, nevertheless, some dishes that do not help wine—salad dressing with vinegar, rich chocolate desserts, and spicy foods will either overwhelm or alter the taste of whatever wine is served with them. Apart from that, a good rule of thumb is to choose wines that match in richness the foods they are meant to complement. For example, a delicate white wine is difficult to taste when it accompanies a very rich, heavily sauced fish or chicken dish.

The important question of how much wine to serve at a dinner party is difficult to answer in general terms. A lot depends on the menu, the amount of time spent at table, and the capacity of the guests. It is not unusual for a group of wine enthusiasts who are served a progression of two or three different wines to consume the equivalent of a bottle per person, and with no ill effects. Generally, you should count on at least half a bottle per person, and it's better to err on the side of generos-

ity than find yourself staring at a table of empty wine glasses halfway through a meal. Buy an extra bottle or two, keep whites and rosés ready in the refrigerator, and open the bottles as you need them. You can enjoy any leftover wine the next day, and unopened bottles can be stored.

As for storing wine, whether it's a few bottles or several dozen, the basic requirements are simple and logical enough. Bottles should be stored on their sides—this keeps the cork moist and expanded, and prevents it from drying out, shrinking, and letting air into the bottle. Wines should be stored away from heat and vibration, so watch out for heating and hot-water pipes (which may be hidden in the walls of a city apartment) and for dishwashers and washing machines. The less fluctuation of temperature from day to day, the better your wines will be.

Although Americans do not drink nearly as much wine as do most Europeans, it's nevertheless certain that the greatest diversity of wines is to be found right here in the United States. Not only do we have a full range of wines from American vineyards, but any retailer with an interest in wine is likely to have a selection from fifteen or twenty countries, at prices ranging from less than two dollars to ten dollars

or more. The least expensive wines are generally those available in jugs. Many of them are dependable wines, neutral and without faults. When you spend more, however, you are paying for more than the absence of faults—you should be getting wines with a defined and distinctive taste that is a reflection of the wine's origin. The personality and individuality that characterize so many of the world's wines, and which make wine drinking so interesting, should assert themselves.

What follows is a description of eight familiar but varied types of wine, both red and white, from California, France, Italy, and Spain. The wines that make up these groups range in price from two-fifty to six dollars, but the dependable, typical, and nationally available examples that are listed by name in each section are priced, for the most part, at three to five dollars in stores around the country.

### RED WINES

**Chianti** The familiar straw-covered *fiasco* (plural, *fiaschi*) in which so many Chiantis are shipped to this country has undoubtedly contributed to the immense popularity of this brisk, dry red wine from Tuscany in central Italy. Nevertheless, the *fiasco* has created certain problems as well. The straw is woven by hand, and it now costs about fifty cents to produce each *fiasco*; this means that when you buy a cheap *fiasco* of Chianti, you are probably paying more for the straw than for the wine. Although the best Chiantis have always been bottled in a traditional high-shouldered bottle similar to the one used for the wines of Bordeaux, so many consumers identify Chianti with straw that the winemakers cannot phase out the *fiasco*, although they would like to. Another problem facing Chianti producers is that there has been so much cheap Chianti sold here that American wine drinkers have been slow to realize that there are many good wines being produced in Chianti that are well worth the four or five dollars a bottle at which they are priced.

When buying Chianti, apart from the name of the producer or wine shipper, there are two phrases found on labels that you should know about. Within the Chianti region is a smaller, inner district whose wines are entitled to be labeled Chianti Classico. Only 25 percent or so of the wines produced in Chianti are entitled to this appellation, and while quality inevitably varies from one producer to another, many of them are among the best wines produced in the region. In addition, Chianti that has been aged for at least three years can be labeled Riserva, and many of these older wines are excellent. Virtually all of the Riservas are shipped in standard bottles, not in straw-covered



# Win a 1978 Limited Edition Corvette in the SUPER SPORT GRIP

## Winner's Circle Sweepstakes

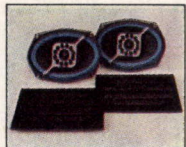
**GRAND PRIZE**  
Limited Edition  
1978 Indy Corvette.



**SECOND PRIZES**  
20 Honda Mopeds.



**THIRD PRIZES**  
40 Sanyo AM-FM  
Stereo Receivers.



**FOURTH PRIZES**  
120 Jensen Car  
Stereo Speakers.  
**FIFTH PRIZES**  
300 Super Sport Grip  
Steering Wheel Covers.

The special, Limited Edition Indy Corvette, official pace car of the 1978 Indianapolis 500, is just waiting to be won. It's truly a classic. And you could be the one to win it.

There are 480 other prizes, too. From Honda Mopeds to Sanyo stereos, Jensen car stereo speakers, and Super Sport Grips. All, in the 1978 Super Sport Grip "Winner's Circle Sweepstakes."

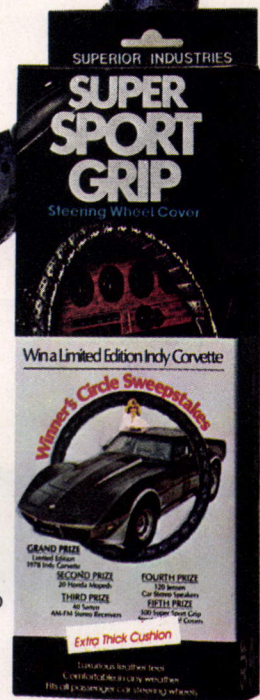
Entering's easy. Just check out our rules. Then get on over to your Super Sport Grip Dealer for an official entry blank.

While you're there you'll see that Super Sport Grip offers exclusive double-thickness for driving comfort, quality workmanship and a selection of seven colors.

All in all, it's no surprise we're the world's best selling steering wheel cover.

**Get into the Winner's Circle! Enter today at your Super Sport Grip dealer!**

**OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.** 1. On an official entry blank (or a plain 3" x 5" paper) print your name, address and zip code. Mail it, along with the bottom flap from the Super Sport Grip box (or a reasonable facsimile drawn on the plain 3" x 5" paper) 2. Send entry to **Winner's Circle Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 2110C, Westbury, New York 11591.** Enter as often as you wish, however, each entry must be mailed separately and received by February 1, 1979. 3. Winners will be determined in random drawings from among correct and eligible entries by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Major prize winners may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. Prizes are non-transferable and not exchangeable for cash. (Corvette winner may substitute automobile for \$14,000 cash.) Only one prize per family or household. Local, State and Federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners. For a list of major winners, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Winner's Circle Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 2380, Westbury, New York 11591. 4. Open to residents of U.S., Alaska and Hawaii. Employees and their families of Superior Industries, its representatives, jobbers, retailers and advertising agencies are not eligible. Offer void where prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State and local laws or regulations apply. Superior Industries International, Inc. © 1978



U.S. Patent No. 3,312,124, Canadian Patent No. 801,395

**SUPER SPORT GRIP from SUPERIOR**



*fiaschi*. Although Chianti is sold for as little as a dollar forty-nine, you should expect to pay three to five dollars for a good Chianti or Chianti Classico, and one or two dollars more for a Riserva. Among the leading shippers and estates are Antinori, Brolio, Melini, Nozzole, Serristori, and Ruffino.

**Rioja** About a hundred years ago, a number of Bordeaux wine makers, discouraged by a vine disease that had all but destroyed their vineyards, made their way across the border to the Rioja district in northeastern Spain. Most of them eventually returned to Bordeaux, but they left behind a legacy of wine making that has lasted to this day. The red wines of Rioja are the most widely available of the Spanish table wines sold in this country (excepting, of course, sweet, fruit-flavored sangrias), and they continue to provide good value. Rioja shippers do not label their wines with the names of individual vineyards or specific grape varieties. Instead, most firms market several Riojas that vary in style and in age, each of which is sold under a different proprietary brand name. For example, the firm known as Cune offers Clarete, Imperial, and Viña Real; Bodegas Bilbainas markets Riojas labeled Viña Zaco and Viña Pomal, among others. It's traditional in Rioja to age wines in barrels a bit longer than in many other

wine regions, so when you pay three or four dollars for a Rioja you are likely to get a wine that is somewhat more mature than similarly priced red wines from other countries. In addition, some firms also ship Reservas, which are specially selected lots that have been aged even longer than usual before being bottled. Thus, a current vintage of Viña Real costs four dollars, while a bottle of Viña Real Reserva costs twice as much. Besides the wines already mentioned, other dependable Riojas include those shipped by Federico Paternina (Banda Azul, Viña Vial) and Lopez de Heredia (Viña Tondonia, Viña Bosconia), as well as those labeled Marqués de Riscal, Marqués de Cáceres, Domecq Domain, and Rioja Vega.

**California Zinfandel** The Zinfandel grape, widely planted in all of California's wine-producing regions, has long been considered something of a "mystery grape." It's certainly of European origin, but it seemed to have no exact counterpart among the wines of Europe. A number of researchers now believe that it is similar to a grape variety cultivated in southern Italy, but wines labeled Zinfandel remain unique to California and are among the most interesting and distinctive of the many red wines produced there.

At its best, Zinfandel has a spicy, berrylike aroma and taste which com-

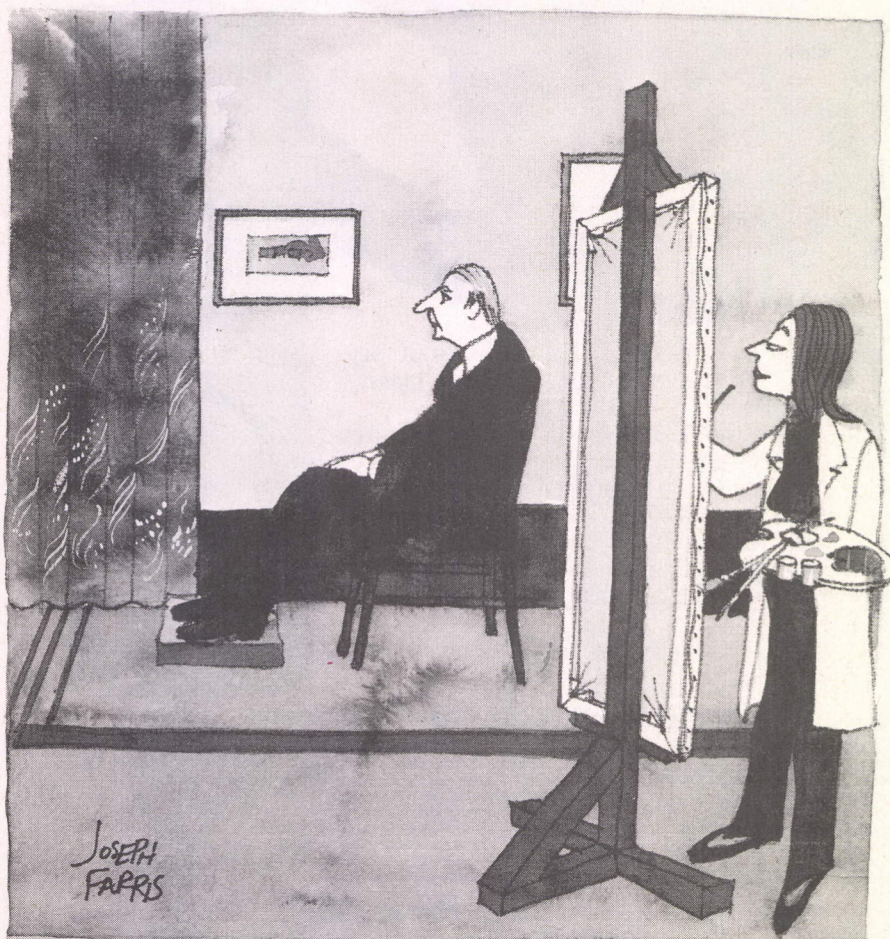
bine fruit and character. Not only does Zinfandel have a well-defined personality, but wine makers can vinify the grape to make fruity, aromatic wines to be consumed young, or full-bodied, complex, and somewhat austere wines that need three or four years of bottle age. More than a hundred California wineries market Zinfandel; some of the cheap examples, including a number sold in jugs, are no more than agreeable but undistinguished red wines. There are, however, a great many three- to four-dollar Zinfandels that are among the best red-wine values, and it's interesting to compare the styles of some leading producers, such as Beringer, The Christian Brothers, Inglenook, Louis Martini, Sebastiani, Simi, and Sonoma Vineyards. The Inglenook Navale Zinfandel, which sells for less than three dollars, is a dependable value, and those produced by Ridge, Clos du Val, and Burgess—in limited quantities and at prices from five to eight dollars—are among California's best red wines.

**Côtes-du-Rhône** France's Rhône Valley is a rather extended wine region situated, for the most part, around Avignon. The best-known Rhône wine is Châteauneuf-du-Pape, which has become comparatively expensive. Hermitage and Côte Rotie are two fine red wines produced north of Avignon, and the village of Tavel produces France's most famous dry rosé. Almost all of the wines produced in the Rhône are red, and most are sold simply as Côtes-du-Rhône. The warm weather in the south of France results in wines that have more body than finesse, and are mouth filling rather than delicate. A region that accounts for ten million cases a year is bound to produce a certain number of wines that are rather uninteresting, and cheap bottles of Côtes-du-Rhône can be thin and disappointing. Good Côtes-du-Rhône, however, still provides sound red wines that, at four dollars or so, are well worth trying.

The leading Rhône shippers include Bellicard, Chapoutier, Délas Frères, and Paul Jaboulet Aîné. Such French shippers as Chanson, Moillard, and Sichel include a good Côtes-du-Rhône among their varied offerings, and both La Vieille Ferme and Château La Serre are dependable labels. Gigondas, a specific village in the Côtes-du-Rhône region, produces distinctive and longer-lived wines. Gigondas costs one or two dollars more than a simple Côtes-du-Rhône, and is usually worth the slightly higher price.

#### WHITE WINES

**Gewürztraminer** Any list of the world's most unusual and distinctive  
(Continued on page 112)





# Now you can say goodbye to the pill, the IUD, diaphragms, foams, creams and drippy jellies.



## Semicid™ is here.

A medically tested, vaginal contraceptive  
suppository developed for the woman of today.

As a contemporary woman, you know about birth control. You know what works, what feels right, what is aesthetically pleasing.

Whatever method you choose, you want it to be effective, safe and easy to use.

Now there's a non-hormonal contraceptive to satisfy your contemporary needs: Semicid.

### Proven to be effective.

Semicid is an effective vaginal contraceptive for the prevention of pregnancy. It is a non-hormonal, vaginal mini-suppository that safely kills sperm in seconds. Semicid's active ingredient is nonoxynol-9, a spermicide used effectively by millions of women for over 10 years.

### Laboratory tested. Doctor tested.

A U.S. clinical study of hundreds of women of childbearing age over a four year period, proved Semicid's high degree of effectiveness. This study was conducted by a gynecologist and was carefully reviewed by an independent gynecological group. In comparing the findings of this group with published reports of other contraceptive methods, Semicid is shown to be effective in the prevention of pregnancy.

### Semicid is safe.

Semicid contains no hormones. As a result, none can enter your bloodstream. What is more, Semicid is safer than the IUD, because it cannot pierce the uterine walls. Semicid is so safe that you can purchase it without a prescription, and it is non-irritating based on reports from doctors and from women using the product.

### Easy and convenient to use.

Within minutes, Semicid dissolves and spreads a protective covering over the cervical opening and adjoining vaginal walls. And because Semicid is quick and easy to insert, it will not interfere with spontaneity.

The Semicid package is so small and discreet that it can be kept anywhere. Semicid has no applicator, so there is nothing to fill, clean or remove.

Semicid is lubricating and has no unpleasant taste or odor. It was formulated for the kind of life you are living today. Ask your gynecologist about it.

Semicid is from Whitehall Laboratories, one of the world's leading pharmaceutical companies. It's available at your local drugstore. Use only as directed.



**SEMICID. Today's contraceptive for today's woman.**



**I'M A VIVA WOMAN  
AND FOR  
CHRISTMAS  
MY SPECIAL  
FRIENDS WILL  
FIND VIVA  
UNDER  
THEIR  
TREE....  
BECAUSE  
I FEEL  
THEY  
DESERVE  
TO BE  
VIVA  
WOMEN  
TOO!**



## CLEVER KIDS

(Continued from page 75)

the ride, looking very ashamed, but my grandmother said no—she wanted some time alone with her two favorite children. As I recall, she hardly talked to us, but she gave us both money. On the way back, Sebastian bought us large vanilla ice-cream cones. We sat on the grass beside the ice-cream stand, bees swarming around the trash can, Joseph more interested in watching them than in licking his cone. He got ice cream all down his shirt and when we got home my mother complained about that instead of thanking Sebastian for what he had done. We ran outside as soon as we could and hid our five-dollar bills in an old tackle box in the nook of a tree, because Joseph said we should.

At dinner, my mother asked if Grandma had given us a treat before she left. It was all she said about her having left. Joseph tried to evade the question.

"Because your father has stopped speaking doesn't mean that you should stop, Joseph," she said. She laid down her fork and Sebastian laid his down too.

"I think she gave them both some money," Sebastian said, looking at me because he knew I'd never have the courage to avoid a direct question.

"Yes," I said.

My mother smiled. "She said she was going to give you money to buy a treat when she and I had breakfast this morning."

Sebastian picked up his fork and began to eat his salad.

"Did you put it somewhere safe?" she said.

Joseph looked at me—a warning look.

"What's the big secret?" my mother said.

"Look," my father said, "it isn't necessary to fill us in on little details. We don't need to know everything. They should just do whatever they feel like doing."

My mother frowned. "That's unfair," she said, "to challenge me in the guise of protecting the children."

"I was aiming it at you. I love children. I wouldn't put the children on the spot."

"Stop it," she said, "or I'm going to leave the table."

"Take Sebastian with you. There's nearly a full moon tonight—good night for a walk."

"Why don't you two make up?" Sebastian said.

"Why don't I get a direct answer from my children, before the conversation veers off again," she said. She turned to me. Everybody knew I was the easiest mark.

## Don't wait to be MUGGED, MOLESTED or RAPED

**NEW**

... to realize the value of "PARALYZER"—the civilian version of the highly publicized tear gas law enforcement device, successfully used and approved by foreign and domestic police departments. SELF DEFENSE for women, cabbies, postmen, etc. Only 4" x 3/4". Fast and easy to use. Fires up to 50 streams of CS tear gas to 8 feet away. The "PARALYZER" has been editorialized on NBC and CBS Television, and major newspapers as a precision protective instrument that will stop a 300 lb. man for up to 20 minutes, even persons under the influence of alcohol or narcotics with no permanent injury. Simply point in general direction of attacker. 5 year shelf life. Twice as effective as competitive sprays, used by U.S. and foreign governments.

The "PARALYZER" NOW AVAILABLE TO PUBLIC.  
\$4.95 EACH plus 65¢ each shipping. N.Y. State residents, add applicable sales tax.

**NCI**

NCI SECURITY PRODUCTS CORP.

32 South Central Avenue, Dept. S-12

Spring Valley, N. Y. 10977

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

(Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back)



(SIZE 4" x 3/4")

## Don't be a loser, be a Hospital Boozer!

"My friends and I love things that are different. Hospital Booze is the hit of all my parties. A fun way to serve any brew. Even my doctor loves the Hospital Booze decanter. It makes a perfect gift. I can guarantee that you will enjoy this unique conversation piece in your home or at work!" Easy dispensing, comes with 11 preprinted labels (Vodka, Wine, Rum, etc. . .), 6-1 oz. plastic cups and can be personalized. Available at Spencer Gifts plus other fine stores. With stand, 17" high.



**HOSPITAL  
booze**  
PERSONALIZED DECANTER

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ pcs. of Hospital Booze

☐ With stand @ \$15.00 each

☐ Without stand @ \$10.00 each

Add \$1.00 each for shipping and handling.

(CA residents add 6% sales tax.)

Total \_\_\_\_\_ Send check or money order to:

NEO-ART, Inc., P.O. Box 7272,  
Van Nuys, CA 91409.

**SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Offer V-1

NEO-ART, Inc., P.O. Box 7272, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

Pat. Pending

Copyright 1978



## 2,500 to 4,000 years old ...ancient Nile beads of Egypt



**Genuine Nile Beads of the Pharaohs**, guaranteed 2,500 to 4,000 years old. Shrouded in mystery and crafted with ceramic secrets lost to the time of TUT—they can now be yours in the sun-swept colors of Egypt's Great Dynasties. Guaranteed Genuine, strung on 16" strands, gift packaged with Certificate of Authenticity, History and 30-day refund privilege. Make History this holiday...give real treasures from the past.

#1060 Genuine Ancient Egyptian Nile Bead Necklace...\$22.50 Three As Gifts...\$59.50 Please add \$1.50 postage per order. We will ship anywhere. Phone orders: 802/229-0394. MC/VISA/AMEX: include card no. and expiration date with order. TELEX 954616.

### World Treasure Society

6001 School Street, Box 218, Montpelier, Vermont 05602. A Division of International Coins & Currency, Inc.

**FREE.** Write for our catalogue of Real Treasures From the Past — the most *unusual* gift catalogue you'll ever see.



Elegant pure silk teddy designed by Lore' Caulfield

One of many exciting new styles in our exclusive collection of designer lingerie. Send \$2.00 for luxurious color catalogue to Victoria's Secret, Dept. S P.O. Box 31442, San Francisco, CA 94131

"We pretended, we—played pirates, and we buried the ten dollars in a box in the hole of a tree."

Joseph had not said we were pirates, and I thought I had been very clever.

My mother looked at me. "All right," she said. "I don't see why there had to be such a secret."

That night, in bed, Joseph didn't tell a story. Instead, we talked about how something had been wrong at dinner. Finally, proud of my invented story, I mentioned the buried money.

"She wasn't even mad," I said. "We can get the money tomorrow."

"She wasn't mad at you, but she was mad at me because I wouldn't answer."

"We can buy candy down at the store all month," I said.

There was a long silence. Then Joseph said, "The money's gone."

I didn't question it. He whispered, "The money's gone," and suddenly I knew that it was, that it was punishment for my having told the secret. Before we fell asleep, he relented a little: "It might get put back somehow," he said. But when we whispered the next night it wasn't about the money, and we never dug for it, or mentioned it again.

For years I forgot about it. I remembered it, recently, riding the bus; I looked out the window and saw a squirrel run up a tree very much like the tree where we had buried the box. All at once I felt so sentimental I had to concentrate hard not to cry. I had remembered that there was something that was his and mine, that it was still there, and that I could go and get it. I got off the bus and walked to my room. It was a nice room with walls painted oyster white, and the bare walls made me think of the rose-covered wallpaper all through the house in New Hampshire, and of what Sebastian told me years ago about the hospital he went to when he had his breakdown—how he would study the plain white walls and know that he had to get out of that place. The hairline cracks in them would appear in his dreams; imagined smudges would make him wake up, in a fit of anxiety. His obsession with the walls was only making him crazier.

In 1969 Joseph died in Vietnam. My mother received official notification, then a letter from a friend of his that was full of praise for his valor, his wonderful sense of humor, his skill with a rifle. It was an odd letter, one that the man probably would not have sent if he had thought it over. There was a paragraph near the end praising Joseph for having changed the man's taste in music, for Joseph's having explained what was really important musically. A list of several meaningful songs followed. The letter concluded mourn-

fully, and he signed it "God bless." I read it over and over, all summer, and at the end, every time, I would hear Red Skelton's voice saying "God bless." The man who had written the letter was obviously heartbroken, yet it just wasn't the kind of letter to send. He was alive and Joseph was not. He seemed to give equal weight to a sense of humor and rifle skills. What sort of person could he be?

Instead of going to the main beach, I went to the dock and sat at the end of it with my feet in the water and the letter beside me, carefully closed in a book so it wouldn't get wet.

He had a sense of humor, all right. He had such a fine sense of humor that he laughed when I told him to go to Canada.

Every day I sat on the dock, and when the sun went down I walked back to the house and had dinner.

For years my father has not lived in the house. He and my mother are not divorced, but the other day I saw an ad she had circled in the *Village Voice* about Haitian divorces. On and off, Curtis lives with her. Curtis is Phil Renshaw's younger brother, who works for Phil now that my father is gone.

One day at the end of the summer when my brother was killed my mother walked down to the dock. I was smoking grass, as usual, staring out at the water. When she came to the dock I was thinking about how often my friends and I thought ironically, and how irony had been absent from my childhood. The memory of the conversation about how much my father liked children began to come back to me. I was wondering if children miss a lot of ironies, or whether that had been a different world and everything in it really hadn't been ironic.

My mother sat down. She didn't say anything about what I was doing. Finally she said, "Your father is totally irrational. He holds it against me. He thinks that God did this to curse us, to even the score for that abortion I had years and years ago." She took off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was wet where she sat. She was sitting in a puddle on the dock. "Can you imagine your father being religious?" she said.

"No," I said. "I can't imagine him living in Mexico with a twenty-four-year-old girl either." I did not say that I found it hard to believe that she lived with Curtis Renshaw. He was plain-faced, less willing to work at anything than even my father. And he was vain—he always washed with a special soap. There was a plastic soap dish in the tub with a bar of putty-colored soap in it that was Curtis's soap.

"Your father loves you," she said. "He should pay more attention to you. When Joseph died he lost all



TIE HIM UP  
WITH  
BLACK TIE®



**BLACK TIE®**  
COLOGNE

4 FL. OZ.



# Great Conversation Pieces



## Male Chauvinist Pig AM Radio

*Hey Gals! The perfect gift for the male chauvinist pig in your life!*

### SOLID STATE AM TRANSISTOR RADIO

A clever reminder that male chauvinist pigs do exist. Unfortunately, they cannot be turned on or off by tweaking their tails

- 5 Transistors and 2 diodes
- 9v battery included
- Earphone • Gift boxed • Gift tag with each radio

**\$ 9 95**

POSTPAID



## Adam & Eve AM Transistor Radio

*A Fantastic Gift!*

- 7 Solid state circuit
- 5 Transistors - 2 diodes
- 9v Battery & earphone included
- Glossy black figures with chromed features

*Beautifully boxed incl. humorous gift tag*

Check/Money order  
Visa/Mastercharge  
Include number & exp. date  
N.Y. State residents add sales tax

**\$ 14 95**

POSTPAID

**Roberta Arthur Co., Inc.**

Dept. V • Box 6205 Syracuse, N. Y. 13217

perspective—he's forgotten what he's got."

I stared at our four feet, spooky and slender in the water.

"He should have sent the money for the plane ticket. He shouldn't have said he was going to and then not done it." She brushed the hair out of her eyes. "Is that part of why you're blue?"

"No," I said.

"I know," she said.

Then, being as deliberately cruel as my father had been with his sarcasm and his silence, I said, "He didn't send the money because she's going to have a baby and he doesn't want me around now."

"Yes," she said. "There's that, too."

It didn't seem to have made her angry at me, though I knew she could hardly stand to be reminded of it.

"She's twenty-four years old and a Catholic. I hope he keeps her pregnant and they have hundreds of children for him to support, and no abortions."

The dock needed some boards replaced; that was why there was the puddle next to me. She wouldn't repair it, and Curtis wouldn't repair it, and I wouldn't. In June, I had finally repapered the living room because the wallpaper was at once so faded and so garish. She had always asked my father to do it and now, years later, I had

done it with no prompting, wild for something to do with my hands. I suspect she didn't care about the wallpaper anymore because she didn't care any longer about the house. He had left it to her—his parents' house (my grandmother had died five years ago; no longer even any reason to fix it up for her summer visit)—as if to say: You care about material things, here it is. Then he traveled and finally ended up in Mexico City. What would have happened if she had had the other baby? Would anything that simple have kept them married?

"What's that you're reading?" she said.

I looked down at the book I held, with the letter closed inside it. The book was *Cooking with Wine*.

Sebastian comes to my apartment. "It's nice," he says. "What? Don't you like it?" He sits on one of the two Salvation Army chairs. "It's nice in here," he says.

He comes here often, and is always ill at ease. He never knows what to say. After a dozen visits, today is the first time he's passed comment on the apartment. He used to call and invite himself over. After he had called a few times I called him and began inviting him, because I knew that was what he

wanted. He drinks too much now. He knows I'm going to school and don't have much money, so he brings his own bottle, and a bottle of white wine for me.

It's winter now, snowing. I was surprised he came, because you can't get a cab, and the streets are too bad to drive, so he had to take three buses to get here.

His shoes are on top of the newspaper in front of the door and he's sitting in the chair with his socks drying on the arm. His feet are so familiar. In the summer, in spite of rough floorboards and rocky beaches, nobody ever wore shoes.

He wants to take me out to lunch, but I don't want to go out into the snow. He looks a little relieved, and is happy when I bring him a plate of cheese and crackers to have with his scotch.

"I got a letter from your father," he says, reaching into the breast pocket of his worn corduroy jacket.

I read it. It's a lot like the letter he sent to my mother, and the one he sent me. He has a nine-pound son, named Louis. Just like that.

"He wrote your mother, too." He says it so I know he thinks such letter sending is insane.

I go into the kitchen and get the rest of the brick of cheese. It is a one-room apartment, and from where he sits, Sebastian can see me.

"It's nice of you to put up with me," he says.

"It was nice of you to bring me a present."

When he came, he brought with him six photographic postcards from the bookstore in the Square where he works. He knows that I like Walker Evans photographs; I won't mail any of them.

We sit, eat cheese, and fall silent.

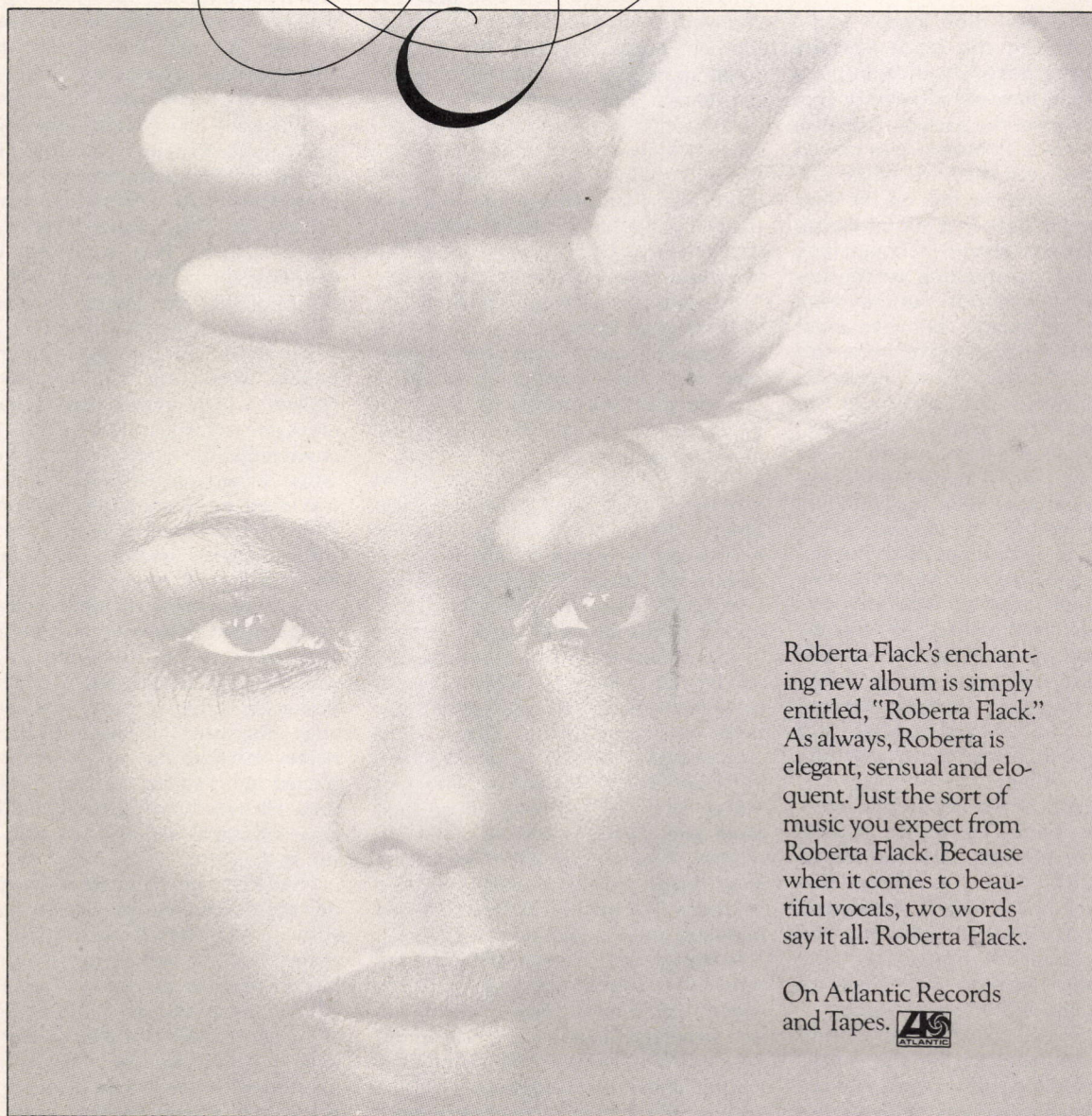
I remember a night when my parents went dancing. It must have been the same year she had the abortion. Sebastian came to baby-sit. He came upstairs, barefoot, and we didn't hear him. He found Joseph in my bed. "What are you two doing in bed together?" he said. He put the light on, and our eyes blinked—we couldn't help looking funny. That was the first time I knew there was something strange about it. Joseph must have known, because somehow, long before, he had gotten me to understand that I wasn't to talk about it. When Sebastian spoke, I knew that what he was asking about was something sexual. I thought about sex for the first time, though I didn't know the word then, or even what sex was.

Today, Sebastian isn't having much to drink. Usually by this time he's high, and the visit goes more smoothly.


"I wish I had been your uncle," he says. "I always liked children."



# Roberta Flack



Roberta Flack's enchanting new album is simply entitled, "Roberta Flack." As always, Roberta is elegant, sensual and eloquent. Just the sort of music you expect from Roberta Flack. Because when it comes to beautiful vocals, two words say it all. Roberta Flack.

On Atlantic Records  
and Tapes. 

© 1978 Atlantic Recording Corp. • A Warner Communications Co.

Produced by Ferla & Flake, Joe Brooks.



"You were *like* an uncle."

"Then I wish I had been a rich uncle. Then you really would have liked me."

"When did we ever care about money?"

"You never had any. Your mother was always complaining because your father had quit his job in the city and they were stuck in the country with no way to do anything, or buy what she wanted."

The house, in those days, had broken-down furniture, and we sat on pillows on the floor instead of in the old chairs with bulging springs long before sitting on floor cushions was fashionable. My mother inherited money when Grandma died, and now there is new furniture, and a lot of the old pieces have been mended and refinished by Curtis.

"This is a very nice place," Sebastian says. "It's not easy to find a place this clean in the city."

The year I was nine Joseph and I stopped sharing the huge upstairs room. It was nobody's idea but my mother's that I have my own room. I got the small room at the back of the house on the first floor. A bureau was moved in, and a bed, and she hung white curtains and put a straw mat on the floor that she had bought that summer at an auction. I missed Joseph—though long ago he had stopped telling me the stories. He still told stories, but they were full of bravado, stories that were about things that didn't amaze me: he had hit a home run; he had carried Andrew's little sister home when she broke her foot diving off the dock. In the stories, he was always the hero. I didn't want my own room, but I suspected that my mother would have been angry if I had said so. Everybody else I knew had her own room, or shared one with her sister. After I moved into my room my mother would come in, once or twice a month, and sleep in the bed with me instead of with my father. I was a little embarrassed to have my mother in bed with me, because I thought sleeping with your mother was childish, but something told me not to say anything about that, either.

I remember when my father left—the summer before Joseph left, to go to Vietnam. I remember that she was at first angry, and then so sad that Sebastian seemed always to be at the house.

"Your mother never really warmed up to me, in spite of the fact that there was nothing I wanted more. But you know that already," Sebastian says.

I reach out and put my hand around his hand, on the glass. He was always there, so I could go off and sulk and not worry about my mother. He was there the next summer too, working in the garden, the day we got the news that Joseph had been shot.

It seemed that the winter would

never end, and that I would never be able to read all the books I was supposed to read for my courses, when suddenly, at the end of March, there was a day as warm as summer. Nick showed it to me first, having been awakened by the children who had gone outside early to play. The house in which I rented the apartment was across the street from a playground. He shook me gently by the shoulder and pointed out the window at the bright day. I got up and leaned on my elbow, and looked at it: sunny, beautiful, the trees so still that there must not have been the slightest breeze.

Nick and I had breakfast and, although he was in his first year of law school and worked constantly, didn't even question that we would leave the apartment. We had coffee, then walked to his car. Our plan was to drive to the North Shore to climb the dunes and walk on the beach. But the plan got changed to going all the way to my mother's house. It was Friday, and we could spend the weekend. Nick loved the house. More amazing, Nick loved me. He had been living with a girl named Anita when I met him, but a few months ago he had called it off, come to my apartment one day, and made it plain that the scene with Anita had been a bad one. He had come, but he wouldn't look at me for a long time. "You didn't come cheap," he said.

We stopped for more coffee, but even that plan changed. Inside the restaurant, with the windows open, coffee was too much a winter drink. We sat at stools at the counter and drank cold chocolate milk shakes.

When we got there, Sebastian's old white Buick convertible—top down—was in the drive. He was the first to see us, from where he was digging in the side yard. I gave him a hug and Nick shook his hand. "Great minds with a single thought," he said to me. Whenever he could take a day off, he would leave the city and go to New Hampshire. He was planting a little evergreen. Nick and I went around to the back of the house where my mother and a woman who had moved into the LaPierre house next door and Curtis were talking. My mother stood and rushed across the lawn, happy to see us. She had on a sundress, and her hair pulled back in a ponytail, and looked young.

It started out as such a happy day that what happened seemed even worse than it might have, because no one expected anything. We had all gone down to the beach (Sebastian was talking to the new woman, who was a widow; I was hoping that she would like him), when Sebastian mentioned Joseph. For months it had been all right to talk about him, so there was no reason why it hit her wrong. I guess that it

was such a perfect day that we had all been thinking of him: he thrived in the warm weather, bought tulip bulbs and planted them in the rocky side yard every spring, sailed from the dock that we were now walking past every day that it didn't rain.

"I might try to fix the boat," Sebastian said, as much to himself as to any of us. Except that he must not have said *the* boat, but *Joseph's* boat. And it *was* my brother's boat. He had bought it, and my mother and I had hardly ever rowed out in it alone.

"Why do you have to mention him?" my mother said, her mouth quivering. "What do you have to talk about *Joseph* for?"

She put her hands over her face and ran, without lowering her hands, like a person running from an explosion.

Sebastian's face was perfectly white. He looked as if he might cry himself. The woman he had been walking with was the only one who stared after my mother. She had been living in the LaPierre house a week or so, and I don't know if she knew who Joseph was.

"Oh hell," Nick said, putting his hand on Sebastian's shoulder. Then, though it was a dumb and obvious thing to say, said, "She's just upset."

Sebastian didn't move. I went over to him and said, "Hey—it's okay. I was thinking about him, too." I had been thinking that that night Nick would sleep alone in Joseph's room.

We continued the walk down the beach. Nick took my arm and we walked a little ahead, and Sebastian and Carolyn Little trailed behind. Nick chattered to me as nervously as he had when he had started to tell me how he had loved the woman he lived with, but ended up, instead of telling me anything about his life with Anita, talking about how some noises that cars make can indicate serious trouble. I strained to hear what Sebastian was saying to Carolyn Little, but there was a hollow sound all around us—the whole beach was echoing like a conch shell. It was that constant, almost inaudible noise—background noise—that distracted me. I turned to look at Sebastian. He was holding Carolyn Little's arm, talking to her, and she was looking at the sand.

I had been thinking about Joseph all day, long before we got to New Hampshire. I had started to think of him when Nick touched my shoulder. Joseph used to do that, when I was falling asleep and he still wanted my attention. I could not stay awake long when I went to bed, but once he began his storytelling he would be energized. If I wouldn't listen to him, he at least wanted me to be awake. "Look at the stars tonight," he'd say, or he'd show me, in winter, sites for the snow fort we could build in the morning. More than



# 'I made a decision about smoking.'

"I smoke for taste — that's my decision. It's that simple. But I couldn't avoid the tar story. It bothered me.

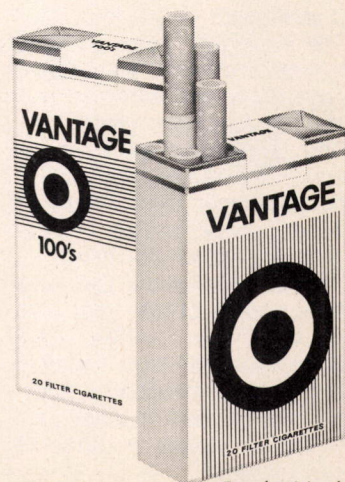
"So I searched out a low tar menthol cigarette that had taste. That wasn't easy. Then I found Vantage Menthol. They give me the menthol taste I always enjoyed.

"And Vantage isn't like any other low tar cigarette. Take the filter — there's not another one like it. I don't have to draw hard.

"Every once in awhile, when I remember the taste of my old cigarette, I'm glad there's Vantage."

*Kim René*

Kim René  
San Francisco, California



Regular, Menthol,  
and Vantage 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,  
FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



## ALL MAJOR BRANDS AT WHOLESALE PRICES

• PANASONIC • RCA • QUASAR • ZENITH • SONY • JVC • PIONEER • SANYO • MARANTZ • TEAC • JENSEN • SANSUI • KENWOOD • DUAL • GARRARD • KOSS • MEMOREX • MAXELL • ATARI • PHONEMATE • SHARP • TEXAS INST. • SEIKO • AMANA • LITTON • KITCHEN AID • HOTPOINT • WHIRLPOOL • BEARCAT & OTHERS

No Investment Necessary • Any Quantities - Never a Minimum order  
Factory Sealed Cartons • Full Manufacturers Warranty • Prompt Delivery • Shipped Anywhere • To You or Your Customer

CALL (914) 425-1200 or Write:

**NCI PREMIUM DISTRIBUTORS**

32 South Central Avenue, P. O. Box 8 Dept. SM-12  
Spring Valley, New York 10977

Send \$4.00 (Refundable 1st Order) For our new 265 page Illustrated Wholesale Price Catalog



## DON'T DIET UNTIL YOU NUTRI-DIET™

Diets that only count calories and carbohydrates rob you of the essential nutrients vital to maintaining good health and achieving permanent weight loss.

The Nutri-Diet™ guide includes an extensive list of the caloric, carbohydrate, and nutritional content of the foods you enjoy.

The Nutri-Diary™ provides an almost automatic method of tabulating your daily intake of calories, carbohydrates, and nutrients throughout the month.

This easy-to-follow diet plan allows you to create your own diet with low cal/low carb nutrition-packed foods. And both books are conveniently packaged in an attractive vinyl case that fits in pocket or purse (A great gift idea!)

For a diet you can live with send \$3.95 (plus 70c postage and handling) to:

**BETTERWAY**

Dept. 7G  
240 East 27th St.  
New York, N.Y. 10016

once I had fallen asleep in the middle of one of his stories, and he had nudged me awake.

I don't know if it took him a long while to die, or if he died suddenly. I don't know the name of the place he died in, or if it had a name. Although there were many random facts in the letter, the questions I really wanted answered were not answered.

I went back to the house ahead of the others, leaving Sebastian and Nick sitting on the dock after Carolyn Little went home. As I expected, my mother was there, in the kitchen, drinking coffee. She had her head hung and I expected her—as she had done in the past—to make me feel worse by apologizing for having made a scene. She did not say anything for a minute, and then she said, "You know what I hope? I hope that when he was over there he spent all his money on dope and laid every whore in Saigon."

She looked up. It was a challenging look, but she didn't mean to challenge me.

"I didn't even have the courage to tell him, and you did. I heard you telling him, and I should have told him, too—go to Canada." She said "Canada" with the reverence a minister would use pronouncing the word heaven.

"At least I hope he went crazy over there and did whatever the hell he wanted." This time she just looked at me sadly. We both knew he was not the kind to storm through Vietnam. More likely, he would sit and listen to the radio. When songs by any of the people on the list his friend sent us came on the radio, my day was ruined. The lyrics took on horrible, ironic meanings.

"And your father's great grief—all I get are 'remember when' letters from Mexico. They weren't even close. Joseph and I weren't very close either. You two were." She looked up again, no real expression on her face, just a person stating facts. "It was mean of me to yell at Sebastian," she said.

"Don't stay in here sulking," I said.

We sat there for a while, and then she pushed the coffee cup away and went out. I imagine she went to the dock. I got up and went to the bookcase and took down the cookbook. The letter from Vietnam was still in it. I already knew it by heart, so I just looked to reassure myself that the letter was still where I had put it. It was strange that she had never asked where the letter was. Strange, too, that she cursed when she got a letter from my father (most of the letters, inevitably, maudlin with memories of Joseph), but that she kept them in a basket on her dresser.

When I went outside, Nick and Sebastian were gone, and she was sitting on the dock where I had left them. She was sitting there on the dock, just

(Continued on page 113)



## ms.conceptions™ by La De Da Ltd.

ms.conceptions™: New carrying cases to camouflage your diaphragm and creme (also the pill).

The cases are made of quilted "camouflage" printed nylon and makes carrying contraceptives discreet, unobtrusive, and hygienic . . . no more broken cases!

Available through the mail—  
\$4.98 each/2 for \$9.00 plus handling and postage 75¢ (tax where applicable). Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Please specify rectangular or round case. Send check or money order to:

**La De Da Ltd.**  
P.O. Box 528  
Murray Hill, P.O.  
N.Y., N.Y. 10016

## HYPNOTIC SLEEP TAPES 71 Titles—Free Catalog!

Hypnosis tapes build a better you. And we offer the best selection at the best price!

Send today for FREE catalog!

**Potentials Unlimited**  
2545 Berwyck SE, Dept. V-1  
Grand Rapids, Mich. 49506

**ORDER TODAY!**



## STRIPPING THE NIGHT FANTASTIC.

Black satin underwire bra with 3/4 cup formed out of handmade pearl, beaded and sequins, applique on white lace. Can be used as an evening top under jacket. 32-34-36. \$35.00 plus \$150 p&h.

To order, send check or money order to VIVA LINGERIE, Dept. F78, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax.

VIVA



# GEORGE BURNS

## THE LAST OF THE GRAND VAUDEVILLIANS CHARMS A WHOLE NEW GENERATION

BY MICHAEL JOHN WEBER

I had been dreaming about my interview with George Burns for three days by now. Relentless dreams in which every character, every object, even every emotion, takes on the character of an eighty-two-year-old vaudevillian with a cigar. It feels like work, with those dreams; I awake exhausted.

In the last four seats of a 747, body contorted almost comfortably, reading for the third time a Burns autobiography published in 1955. Sleep again. And I dream that I continue to read the book, following Burns's early career in vaudeville. Awake thinking: Does a former vaudevillian's Beverly Hills living room wear a funny suit with a wide bow tie and a

flower that squirts water? Does the eighty-two-year-old vaudevillian introduce himself by asking who was that lady he saw me with last night?

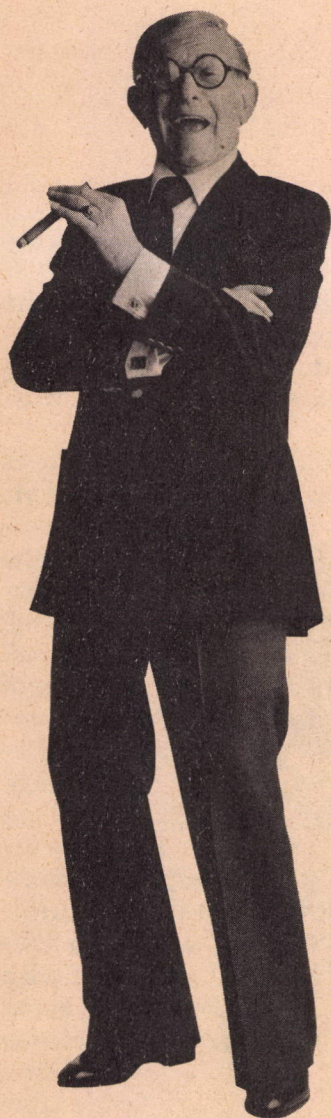
Well, the living room is warm and modest, friendly and uninhibiting, just like the living room of anyone who lives well these days. A small bar in one corner of the room. Comfortable chairs, tables, and a couch, looking out on a neat rectangular swimming pool, where son Ronnie once built a boat. A bookcase display as one would find in a fashionable dentist's office: magazines (*People*, *New West*, *Playboy*, *Harper's*) symmetrically laid out

below *The Book of Knowledge*, *The Complete Works of Hawthorne*, and *The World's Great*





“I don't need drugs. All I need is Morty, my piano player. That's enough.”



*Religions.* There is the feeling, the touch, of a woman here. This is Gracie's house too, I think. Her presence is most definitely here; I can almost see her walking through the rooms, hear her call out to "Nattie" from the top of the stairs.

And the vaudevillian does not make with the jokes at nine o'clock in the morning. A simple "How do you do," a surprisingly sturdy handshake, and a

question, "Ah, do you have a match?" So goes the introduction and so goes the first cigar of the day for George Burns. Even his asking for a match is somehow funny. You have to think of his voice. A rasp, a gasp, exuding from behind sixty-eight years of cigar smoke, coupled with a slight stammer that has me waiting, ready to smile, ready to laugh, to be amused by a funny line or anecdote.

He and his manager, Irving Fein, who was Jack Benny's manager for twenty-seven years, discuss upcoming projects: a third book, an upcoming TV special, another *Oh, God* film. In the Burns house a few more minutes. Long enough for me to notice a Grandma Moses painting on the wall, long enough to take a peek into a darkened den with shadowy trophies on the mantel (no Oscar, and I wonder to myself where he keeps that), long enough to meet his butler, a cordial man named Daniel, who looks fit enough to carry Burns if necessary. Then we are off.

The limousine that the studio has sent is an impressive night blue Lincoln Continental. Something about the size of a two-hundred-dollar-a-month flat on Manhattan's Upper West Side. A chauffeur is quick to open doors, making it seem as if he is opening one for Burns, one for me, and one for Fein all at the same time. Daniel comes along, toting Burns's garment bag, squeezing Burns, Fein, and me into the back. Burns wants the window seat so that he can comfortably flick the ash of his cigar.

Burns is already into a Damon Runyon story before I remember to turn on the tape recorder. He kindly starts over for the record. And he takes off. I am a new audience, and Burns has a lot to share. He speaks of his budding movie career almost as if he were a kid, a new star. He plays the only character in *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* with a speaking role; he is narrator of the film, which costars Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees. Heavy company for a singer of Burns's renown. Can he sing as high as the Bee Gees?

Oh, I don't know. I try. I sang "I'm Fixing a Hole Where the Rain Gets In" in the key that the Beatles sing it in; same key. [Burns sings] "I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in and stops my mind from wandering, where it will go, where it will go, where it will go, where it will go. . ."

You know what that song means, don't you? Fixing a hole where the rain gets in; they're fixin' a hole so the smoke doesn't get out; they're smokin' marijuana. The smoke gets out; they'll get busted. That's what I think it means. I might be altogether wrong. Another way of fixing a hole is if you take a shot in the arm, you get a hole too, don't you? It says, "I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in to stop my mind from wandering, where it will go."

Fein interrupts. "Probably marijuana, George. The Beatles weren't into the hard stuff; I don't think."

"Marijuana," says Burns. "It must have been marijuana. I'm fixing a crack that ran through the door and kept my mind from wandering; I'm painting a room in a colorful way, and when my mind is wandering, there I will go. It sounds like you're on a trip."

"You don't take drugs, do you?" I ask tactfully.

"NO," Burns replies, fast and angry. "I don't need drugs. All I need is Morty, my piano player. That's enough."

It's an odd paradox. Although the past seems always to be hovering, readily retrievable, and although at times he dwells in it, Burns cherishes the present. He knows what's going on today. He appreciates and marvels at the technical innovations, the conveniences, of modern show business. Maybe it's just that George Burns is timeless. He probably would've felt wonderful sloshing through the mud to perform in some Elizabethan drama in the sixteenth century. It would have been show business.

The old Harry Sherman Studio. The "old" is not for Harry, it's for the studio. This was one of the first studio locations built when the filmmakers came out to California from New Jersey. The atmosphere of this place is reminiscent of old crank cameras and directors calling out instructions through megaphones to silent stars. Today, it is the site of what appears to be the beginning of the Los Angeles bank war. Another banking institution in Southern California has been using John Wayne as a spokesperson on TV commercials. Brentwood Savings and Loan is fighting star with star: George Burns has signed a million-dollar contract to endorse the bank over the next three years.

While the set is being prepared, Burns and I retire to his dressing room. I have already learned a lot about interviewing George Burns. It is imperative that I do not try to be funny around him; it falls on deaf ears. I have let him know, in an unobsequious way, that I am Jewish, and he is using Yiddish expressions without bothering to translate. And I am getting stories out of him to which his manager replies: "HAHAHAHAHAHA, I never heard that one before, George."

I had heard a record called "Splish-Splash." There was a lot of vitality. So I sent for him—Bobby Darin. Well, then we went to Vegas together. And he was great, great. Big talent. It was the second time he went to Vegas with me, he had that big record, "Mack the Knife." But he was a very ambitious young fella. Even when I took him to Vegas, he must have been between twenty-three and twenty-four.



*And between shows you have two hours. And in the two hours, you'd think a kid like that would be out in the casino with young girls, you know. But he'd stay backstage. Practicing the piano, playing the guitar, writing lyrics. Very ambitious kid. Very smart, too. He was very politically minded. After Bobby Kennedy was assassinated, you know, ah, Bobby Darin practically quit show business, you know. Didn't quit it, but he wore jeans, he wouldn't even wear a tuxedo, he wouldn't get dressed up, he didn't wear his toupee anymore. He entertained that way, just in the raw, you know. So I spoke with him. I said, "What are you doing?" I said, "If you want to do something for Bobby Kennedy, put on your tuxedo, put on your hair, and make a lot of money and give it to the Kennedy charities." He finally put his hair back on.*

It almost feels as if I've achieved that magical thing called rapport. Almost. It goes up and down. Sometimes he leans close in an intimate manner, as if he's taking me into his confidence. But then out of his mouth comes an old gag. Still, the mouth and the delivery are exciting and funny by themselves. He tells me about a team of writers with whom he has been working for years. One has a bad stammer, the other speaks normally. Yet it is the one with the bad stammer who seems always to be presenting the jokes and the scripts. The stammering writer once told Burns: "G-G-G-George, if you have a p-p-p-problem with the script, j-j-j-just c-c-c-call m-m-me at home. If nobody answers, th-th-th-that's me." Now, I have heard this story before. But it is still genuinely funny. It is his timing, his delivery, even his own slight stammer, which all give it credibility, humor, and freshness. And he is able to tell it as if it were somebody else's joke—something he has been doing for fifty years.

Nevertheless, I am hearing the same routines, the same jokes and stories that I have been hearing for years. Come on, Burns, I feel like yelling; I like you. Always have. You don't have to perform for me. It is still too soon in the interview for me to realize that I am getting the genuine Burns. He is, quite simply, what he represents himself as being. He is a vaudevillian, a comic, a song-and-dance man, and a straight man, who has been doing this for so long, and so well, that there isn't (nor need there be) anything else. "The act was everything to the vaudevillian," one chronicler has noted. And I should not forget this about Burns. His heart and soul are in show business. It is a love affair, a great, wonderful love, perhaps even greater than his love for Gracie. Show business. It doesn't represent a portion of his personality; it is all of it. There is no "on" and "off."

Material is constantly tried out. On friends, on managers, on strangers. On the interviewer.

He is always consumed with show business. From the proper lighting on the set, to advising the director on what will be funny, why a gag will work, and how his cigar should be positioned so as not to obscure everything in a cloud of smoke. He knows it all. He is a professional, and he is dedicated to his craft. If you turned George Burns inside out, I think, he'd still be impeccably dressed; he'd still be smiling that wonderful thin-lipped and broad-mouthed smile. He'd still be making with the old jokes.

Let me tell you something about making jokes. You know, years ago, everybody that was in vaudeville had their life savings in seventeen or eighteen minutes. You could work for seven or eight years without changing a line; there were so many vaudeville theaters, you know. And suppose you did repeat a theater every three or four years. Who could remember your seventeen minutes? There's so much vaudeville going on in between. So one joke was very important to you, you know. Like, I remember when Gracie told a joke. The joke was: I said to Gracie, A funny thing happened to my mother in Cleveland. And she said, I thought you were born in Buffalo. That's the joke. Well, that was just two lines. And we booked three days in Wilkes-Barre to break in those two lines before we put them in the act. That's how important one joke was.

There was an office called the Pat Casey Office. When you had seventeen or eighteen minutes, you typed them out, or wrote them in longhand, and you'd send it to the Pat Casey Office. If somebody took your joke, you'd write to Pat Casey. And he'd look at your letter and see if the joke was there, and tell ya to take the joke out; it belongs to Burns and Allen. So jokes were protected. Nowadays if they don't steal your jokes, you fire your writers.

Burns is called to the sound stage. They are just about ready to begin shooting. The set is a replica of an elegant dining room, complete with butler standing behind a dining table richly set for two. A grand piano is off to one side, with Burns's own piano player manning the keys. Against Burns's better judgment, Morty has been dressed for the commercial in white tails, and has wound up looking like a combination of Chicken Little and Colonel Sanders. The scene calls for Burns to end a telephone conversation, look up at the camera, and wax eloquent about the virtues of a savings-and-loan that treats you differently than does any other banking institution. He finishes the thirty-second spot with a patter song, that distinctive style—half-funny, half-serious—accompanied by the only piano player who could possi-

bly keep up with him. He blows a line here and there, but nothing serious. They film six or seven takes. Everyone is friendly and in good spirits.

Between takes, Burns entertains the crew, telling the old stories. There are many people on the set: young men and, it seems, lots of pretty young women. Even the bank president and his wife. But it doesn't matter how old the stories, or how many times the crew may have heard them before. There are actually "favorite George Burns stories." "Tell the one about you and Groucho," someone yells. And he responds with anecdotes, some true, some, well.

The power in the studio blows, and Burns remarks, "How do like that? I'm eighty-two years old, and its power goes!" The technicians and the cameraman and the director and the piano player and the agent and the bank president and his wife and the pretty young women, especially, are in gales of laughter at Burns's ad lib.

Gracie was very—Gracie had a quality that was very rare. See, everybody thought that Gracie was a comedienne. She wasn't. Gracie was an actress. Gracie played the part of this girl who was off-center. When Gracie said those things, she believed them. So when she believed them, the audiences believed them. But Gracie wasn't funny. See, when Gracie said she put the salt in the pepper shaker and the pepper in the salt shaker and I would say, Why did you do that, she would look at me like I had two heads. She thought I was stupid. She says people get mixed up and now when they get mixed up, they'll be right. You know, her logic—she wasn't funny; it was illogical logic. People didn't know that Gracie wasn't a comedienne. And no sex with Gracie; sex never reared its ugly head. Dainty, fine, darling little girl. And if you touched Gracie, the audience would resent it. When we walked out onstage, I used to find out which way the wind was blowing so that the smoke of my cigar didn't get into Gracie's face. Because if it did, the audience, they'd come up and hit me.

You'd have to react to Gracie and not let her see ya. You see, Gracie would look at me, and I'd look at the audience. So that you practically had to try to hide your reactions so as not to hurt her feelings. In other words, you couldn't react broadly to Gracie. It had to be a quiet reaction. Kind of a subtle look; turning away from Gracie and looking at the audience, she still kept looking at me until I turned back to her again; like, she didn't see my reaction. Like, if you were to call a reaction by the yard, I would say that her reaction was an eighth of an inch.

You see, when we first started, I was the comedian. And I was dressed up funny—white pants, blue coat, a tie that worked on a swivel. My hat was turned up in front. I had everything but talent. And



Gracie came out beautifully dressed. I could see that the people enjoyed Gracie when she was saying nothing! Here I was telling the jokes, and nobody would laugh. So when we came off the stage, I turned the act around and gave her the funny lines. And I got into street clothes. And we accidentally were the first man-and-woman act to do a comedy routine without dressing funny.

Do you remember the old Burns and Allen show? God, but they were funny. Yeah, they kept doing the street-corner act from vaudeville, but they also kept it contemporary and innovative. Burns, who always jokes about his singular lack of talent and says that he would have been nothing without Gracie, nevertheless was a genius behind the camera. He acted as head writer for all those radio and television shows. Gracie had the talent onstage; George had it offstage. He understood comedy; he knew how long to go with a routine, when something worked and when it didn't. He was meticulous, almost flawless. Between Burns and Allen, there was a pacing, a beat, almost as if they were verbal acrobats—juggling together, but with different rhythms. Where Gracie's juggling balls might fly high into the air, drifting slowly so that they would dazzle and you'd notice the color, George, as straight man, would make overhand plucks, so as not to let a bit linger too long. He'd grab a line out of the air and send it back—not a hollow echo in his straight line. His incredulosity made repetition of the joke just as funny.

*Gracie:* My brother has a suit just like that.

*George:* Is that so?

*Gracie:* Yes, only his hasn't any stripes. His is brown. It's more like a blue-black, sort of yellow.

*George:* More like white.

*Gracie:* That's it. A white suit, only yours is double-breasted, and his is single-breasted and has no pockets and a bow on the side.

*George:* A bow on the side?

*Gracie:* My sister wore it to a dance last night.

*George:* Your sister wore your brother's suit to a dance?

*Gracie:* I haven't got a brother.

*George:* You haven't got a brother, but your sister has?

*Gracie:* It's a long story. Pull up a chair. You see, when my sister and I were children, we were left orphans, and he was one of them.

Vaudeville became radio, and radio became television for Burns and Allen. But while the medium was changing, they didn't have to. They talked, sang a bit, did a little dancing, but mostly it was talk. Burns will say that they didn't

have to make a transition, that it was the invention. ("People would meet you, and they wouldn't say whether you were good or bad; they'd say, 'I heard you from Cleveland last night.'") Radio was a smash; television was the headliner. Then, on their old TV program, Burns put a television in his playroom so that he could watch Gracie, right along with us. Comic genius! He understood the medium so well that his sponsor threatened to cancel him for his innovation, saying it was "out of reality." On television?

*You know, right now I'm at a very comfortable stage in my life. I was always taught to respect my elders. And I've finally reached the age where I don't have to respect anybody.*

Back to the trailer for another change of clothes. Burns rehearses his lines to himself; every now and then I politely make corrections. He tells me a story about the difference between acquaintances and friends. It is a poignant tale about Burns by Burns. He calls a poor bridge player "an idiot." The offended player says something like "Mr. Burns, I would just as soon you never talked to me again." The story ends happily enough with the man realizing that George Burns has a manner, a way about him which, if perceived as less than kind, well, was only meant good-naturedly; no offense, no real importance. Just as Burns calls most people whose names he cannot remember "Kid" (as in "Hiya, Kid"), he means nothing by it. Burns pauses in the story. "Now, if that were Jack Benny, and he said that to me, I'd be hurt. Or if Jack Haley said that, 'George, stop talking, I never want to talk to you again,' I'd cry. Because they mean something to me." He stops, looks down so that his eyes are out of my sight, and sniffles, and with tears in his voice says, "I don't want to talk." He has stepped off the stage for a moment, and neither one of us quite knows what to say. I think that we are both surprised. He chuckles uncomfortably, apologetically, and recovers.

Jack Benny was an amazing comedian. He was a great monologist. Beautiful-looking guy; beautiful voice. I saw him do something I don't think any other comedian could do . . . they couldn't do it, the audience wouldn't accept it. I saw him walk out on the stage of Caesar's Palace, and he got to the center of the stage, and he just stood there. And he folded his arms and looked at the audience. And then he touched his face with one hand. And then he touched his face with both hands. And he turned around and held on to his wrists. And all the way through, the people were laughing. He kept looking at them. And finally, at the height, you know—this went on for a good minute—he looked at them and said, "What the hell

are you laughing at?" And that got the biggest laugh.

Well, Jack was a great laugher. I'm not a laugher; I'm amused, and I laugh, but I don't fall down. Jack spent half of his life cleaning his clothes—he was always on the floor, you know. And everybody worked on Jack. They loved to make Jack laugh, he enjoyed it so much. Not only that, when you made Jack laugh, you felt like you were playing the Palace, 'cause you're making one of the great comedians laugh, and it helped your ego.

You know, his slowness; he was a quiet riot. You looked at him, and you wanted to take him home and adopt him.

\*

Oh, we did some terrible things when I was a kid. Ah, there was this game we played called "killer." This started with a burlap sack. We put the sack over a fire hydrant, tied it carefully and tightly with string, and one of us, generally me because all the tenors could cry easily, would stand next to the hydrant sobbing pathetically. It was never long before some passerby with a kind heart would stop and say, "What's the matter, little boy?" Giving it everything, I sobbed, "I've got to take this home to my mother, and I can't get it on my back." The good samaritan would invariably lean over and give it a good hoist. He'd rupture himself, then we'd take him to the doctor, and the doctor would give us a dollar because we brought in a guy with a rupture. . . . That's how the Peewee Quartet got famous.

Ninety-five Pitt Street, on Manhattan's Lower East Side, was a brand-spanking-new building in 1896, when Burns was born. Hamilton Fish Park just up the street. Not much green around here, but when you're a dancer, grass and trees don't matter all that much. The building, the street, the neighborhood were all Jewish then. Mainly big families. ("It wasn't that the Jews were such great lovers, mind you. They were freezing. And you know, when two people get in bed, and they're cold, there's nothing else to do.") Just about everyone was friendly; they all knew one another. An occasional "gang war" with the kids from the parochial school around the block. In the summers, you could stay out all night, walking the streets, eating late dinners or early breakfasts. There wasn't much to fear on the streets of New York in those days.

When he was five, the family—five brothers and seven sisters—moved around the corner, a little nearer the East River, to Rivington Street. The Rivington Street house is gone; the entire street has been torn down for a couple of massive housing projects. And the Jews are no longer there, either. Well, some are, but their shops are sandwiched in between the loaves of Puerto Rican establishments. The flavor may have changed, but the at-



mosphere is still the same. Bakeries and liquor stores, luncheonettes and barber shops, dairy shops, pushcarts with fruits and vegetables. Lots of noise on the street, lots of kids and moms and young men. Fast talk that, if you squint your ears slightly, makes the Spanish sound almost like Yiddish. You'd recognize the neighborhood, George. Different, but recognizable. Orchard still has the pushcarts, and the old synagogue still stands on Attorney Street. The walk up to the old B.B. College of Dance is the same. Past there, uptown and west, to the Academy of Music, an old vaudeville house on Fourteenth Street. A lot is gone, but the memories are as strong as ever.

There was a park called Hamilton Fish Park. And there was this one fellow there whose name was Jeff. He was a, uh, uh, an athletic teacher. He was a great dancer, but not good, just great. Great, great buck-and-wing dancer. But he could dance only in front of other dancers. Funny, isn't it? Couldn't dance in front of an audience. But dancers from all over came to watch this guy dance. Now, he went on amateur night and couldn't dance at all. His legs couldn't move. But in front of dancers that understood dancing, he was a genius. . . . So now I was able to dance. I was a song-and-dance man, yeah. A singer, a song-and-dance man. I had everything but talent: I could sing, I could dance, I had music, I had pictures, I had cards printed. I even had letterheads; letterheads with a picture. I had everything. But no talent.

Ninety-five Pitt Street is still there. The landlord of the building remembers seeing Burns and Allen at the Palace when he was a kid. Inside his office there's a "Burns Bros." digital thermometer. Coincidence? "You don't know the Burns brothers?" the landlord asks me. "You must not be from New York." I ask him if those were the same Burns brothers who had a coal business around the turn of the century. "Yeah, that's them," he replies. "You wanna hear a story?" I say, and begin before he has a chance to refuse. "Around 1903, when Nathan Birnbaum was a kid, the Burns brothers had a coal yard ten blocks from his house. When their trucks left the yard with a load of coal, Birnbaum and his friend Abie Kaplan followed. A couple of blocks later, they would hop on the back of the truck, open the chute, let some coal drop out onto the street, fill their knickers with coal, and walk home with it. It got to be quite an act. A grocer who used to watch these kids walking stiff-legged down the street would call out, 'There go the Burns brothers.' And the show-biz kid, Nathan, liked that name a lot. After being Nat Burns for a few months, he decided to change his first name to

George, after an older brother named Isadore. George Burns, see? Burns brothers? But don't ask me about the older brother." The landlord smiles warmly and says, "Really?" I tell him yes, and that in fact, this is the building in which George Burns was born. From his look, I think that he might be contemplating erecting a plaque and redecorating one of the three-room apartments and charging admission. When I was seven, there was this guy on the block, a letter carrier named Lew Farley. Taught us kids how to sing harmony. Called ourselves the Peewee Quartet. I sang tenor; a boy called Toda, the lead; Mortzy Weinberger sang baritone; and his brother Hesky, bass. I'll let you in on a secret: we didn't know how to sing harmony. We figured the kid who held his head the highest was tenor, and so on down to the bass who held his chin on his chest. We sang in yards and saloons and passed the hat. And we found that's show business. There were days when we couldn't collect a penny, and on those empty-hat days we would go up to the roofs of the apartment houses and, lying on our stomachs, hang a long wire over the edge. The curved end of the wire we hooked over seltzer bottles that people left out on their fire escapes for collection. We pulled them on up to the roof, broke off the lead tops, took them down to the basement, and melted them down. Lead was six cents a pound at the time, and on a good day, we could make a dollar. That gave us twenty-five cents apiece. To give you an idea of how good the Peewee Quartet was, we went out seven days a week, and six of them, we melted lead. That's how I became a producer.

When I was fourteen, my mother used to give me twenty-five cents a day to look for a job. I knew how to ride on the streetcars without paying the fare. All you had to do was watch the conductor; he had to work his way through the car to collect the fares. When he got to the front, he jumped off, and when the back of the streetcar got up to him, he would jump on and start the routine of collecting all over again. I'd wait for a car that had the conductor in the middle of it, jump on the back, and simply follow him, about half a car behind, doing exactly what he did; see what I mean? I never paid the fares. Well, anyway, I used to get twenty-five cents. I used to stop off on Second Avenue, and I'd have my suit pressed. That cost fifteen cents. And you put it on; well, you put it on hot. But you're standing there in your, you know, dirty underwear, or your torn underwear, and you put the suit on. I'd walk down Second Avenue without bending my knees because I wanted the suit to cool off; because if you bent your knees, you'd get creases in the pants. So, you know, I'd walk like King Kong. I walked up Fifth Avenue till it cooled off, and then I walked up Forty-second Street. And now I'd have ten cents left. I used to buy a seven-cent

“‘Years ago . . . your jokes were protected. Nowadays if they don't steal your jokes, you fire your writers.’”



Ricora Cigar—I was fourteen years old then—the Ricora was a tremendous cigar; last you a week. You had to wear a supporter to smoke that cigar.

The limo is again waiting. Like a *Gesundheit* after a sneeze, that limo just doesn't miss a cue. The day of shooting has gone very well; the conversation is spirited, Burns's singing almost sublime. He sings a couple of bars of "High



“‘I was always taught to respect my elders. I’ve finally reached the age where I don’t have to respect anybody.’”



Tone Lady,” a song not quite as old as he. He is in a good mood. Why, I think, do I have the impression that George Burns is such a good singer? Yes, it sounds as if he’s in tune. But that is almost the closest to singing a song as he gets. Perhaps it’s because of how he relates to his songs. I think he takes them seriously, but then I’m never certain. He tells me that his singing is what he wishes to be remembered for

in a hundred years. Oh?

He goes into a Maurice Chevalier imitation. Well, really, an imitation of Danny Kaye doing a Maurice Chevalier imitation, singing in a wheezy French accent, “Every leetle breeze seems to wheesper Loueeze . . .” And tells me about a time when his singing actually insulted someone. (“When I give a party, I invite a piano player who can play my songs. What the hell, it’s my party. I spend the money. I want to sing. And I don’t ask anybody to get up and sing, either. So I get up and sing; sing one song after another, you know. And Al Jolson was getting sick of it. And Jolson finally said, ‘George, do you mind if I sing one song?’ I said sure, but only one. Well, he grabbed his hat and his coat and his wife. So I said, ‘Come back. I’ll let you sing two songs.’”)

Burns looks just great, as fresh as a wildflower, as though he is going to run quickly inside his house, comb out his toupee, and zip out for an evening on the town. In reality, he ambles inside, up the stairs to his bedroom, and slips softly into a late-afternoon nap.

Day two. Again, Burns looks as fit as his friend Jack Benny’s fiddle. Eighty-two unbelievable years old, and the only thing that gives him away is his walk, which is tediously slow and pained; arms out at his side, ready to cushion a stumble, I suppose. The man has poise and dignity. Another one of his secrets. He has been a professional in show business since 1901. Think of it: he has played to our great-grandparents, our grandparents, our parents, us, and even our children. He has had plenty of time to make mistakes and understand precisely what the mistakes were. So that he freely admits to doing material that bombed, but he knew enough not to repeat the boners. *I was in bed one night and I kept thinking, What are we doing wrong? And I finally figured it out. It was so simple. Our jokes were too young for us. We were married. The audience knew we were married; they knew we had two children. And here was Gracie making love to the announcer! Who are we kidding? So I woke Gracie and says, “I got it! I know why our ratings are dropping. The jokes don’t fit us.” So the next show, I get the writers together and say, “Let’s write it like we’re married, Gracie and I.” We went on the air and I said, “Ladies and gentlemen, Gracie and I have been married for a lot of years. We’ve got two lovely children. . . .” And that’s how I started talking to the audience for the first time. And when we went on television, I used that method. And our ratings picked up.*

Today we drive out to Woodland Hills to a branch office of the bank, where the normal flow of business will be interrupted to shoot the commercial.

*You used to do it by inference, now you do it direct. Nowadays, you see pictures today, you know, people are naked. Oh! Calcutta! Not only are they naked, but when you leave the theater, they’re waiting at the door to shake hands with you. Pretty hard to look into a guy’s eyes and say good night when he has his clothes off. . . . In those days, when I was a kid, the women wore skirts with a little slit up the side. When they stepped off the street corner, you saw their ankles. That was really sexy. . . . Gracie said something once that was so good. Gracie asked me to take her to the Largo. We went to the Largo, all nude girls, all nude, they wore absolutely nothing, you know. And I said, What did you think of that, Gracie? She said, Well, those girls have no sense of humor. That was so funny. It was true, nobody smiled; no, no, nothing. They just walked up and down.*

The shooting of the commercial was to be concluded before lunch. If it had been, Burns would have been able to pursue his normal routine of lunching at the Hillcrest Country Club and relaxing for a couple of hours at bridge. But there are three or four different setups for this commercial, and, what with the attempt to continue regular banking, there are time-consuming interruptions. When the director calls for action, telephones magically cease to ring, typewriters stop in mid-sentence, conversations and loan appeals and denials end unresolved. The bank becomes a sound stage. Burns takes his cue in the hush, and the mini act begins. He turns to a young actress playing a teller and says, “Millie, I wish I were forty years younger; I’d like to take out your mother.” And then a little soft sell on the virtues of Brentwood Savings and Loan, a Burns patter song sung a cappella, and cut. The tellers and the loan officers and even the crew applaud respectfully on the spoken word of the director, who excitedly calls out, “Beautiful!”

Back to the dressing room. The same trailer as yesterday, driven over the mountains to be here, this morning, before the star arrives. A clothing change, and an unshy Burns does not attempt to hide his jockey-shorts-clad body from me. A prominent scar from four-year-old open-heart surgery, but a surprisingly taut, fit-looking body. *Like I said to the makeup man, don’t put that stuff on my face. Use powder. I don’t want to look any younger than I am; I don’t try to kid anybody. I try to look my age. I try to look as good as I can for my age. I wear good clothes, I dress nicely. I put on a little powder. But if I got wrinkles, I don’t want them out. It took me a long time to get them. In my special, Goldie Hawn says to me, “It’s amazing, Mr. Burns, you haven’t got any wrinkles.” I say, “Under my suit, I have wrinkles.*



Would you like to see my wrinkles?"

While we are chatting in the trailer, a red-faced, elderly man knocks and enters without waiting for a response. "Bob Burns, how are you?" he says, fast and nervously. "Your president told me you were out here, so's I said, I wanted to sh-sh-shake your hand and say hello. How're you doin'?" Burns replies that he's doing just fine. "Good, good. Keep up the good work. Us young fellows that watch you stay young for it. Heh heh heh heh." Burns acknowledges him with his charming smile, his squinty, glinty eyes, and rasps, "Thanks." And as the man disappears, he says to me, "Bob Burns? They still confuse me."

The irony of this brief encounter is that we wind up going to lunch at a place called Bob Burns. We are shown to a private room in the back of the restaurant. Burns is magnetic. All heads turn as he passes by. Everyone is getting a big kick out of the grand ol' man showing up in their restaurant. L.A. people are fairly accustomed to seeing the stars come out during the day, but this is Woodland Hills, out in the San Fernando Valley, a place that George says he has never been to in his life, even though he has been in Southern California for forty years. And these people are innocent and not afraid to exhibit their adulation: joyful and respectful smiles, some "Hello, Mr. Burns"-es; and the mild commotion continues well after we are seated, appropriately out of view. Burns has a story to tell and asks me to get my tape recorder going.

*I was fourteen, you know. I had, well, let's say . . . I had two but we'll say one. One is better; people won't believe that I had two dancing schools. One on Pitkin Avenue in Brooklyn, one on Avenue B and Second Street. But let's keep with the one; I think we're better off. Avenue B and Second Street. I used to teach the fox-trot. The name of the school was B.B.'s College of Dancing. Bernstein and Burns was what the B.B. stood for. I used to teach the waltz, a two-step, and a fox-trot for five dollars. If business was good, I could make fifteen dollars a week. Bernstein would open the dancing by ringing a bell and announcing loudly, with a heavy Jewish accent, "Ladies and gentlemen, when I give the signal, the gentlemen will cross over and ask the ladies to dance—no running, please. And for the last time, I'd like to tell you, no gentlemen are allowed in the ladies' toilet." One hot summer night, business was terrible; there were about eighteen people in the room, and I said, "Look, Benny, let's open the windows and put the music by the windows—the people will hear the music in the streets, and they'll come up and pay admission." We had what we called a double brass band—two trumpet players, a piano, and*

*drums. That was the worst combination you ever heard in your life. What happened was, the people outside, hearing the music, started to dance in the street. In no time, it was a block party, and our eighteen customers joined them. So I had made a mistake again.*

Burns continues to captivate us with stories, mainly about his youth in New York. Reminiscences about egg creams, and two cents plain, and nickel subway rides, and the Staten Island Ferry. He is in top form. It's great stuff, and we are all laughing hard. The young woman and I exchange glances. She tries to be funny, and she learns the same lesson I learned yesterday. Burns won't let even a pretty woman upstage him. Fein is the only one with the chutzpah to challenge Burns in storytelling. Burns listens with as near to undivided attention as I've seen. He respects Fein, but as soon as Fein has finished, Burns takes over again.

At the end of the meal, a gale of waitresses blows in, singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" in, as Burns would be the first to note, pretty good harmony. They bring with them chilled glasses and a magnum of champagne on ice. Burns is appreciative, but not in the least sentimental, as if this happens with great regularity. The girls finish two choruses and we warmly applaud them. We (not Burns) are thinking, What a warm, kind gesture. What a hit he is with these young coeds. They are nineteen years old; he, eighty-two; and they think he's the cat's pajamas. How does an eighty-two-year-old man become so attractive to young, lovely women? They say he is cute, he is charming, he makes them laugh, he inspires them: here is an eighty-two-year-old man, who, in all honesty, does not look much older than sixty-five; a man who is quick, sharp-witted, successful, vibrant, vital, exciting, who seems to have more lives than an alley cat, and who can sing on key at the drop of a note. He is living proof that old age doesn't have to smell, act crazy, or get in the way.

Oh, yeah. There's something else, too. "He's got a little of the devil in his eyes, the way he looks at you," says one woman. "It's actually sexy, but then, he's not at all threatening. If he tried to take you home, it would be to tell you a joke. He's just wonderful." Sexy without being threatening. Wonderful. Let's package that. Ah, but I fear that it comes in only one package—old age. Oh, well, it is still something to be looked forward to, and that is one of the promises that Burns leaves with every audience.

And it is not simply the young coeds. The middle-aged mothers of these coeds cannot contain themselves. They, too, squeak and giggle and sigh, "Oh,

Mr. Burns!" Nor can the grandmothers refrain from expressing their delight with his presence. He touches them all. He is not a comic genius, and he is not a bright young singing sensation. But perhaps nobody loves show business as much as George Burns does. Or maybe nobody else has been around long enough. As he has always said, "I'd rather be a flop in show business than a smash making felt hats." And, indeed, for the first twenty years of his vaudeville career, he *was* a flop. It was not until he teamed up with Gracie that he achieved success. So it's partly an admiration and respect for his having stuck it out, even though we automatically assume that he has always been a success. Even the men respond to Burns. They laugh. They admire the man for his sense of himself, for his precision, for his dedication to his craft, for his own soft self-depreciation.

The talk on the way home is about the Los Angeles Dodgers; what a fantastic game they played the night before. A dramatic, down-to-the-wire finish for the home team. I am contemplating my own down-to-the-wire finish—how to say good-bye. How to let this man know how he has touched me, maybe even to let him know how he touches everybody. When I asked him earlier what has impressed him most in his life, he mentioned World War I, playing the Palace, meeting Gracie, going on radio and, later, television, and getting paid \$500 a week. "I was never outside the world of show business." So I guess he must know. But I am still trying to figure out how to say good-bye, how to end. Something snappy; a great finish . . .

*My card trick . . . it's a great card trick. I come out there on the Johnny Carson show and I say, I have a great finish. I say it's such a great finish that I can only do it at the end of my routine; I can walk off with a great finish. So I do all my stuff, I talk, and I say, And now for the finish. I say, It's a great card trick, and Johnny, you used to be a magician, so you can recognize a great card trick when you see one. And I say, Get me a deck of cards. I say that Leipzig taught me this trick. Leipzig was the greatest card man who was ever in show business. And I say to Johnny, There are four suits in the deck, take one suit of the four. He says spades and I say, Okay, pick a spade. He says the eight of spades. I say, Now mix up the cards. He mixes them up. I say this is a great finish for me. I say, Mention a number of cards from the top of the deck. And he says, Twenty-one cards. I say, Count off twenty-one cards, but don't turn up the twenty-second. He counts off twenty-one cards and I say, What's your card? He says the eight of spades. I say, Turn up the twenty-second card. It's the king of diamonds! I say, Okay, so I don't have a great finish.* 🎴



●● 'When I started doing it, it was just for the money. I didn't even think about the men; I was having a good time. I was getting high, drinking champagne. This was the life I had always wanted.' ●●

## BARBRA

*Barbra is a small, comical, blond woman of great intelligence and energy. Her voice is throaty and she speaks in a Welsh accent, punctuating her speech with broad arm gestures and Harpo Marx-like whistles as she bounds about the room. Her homey apartment, perhaps once almost elegant, is now worn, and consists of a living room, a kitchenette, and—oddly, I thought—only one bedroom. It is decorated in the black-wood, modular-shapes style of the 1950s. An ironing board, which she never takes down, stands in a corner by the kitchenette in front of the tiny stove, and she keeps a teakettle always boiling. Barbra seems most at home there. Whenever she spoke of personal matters, she migrated to the ironing board, where she seemed to find comfort, and clung to it as if it were the only object in her home she felt was her own.*

"I ran away from my home in Wales to London when I was seventeen. There I met up with the man who became my daughter's father, and we lived together. He had his own business, plus he was going to school. He was quite well off but he was addicted to gambling. One of the places he owned was a discotheque, and all these girls used to come in with money to spend, fur coats, always looking great. I wanted my own money so I could have what they had. Even though he would give me whatever I wanted, I didn't want to be dependent on him or anyone else. So I went to work as a hostess in a nightclub. Now for hostessing I could get ten or twenty pounds, but for fucking I could get a lot of money. So, I started fucking.

"At first he didn't know I was fucking. After work he would meet me outside the club. But there were two entrances, and with the clients I used to go out the back entrance, and when I finished work at 4 o'clock I'd walk out the front entrance, where he'd be waiting for me. So he didn't know.

"But then, somebody must have said something, or he must have suspected, because I was sending a lot of money home to my parents. I remember it was snowing one night as I walked out with a client, and he was standing at the back entrance waiting for me. Have you ever seen anyone die? He died. Tears. He couldn't believe it, didn't want to believe it. I don't know how long he'd been standing there but he

was drenched with the snow, no hat on, no overcoat, no nothing. He just cried.

"Well, the client went, and he and I didn't say anything. We just walked up the road, both of us, in the snow. And that was the beginning of the end. In a way I destroyed him because I never had any need to do it, you know. He never took my money or anything. He never wanted me to work.

"I guess I started the prostitution out of insecurity. I was always insecure. He would lose money gambling one day, and the next day he would win it back, or for two days he wouldn't have money—not that I ever went without. He would borrow to make sure that the baby and I had. But there was nothing so definite that I could say, 'Yeah, there's money coming in every week.' I had that insecurity all through my childhood and I never wanted it when I grew up. But I stayed with him for a long time—seven years—we even got married; then it took me seven years to get over him.

"When I started doing it, it was just for the money. I didn't even think about the men; I was having a good time. I was getting high, drinking champagne. This was the life I had always wanted, my fantasy come true. I knew I was capable of doing something else, but I wouldn't make the amount of money I wanted. I wanted to see the world and to do things, not just for myself but for my daughter and my family.

"After that I worked almost every nightclub in London. Then I met a guy in a gambling place who invited me to come to New York for the summer. I came here and checked it out and then went home, got my daughter, and came back to stay. I lived in a five-flight walk-up on East Sixty-eighth Street. My clients fucked me mentally, physically, and financially, and I was saying to them, 'Thank you, sir.' I didn't know any different. At the time, I was working like Jane, who's working for me now, with a call service. I started doing outdates because of my daughter. I used to take her to the baby-sitter, but I never left her overnight or all day. Still, she lost twelve pounds and was really homesick, so I took her home to my mother in Wales. Anyway, I got ill. I was in hospital; just too much fucking. I fucked myself out completely. They

worked me like a dog in this town. It was 'whore,' 'bitch,' 'motherfucker.' That was the only language they used, and that was very hard for me to adjust to because I didn't consider myself a whore, and certainly not a bitch—although I quickly became one whenever it was necessary. I had a lot of horrible clients and I would say to them, 'Wow, I came here to give you a good time and I gave you the good time, and now you want to abuse me. I mean, shit, you called me, I didn't call you!'

"To deal with the elements in this business, you have to become what they are or be able to dig deep within yourself and, for a while, throw away the part of you that's nice. A lot of people in the business—pimps, girls, sometimes clients too—do not understand anything else.

"About nine years ago I started on my own. I thought, 'I'm doing everything for this madam and she's not doing anything for me. She's not even allowing me to have the clients' phone numbers, which is a bunch of shit.' I tell my girls, 'I don't want you hustling my clients, but if a client wants to give you his number, go ahead, girl, take it. Just keep it circulating with the right people.' No one has a lock upon this business. A client's a client's a client.

"I had a hard time setting up on my own, but I went to bars and people always helped by sending me clients. I'm clean. They knew that and still do—not just in the house. My mind's clean, my body, my heart's pure, you understand? My clients have sent me other clients. So I'm never really alone, but I often feel very lonely. I have no one, no life of my own. I haven't been going out a lot like I used to. I don't know why this change has taken place. It's since I was home in Wales and spoke to my daughter, I guess. My daughter's sixteen now and precious; I'm not getting any younger. For me to keep going this way, to support myself and my family, is not getting any easier. People say, 'Just stop doing it.' I just can't do that. You see, my parents gave me life when I didn't have a life; they made all this possible. How can I turn my back on them now that they're old, even though I feel old and as if I can't do it anymore financially? I also have to concentrate on doing for my daughter now because it's her time to come out into the world.



"I guess I'm down because I'm not in love with anyone now. I love being in love, even if it's only for a fucking month! I don't care how long, just so I can say, 'Oh, yeah, I loved him! I loved the experience of being with him!'"

"But anyway, to business. All kinds of girls work for me. Like this girl Jane. She comes from the street, but she came through a client I've known for six years. He met her on the street and was taken with her, so he brought her here and told me to take good care of her. Yesterday she was uptight because this is her first time in a house. Out there on the street a man doesn't care. If he's horny, he'll fuck a hole in the wall. But this is a different environment. My clients are more personal. I make them that way because I'm that way, or a lot of them are just naturally that way, and that's why we have this closeness. I have clients who have been coming to me for eleven years.

"My clients are businessmen, but I have your ordinary working schlep too, you know—cabdriver, railroad man. Prices start at thirty dollars; the clients don't stay more than twenty minutes; I time them. I get half, except when the girl goes on an outdate and then it's 40 percent for me, 60 percent for her, and whatever tip she gets is hers. I don't charge a protection fee, and I don't charge ten dollars for introducing a girl to a client, which is also done in some houses.

"I have to have a turnover of girls because the clients want a different face every week. But if a girl is good, I'll keep her for two weeks because I know I'll get re-calls on her. Then she'll go to one of my girl friends who runs a house. That's how it works; we just circulate the girls.

"I used to do specialty stuff, one or two freak things, whippings, and so on. For that I used to charge \$100 and up. You can make good money with S and M. But I got out of it because, number one, it's no good for my head. I'm not that type of person. I can fake it, you know, we all have it in us, but after a while it becomes real and you tend to play to the client's craziness and you run the risk that he'll snap and turn on you. After all, you are playing the role of someone else in his past life toward whom he has repressed feelings. It's like opening Pandora's box. I don't want to do that stuff to a man. There's someone else out there who's like him, who'll do it for him, and they'll find each other. I used to have a senator from New England who liked to be whipped, and from him I got \$800 to \$1,000. 'Angel dust,' he used to like to smoke. Those are the people who're running our country, if you don't mind. So I don't do S and M anymore. I let all those clients go, turned them on to someone else. All I'll do now is a light

verbal-abuse thing or a pee scene if a guy wants to be peed on.

"Over the years there have been one or two clients I really liked, but I've always held myself back because I know how dangerous it can be, dangerous for any woman in this business. You have to be able to detach yourself or there is no life for you outside the business. After all, you're getting everything in it: the money, the attention, your ego fed, your emotions fed (because the clients will tell you anything you want to hear); you're getting fed sexually (an overabundance of that). There's nothing for you to walk outside your door for. There has to be that for me; there has to be someone for me.

"Nine out of ten girls I work with are whores in the heart. A whore in the heart will do anything: she has no morals, no scruples, no honor code within herself. She's just no good, period. It can happen to anyone, but you find it tends to be the lower class and middle class. The upper-bracket girl, she's just a normal bitch, which I can identify with because I'm one myself. The whores make the business tougher, rougher. They come off like a man. They'll sit here in jeans and boots. That's okay for the guy who likes that type of thing, but my clients don't. They want a woman. So I tell the girls, 'Put a skirt on, a nice pair of silk stockings, what the hell. You can get it over with quicker and the guy's going to love it.' They're trying to maintain the control, but they don't understand what that means. I mean, they have the control just by being a woman and because the man's coming here to see them. Pussy's strong, but the mind plus the pussy is stronger. Once you've got the two, you have the control. It's not the client's role to have control here—that is their role in private life, but this is their fantasy world."

*(the phone rings)*

"Hi, Rick, how are you? Ahh, I tell you what, Rick, I've got a kid. She's in from the Midwest, Wyoming, pretty. But the thing is, she's got a black eye. A guy robbed her for seventeen dollars and then beat her 'cause that was all she had, two blocks away, it's a real bad black eye . . . Yeah. So you know what I'd say to you, forget it, Rick, you know? But I tell you what. I'll have a very pretty girl in next week, toward the end of the week . . . Yeah. 'Cause I wouldn't want you to come up unless it's something you would really like, and it wouldn't be. You'd be turned off by it . . . All right, Rick, thanks a lot. Bye-bye."

*(turning back to me)*

"You know, like the man's paying \$50 to \$100. I got to be honest with him. In the long run they appreciate that and it pays off.

"But anyway, I find more and more of my girls getting off with the clients. Getting off! Like we're giving away what's precious to us. Do we have to start enjoying it with them, too? Do you understand where I'm coming from? I mean, that should be sacred, something you just want to give. There's no amount of money that can buy it. It's affection, love, understanding, compassion! The average girl here has six to ten men a day. And she comes twice in that time. Twice! She's not getting a kick out of doing it, she doesn't like herself for doing it. But she's not getting it in her private life, because she has none. Prostitution is about cash, just cash. She wouldn't be going with ten men a day if she wasn't getting paid for it. But you've got to be a very strong person. A man is doing this and that to you; he's arousing you. He's arousing needs we all have in us. And you have to be very strong, especially if you're not getting it after work. Ten men isn't about anything but pure cash. You think I like doing this shit? I like the business, but I wouldn't like the business if the cash weren't there. That's the only thing it's all about.

"The pussy is the commodity. My emotions have fuck-all to do with it. The pussy works all on her own anyway. I open my legs, she works. All I do is breathe hard and whisper sweet nothings in his ear, which is what every client wants to hear, what he's paying me to hear. If I go to a lawyer, I pay him to defend me. I'm not paying for him, I'm paying for his service. Prostitution is the same way. We're looked at like untouchables. But let me tell you where it's at. We're people too, we're a profession, I'm a professional. I'm not dabbling here. I've worked my way up through the ranks and I've been to the war zone. I'm a general now, but don't forget, I can get down with my warriors! A man will pay \$100 for a blow job, for *illusion*. Here he gets what he wants, what he needs, and he doesn't have to tell you. You know because that's your job. And a man can put his fucking shoes on my bed anytime! He doesn't have to take them off, even. Oh yes, I love men!"

#### **BARBRA ON MID-LEVEL "BOYFRIENDS"**

"Most of my girls have guys that they take their money home to. Like Jane, now. She just walked out with the money that she made today. It was hard money, not easy money. Then her guy called her up, and now she has to go over to him with it! He's not even giving her the respect of saying, 'I'll come over and collect it.'

"Look, do what you want with the money, but not out of fear! And not out of some bullshit that you know isn't true: love. You know in your heart that



●● 'I used to have a senator from New England who liked to be whipped, and from him I got \$800 to \$1,000. "Angel dust," he used to like to smoke. Those are the people who're running our country, if you don't mind.' ●●

anyone who loves you couldn't possibly understand your business. And that's all this is. Most men want you for themselves. The boyfriends I have, if I told them I did things with one or two men who come here myself, they'd freak! But as long as I'm working the girls, it's all right. Even though they know what I do, they put me on that little pedestal, believe I'm kind of special, just for them.

"I've never allowed a man to come into my business, but I've very often put my own needs first. I've said, 'My happiness means more now.' In a few instances, that set me back, but it set me back financially, not emotionally, and it was worth it.

"Having a straight relationship, a boyfriend, is possible for the girls, but they feel they have to stay in a circle where it's all whores and low-lives. Well, that's nowhere. They're just in a cesspool. They can't get out of it, because they don't feel anything for themselves. When I walk into the street, I hold my head high. When I talk to a man outside, I talk to him like a human being. Not, 'Hey, you want to fuck, suck, how much?' I stand tall. A lot of girls don't; they keep their heads down when they talk to men. Immediately, 'trick' comes into their minds, which is a term I hate! But that's the way they think: 'It's a trick, it's a trick, it's a trick.'"

## CLIENTS

### PROSTITUTION AND BIG BUSINESS

A friend who works in a large New York advertising agency explained to me how prostitution is allied to large corporations.

"In an ad agency," he said, "it works two ways. One, a client will come into town for a sales meeting or presentation. The account executive will wine and dine him. If the client wants a prostitute, he makes that clear to the executive, who then sets it up. The host then calls a madam or pimp he knows, and arranges dinner and whatever for the client with a prostitute. The agency pays for it. It goes under 'Client Entertainment' and is a nonbillable expense. It's done all the time.

"Two, on a shoot [the out-of-town shooting of a commercial], the production house on location sets it up. The account executive in New York calls the production house and instructs someone there to get a prostitute for the

client. The production house does it and buries the expense in cost of film or whatever. This is common practice among big ad agencies as well as other types of corporations in New York. We don't offer our clients prostitutes, but if they want them, well, the important thing for all of us, obviously, is keeping our clients happy."

## BARBRA TELLS

### WHY MEN GO TO PROSTITUTES

"There's a lot missing in my clients' lives. People tell each other, and demand from each other, but they don't talk anymore. Everything is a job. Men go to work, they come home, they eat, and they fuck. There's no love, no romance. All that has been taken out of their lives.

"People need romance and they need change. Sometimes guys want to be romantic; sometimes they don't. They just want to fuck. Then again, a lot of men want something unique. They don't want it the same all the time. That's why they come here, because we are a different face. They can go into a new fantasy. But, you know, the body can be the same and you can change the face. A wife can do that, any woman can do that. It doesn't always have to be the same routine.

"I guess there's that element of danger, too. It's like me: I like to get laid in a car. There's that element of danger—oh, if I get caught!"

## POLICE ACTION

### AT THE MID-LEVEL LIEUTENANT THOMAS CONNOLLY OF THE PROSTITUTION CONTROL UNIT, OR "PUSSY POSSE"

"We don't have the time, energy, or manpower to go after the call girl or madam type. And we don't see it or hear about it, because apparently everybody's satisfied. Are the street girls being penalized because they're the lower echelon of society? That's a whole other bag of rattlesnakes."

## THE TOP LEVEL

The totally independent call girl who has a list of "dates" who visit her on a regular basis is at the top of *The Life*. Sometimes they'll send her a friend, or a madam may exchange a client with her, or send her a second girl for a "specialty," but she never calls her dates; they always call her. To be at the top level means that a call girl is assured

of hearing from about two high-paying dates daily. She earns from them the same amount of money—around \$200 a day—that a girl in Barbra's house makes from six men, or a street girl makes from that many or more men.

However, her work is no less demanding. While Barbra's girls spend fifteen minutes with a client, the top call girl spends about an hour with each date. Think of her as a highly trained geisha, because that's essentially what she is. Before seeing a date, she must prepare herself so that she looks beautiful, put clean sheets on the bed; and her apartment must be perfect. Half to three-quarters of the hour with the client is spent relaxing him with conversation designed to make him feel that he is the greatest man in the world. Only after she has laid this groundwork does she take him to the bedroom. Sex is but the dessert after a larger repast of ego feeding. The greater her ability to stroke, the steadier her clientele will remain. Unlike Barbra, this kind of call girl does not deal with men who want a constant change in the faces he sees. This woman's talent lies in making her dates want her and her only. To see this call girl for an hour, men pay \$100 and up; to spend the night with her, up to \$700!

For the hour they visit her, she is there for them in a way that probably no straight woman could consistently be. Each date knows that while he is there, she will dedicate herself to him totally—to his happiness, and to his sexual needs. She will never disappoint him.

## SYLVIE

Sylvie, like all independent call girls, works out of her own apartment in a luxury building with a uniformed doorman on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Her apartment is expensively furnished with a mixture of antiques and modern pieces. For instance, on a lovely old credenza stands a huge, sleekly framed photograph of Clark Gable. Her bedroom, done in "Japonaise," is sparsely furnished, with the bed raised on a wooden platform just off the lush beige carpet. Behind the bed is a rice-paper partition through which a soft blanket of light embraces the room. The effect is one of candlelight and is, indeed, very sexy.

She is thirty-one, but looks twenty-three, and has a French boyfriend with whom she lives, but whom she does not support. Her body is tall and slim, her hips and breasts tiny; and her face, too, is childlike, with huge, brown, laughing eyes and a full, sweet mouth; her hair is pale



*blond, wispy and well cut, and flies behind her when she walks. Sylvie has an air of vulnerability that makes one want to take her home by the hand and support her for the rest of her life. Yet she is extremely intelligent, and when she speaks, although her voice is soft and lilting, her manner and gaze are always direct. During our interview she reclined seductively on a plum-colored silk chaise longue, and got up only once to get me a glass of ginger ale. She made me feel as if I were the best interviewer in the world, and she, the best interviewee.*

*Sylvie's dates are high corporation executives, men with big incomes and bigger expense accounts.*

*As for the law, Sylvie says, "I would never have any reason to come up against the police. I mean, what could they say to me?"*

"First of all, you can't classify yourself in the business as a prostitute. You must say 'call girl.' Prostitute is absolutely no good.

"I don't say I would like to be a call girl all my life. I wouldn't. There is a time when you can learn from it, grow from it. Then there's a time when, instead of you ruling it, it starts sucking you in. That time happens very fast in this profession because it's easy money. If you want something and the phone call comes, it's \$100 and you've got what you want.

"It began with guys keeping me, and that put me in a certain circle. In that circle there were what you call 'party girls,' who are basically call girls but they're looking for the big score, the one guy they can take all their money from. The guys who were keeping me had friends, so it was my business to know call girls to supply their friends with. From that point I just got more and more involved.

"I started having guys keep me when I was nineteen. I was in the real-estate business and I happened to be managing a building. This girl came to rent from me, and I guess, by a sixth sense, you get to know who's legitimate and who's not. She didn't look like a call girl, but I had a feeling. I asked her to level with me and she did. So I said, 'Okay, you can move into the building but if you cause trouble, I must ask you to leave. It means my job and the reputation of this building.' So she moved in down the hall from me—which shows you how destiny ties things up real quick. There was this one guy she was seeing who was always trying to get in my door to seduce me. And, lo and behold, after a time, when I got laid off from my job, the guy came in. It just happened to be a day when I was very upset and crying, and I poured out my whole heart to him. And he said, 'Don't worry, I'll take care of you. Here's some money. Put some locks on the doors.' And I looked in my hand and it was

\$350. I thought, 'What the hell? \$350 to put locks on the doors?' After that he gave me a great deal of money. Then he introduced me to the next guy who kept me after he and I broke up.

"Because of my early life, this money was like manna from heaven. I enjoyed it—plus the fact that I dabbled in school, and I dabbled in work, and I never really had a direction or a goal in life.

"I didn't have a family. I was institutionalized most of my life. And I imagine a poor ego brings people into this business—an insecurity that this compensates for. Had I not come into this, I was in such a weak emotional state, I couldn't have handled anything else. I would have gone into a weaker state. This allowed me, slowly, at my own pace, to do a lot of growing inside.

"You can charge fifty dollars and up. Most call girls will not admit they take fifty dollars but I guarantee you they do. I would say it runs forty-five minutes to an hour, but it depends. If it's somebody you see steady, whom you enjoy—or like this date I have, somebody died in his family—I spend more time with him because I know he needs that time.

"The thing that is hard is that these men get very attached to you. They don't like to think they are paying. They stuff the money under the phone or stick it on the table. They don't want to hand it to you, and you fall into that. Once a guy left without paying and I didn't even notice. Three hours later he called up and said, 'My God, I forgot to pay you. I'll bring the money next time.' But I trust. I figure they can only screw me once. I get \$50 and up. It's usually \$100 if somebody comes over to the apartment; \$200 to \$300 to go out to dinner; to stay overnight, I will get \$500 to \$750.

"As for lubrication, I use a diaphragm, so I've got the jelly, which saves me right there. I think the best thing to use is K-Y jelly. There are discreet ways of applying these things. You don't do your ablutions in front of a man; you must always remain feminine.

"The living room is the easiest stage. It's tricky getting them from the living room into the bedroom without their feeling you are rushing them, and just as tricky getting them out and making them feel that they were the ones who wanted to leave. It's difficult. With each person, each time, it's different.

"Two people a day may not seem like a lot to you. But when you consider that you're living with a guy, as I am, and you're juggling that relationship, and then you have a date who comes in who is another personality—and one thing about a call girl is that she has many personalities—often I have to change personalities within half an

hour. That can be pretty difficult.

"If you work in an office nine to five, you can go in in a bad mood. But you cannot be in a bad mood when a guy walks through that door if you expect to see him again. All that a call girl is, basically, is somebody who is onstage, just somebody onstage.

"I have different outfits for different guys. Either I know the guy, or if another girl sends him she'll say what he's after. If you send a girl a hundred-dollar date, you get a cut of 40 to 50 percent or else she sends you back a hundred-dollar date. Unfortunately, there are slick girls in this town who will send you back a 'butterfly'—a guy who wants a new girl every time. So why should you give out one of your steadies for a guy who is only going to see you once? Anyway, I don't like to work with girls—only if a guy wants something like a *ménage à trois*, two girls and him. Then I have a few girl friends whom I work with and trust.

"I do not fantasize, but I know a girl who just came into the business, a most interesting young lady. She finds the business turns her on immensely. She has orgasms over the fact that someone is paying for her. It doesn't turn me on at all. I won't say I haven't had orgasms with a man that's paid me. I have. But mostly I feel detached.

"I want to leave the business and get married to my boyfriend. I can see myself doing other things: writing, fashion design, interior decorating. I am very good at those things. But as smart as I am in one way, I'm not very smart in another. And as for knowing how to put it all together, fashion design or anything else, I don't know how to do it. As I try to program myself to get out, I see how hard it is. This isn't a profession, it's a disease. There is one thing people will pay a great price for—an illusion called freedom. That's what it is, an illusion, because it isn't freedom. Very few of us have that.

"When I first got into this business it was a shock: 'What is this I'm doing? This is awful!' But then you get into it very fast. Very fast you get involved with female friends who have been in the business for years. Then they see a boyfriend come into your life and they start feeding you negative things: 'If he knows what you do, he can't really love you.' And you have to fight it out constantly to think positive.

"When I start thinking about marriage, here is the fear: maybe I don't know how to lean on a man financially. There is always the time, you never know, when he might need your help. Unfortunately, the only way I have known how to make it is by lying on my back. It is frightening to feel that someday you might be totally responsible for someone, that you would want to help him, and you would be facing that situ-



“Sexually, I'll tell you what they want most: they want you to have an orgasm. . . . I feel I am making a fool out of a man by lying to him, but then you wouldn't want to tell someone something he couldn't take, either.”

ation with your hands tied behind your back. So I have to figure out something else I can do that will bring in money.

“The feeling of being independent is important to me. I think everybody has her own concept of independence. What you call independence might really be another word for your pride, your dignity. Maybe I have the same pride, the same dignity, but maybe I'm not able to be an interviewer, or a this or that—not that I don't have the talent. I just don't have the ability to put it all together. I need a man behind me, like a father, because I didn't have a family. So, the ego, as always, shows its face. Some people take pride in being criminals; they think it's hip. Then there are other people who feel proud because they sit on top of a mountain like monks; they take pride in being above the rest. They are both duped. I am an actress; that is how I live out my frustrations. We are all kidding ourselves, but it allows us to live, kidding ourselves the easiest way we can.

“I couldn't have worked on the street, because I'm too sensitive. I couldn't have stood it. I don't know what separates me from those girls, to tell you the truth, because I've had a harder life than them. I must just have had a flying angel over my head, because I'm equally susceptible to drugs and indulgences, like them. I'm equally susceptible to being in ruin like anybody else. All you need is somebody a lot smarter than you to pull the wool over your eyes.

“There are some very hard things about this business. If you tell a guy, and you sincerely mean it, that he's nice-looking, he won't believe it. When it comes to the living-room scene, I would never say something that's not true. I would never tell a man he dresses well when he looks like a marmoset. But in the end, they tend not to believe you, no matter how sincere you are.”

## SYLVIE ON HIGH-LEVEL “BOYFRIENDS”

“In this business you have many lonelinesses. A lot of times you'll get into a relationship, but in the end, you'll have to give it up. You have quite a few choices with men, but none of them are good. Choice one: you meet a guy, and let's say you don't meet him from the business. Well, you either lie

to him and say you're in another business (which must be hell to live under), or choice two: you lie and say you have a Sugar Daddy (but even that can be hairy), or choice three: the guy wants compensation, he's a gigolo, he's whatever. When you're a high-class call girl, he isn't a pimp, he's a gigolo. It's the same thing, but with a different skin color. One you can go to a place like Régine's with and not be embarrassed when you run into your dates.

“Now, my situation is rather lucky. When I met my boyfriend, I told him that I was in the business to make X amount of money and he had a choice. If he wanted to live with me or marry me, he could either let me be a call girl and make my money, or divide his property with me and give me the amount I am working to make. Well, he wasn't about to do the latter, being an ex-gigolo himself.

“I live with my boyfriend, and it is very difficult. The pressure is tremendous. If he works, he'll come home at a certain hour. Well, suppose your biggest date calls up just then. You'll have to tell that date ‘No.’ When your boyfriend comes home, you have to control your hostility toward him and your anger with yourself. You have to say to yourself, ‘If I can be an actress for that one, I can be an actress for this one.’”

VIVA: *Do you think he's turned on by your being a call girl?*

SYLVIE: Yes. He won't admit it, but it's true. Billy Wilder wrote in his book, “If she isn't a whore, she's a bore.”

My boyfriend's a European man and he wants the European things, a wife at home. But let's not kid ourselves. He's been a gigolo in the south of France; he's been around. He's straightened up his act, but he's the same man. We don't change that drastically.

VIVA: *Does he want to hear what you do?*

SYLVIE: No. But he will put me to the wall: “Who's coming over? How old are they?” He wants them all to have one tooth in their mouth and one hair on their head. The idea that anyone should be charming is too much for him. So why let him know that there are charming people who pay and pay well? And there are.

## THE DATES

### SYLVIE TELLS WHY THEY COME TO HER

“We are all very unhappy. I don't care

if people have money and position; there is something that is dogging them. There is an emptiness in the midst of everything. You find a world today where people are either workaholics, alcoholics, or into some other kind of addiction. A man is forced by the fast-moving world to live like this. He has to walk over ten thousand of his best friends. If he's a person with conscience, it's very easy to throw himself off balance. It's a matter of living with his principles but not being able to survive, or surviving and throwing his principles away.

“So then you have the men who come here. Sure, they want sexual satisfaction within; but basically what they want is someone they can talk to. It's more like being a psychiatrist—this has been said a hundred times before, but it's true—a nurse, a doctor, a friend. Men pay because in the long run it costs them a lot less—and that, too, is a standard answer, but it's true. They want to know they can have it when they want it. They want to take care of their business and go. When they leave, it's out of their minds and yours.

“Sexually, I'll tell you what they want most: they want *you* to have an orgasm. It's back to the old thing called ego, for them, for me, for all of us. I feel very, very bad when I have to lie, but then again, it's principles versus survival. I feel I am making a fool out of a man by lying to him, but then you wouldn't want to tell someone something he couldn't take, either. Believe me, these guys *have* to know! It amazes me that all they want to hear is that you had an orgasm. I had one guy look me in the face after sex and say, ‘Look, just pretend that you did.’ He told me out loud that this is what he wants! Isn't that an incredible admission?”

“The guy I was living with before I met my present boyfriend said to me, ‘If you go back into the business, I will not give you X amount of money.’ I said to him, ‘You are telling me to lie to you.’ Can you believe that someone would put it to you like that? He wanted to believe he was a savior. Those ten months I spent with him, I think he loved to fantasize that he was Jesus Christ come to save Mary Magdalene. But, Mary Magdalene was not Mary Magdalene without clients. It goes both ways.”



## CLAUDIA WEILL

(Continued from page 46)

fill in those blanks with. It's not like I have all these great messages that I have to give to the world. It's not hedging. It's just that I'm not very interested in self-expression or in perceiving myself from the outside.

"It's funny," she says, unselfconsciously doodling a heart on the pad in front of her. "I was home last weekend with my parents, and my mother started talking to me about my summers when I was a kid. They started getting interesting when I was around eleven or twelve. One summer I studied painting with one person, and then another summer I'd be a guide on tapestry in a museum. Then I had a fellowship from Yale to study photography. It struck me that each summer was very different.

"Even in college. I started out wanting painting, but Radcliffe didn't offer it, so I thought I might want architecture. Then I decided to do pre-med. I ended up majoring in history and literature, but I took a lot of psych and sociology courses.

"Then one summer I was lucky enough to get a job as a still photographer and general production assistant on a feature documentary for United Artists called *Revolution*—it was the summer of '67, and it was about Haight-Ashbury, and it was great! It's funny, in my first ten years out of college, I've felt like I was always trying something."

What Weill seems to mean here is that each of her documentaries was absorbing in itself but not part of some deliberate, larger statement. Yet, almost all of Weill's documentaries share in a political sensibility that is sure, unwavering, and forceful; most often, as in *Girl Friends*, the subject is women, their work and their lives.

*This Is the Home of Mrs. Levant Graham* (1970) is a compassionate, multi-award-winning examination of a large and extended black family in Washington, D.C. The family, which is perpetually threatened by overcrowding, quarrels, employment problems, and poverty, is held together by Mrs. Levant Graham's determination. *Commuters*, a film made in 1972 for the Public Broadcasting System's "51st State," opens with a shot of the train station in Scarsdale, N.Y., the town where Weill grew up. The station platform is filled with businessmen who are boarding their morning train. As their train leaves, another train comes in, filled with black women who've come to clean the houses these men have just left. "You could call it *Racism and Sexism Go Hand in Hand*, or some other Brechtian title, but the reason the film works," says Weill, "is that it's not

done that way. It's simply 'Here's a little piece of evidence in the town of Scarsdale.' It's very clear what that embodies in terms of a social system. You don't need to state it."

Since Weill has already told me that she doesn't find Hollywood "alien," that, in fact, she "enjoys" it, and that she'd love some day to make a film with Clint Eastwood, I ask her (delicately, I think) whether she sees herself as being less politically inclined than she was when she made her earlier documentaries. "That's an elusive question," she says. "What I learned through the women's movement was that politics is really very personal. How I feel about myself, my body, what happens when I walk into a room—all that is politics, and art becomes a very high form of politics.

"In terms of political action, I really believe very strongly that the way you make people change is by making them laugh or cry. So to me, a film that reaches you deeply on an emotional level is going to be very political as long as the values and point of view are correct."

Now, having done both documentaries and dramatic film, does she prefer one to the other? "Oh, dramatic film! Though I'd still be willing to shoot a documentary, I'm just not interested in making them myself anymore. I just grew out of them. I got sick of hanging around people, waiting for them to say what I wanted them to say, and then spending months in the editing room trying to manipulate what they had to say into what I wanted to say. I just felt so passive. I began to feel I wasn't really putting myself on the line.

"For me the beauty of making documentaries was that, first of all, it enabled me to learn a craft, and also that it gave me an excuse to meet people and to go out into the world, but once I realized I could be in the world without the camera as an excuse, then I didn't need that passport. If I'm curious about Mrs. Levant Graham, I can go meet her. If I want to go to China, I can go to China. I don't have to make a film about China."

But will she see things in the same way without the camera? Does she have a different eye when she's shooting? "Not really," she says. "My father is a very fine painter, and I feel that he really trained me, from an early age, to see, to observe. We would go out in the woods with watercolors together, and I would look at his paintings and kind of comment, and he would criticize mine. I didn't and don't really stare. I think you can always get it all in a glance, and then return for another glance if you need to.


"The notion of staring, like the notion of thinking, is a slightly false notion. I think we make all our choices on

very quick intuitive perceptions. And a glance is a metaphor for that. I don't know about you, but I always felt terribly self-conscious that I didn't think, that I didn't know how to think. And then I began to realize that thinking is simply an accumulation of glances. It's not as linear and logical as traditional education teaches us it is. It doesn't take time to think. Whether the question is 'How do I feel about my work?' or 'What's going on in this relationship?' at any moment you can pull the subatomic button on your life, and if you're honest with yourself, you'll know the answer immediately.

"In actually shooting a documentary, there's not time for things to go through the brain. You don't think it out; you just have to be there with it. Documentaries are easier than features because in a documentary, you find the subject and then you gather the evidence. But how do you *create* the evidence? Nothing exists. The story doesn't even exist.

"What I really have had to learn in doing a feature is how to articulate what it was I wanted, how to translate. In fact, the real pleasure of making *Girl Friends* was the opportunity it gave me to collaborate—not only with the actors, but with the writer, Vicki Polon; with the art director, who's responsible for the way the room looks, the way a meal on the table looks; with the costume director; with the cameraman, who's responsible for the quality of light coming through the window. I had to articulate, 'This is supposed to be an idyllic breakfast that's going to be shattered.' Whereas making a documentary is very solitary."

And then there's the future, far and near. Has Weill spent much time thinking about marriage? "How can you think about it? I'm just convinced that one day I'll be married and have children." She laughs. "I'm not sure how that's going to happen." Also, in the future "I would like to make some very sexy films, but to make sex the subject of the film is out. When sex is dealt with too head-on, as in *Last Tango in Paris*, it becomes a film about death, whether it intends to or not. It's not until two organisms have to join to produce a third that they've defined themselves as mortal, so ultimately sex is a great reminder of mortality."

Whatever the surface uncertainty in Claudia Weill's life, she seems—as she has every reason to be—eager and undaunted and sure about what she's doing. "Look," she says, "this is my craft. Some people make shoes, some people make deals, and I make films. I'm competent at it, and I've created a kind of track record now whereby I can continue to do it. It's my work," she concludes. "It's what I do when I get up in the morning." 



## FASHION FINDER

**Pages 46-47:** Black felt and diamanté cap with plume by John Larkin at Mignon Faget, New Orleans, La. Rhinestone earrings by Woman of Fashion for Stephan Adrian at Nordstrom's, Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash.

**Page 48:** Red satin disc hat by Don Kline at Therapy, Aspen, Colo.; Charles Gallet, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Twenty-Four Collection, Miami, Fla. Black patent belt at La Bagagerie, Beverly Hills, Calif. Diamond drop earrings and Maltese cross by Joseph Mazer at David's, Palm Beach, Fla.

**Page 49:** Rhinestone earrings by Woman of Fashion for Stephan Adrian at Nordstrom's, Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash.

**Page 50:** Red spandex dress at Kamali, Beverly Hills, Calif. Red silk jacquard scarf by Geoffrey Beene for Jewelcase at I. Magnin, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Tex. Black beaded gloves at Broadway Baby, Washington, D.C.; Burdine's, Fla.


**Page 51:** Black tasseled purse by Barbara Bolan at Lou Lattimore, Dallas, Tex.; Alan Dale's, L.A., Calif.

**Page 52:** Pinky and Dianne for Private Label at Cyrk, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Tex.; Maxfield Bleu, L.A., Calif. Motorbike glasses from Fiorucci, Boston, Mass., and L.A., Calif.

**Page 53:** Red diamanté glasses by Private Eyes at Filene's, Boston, Mass.; I. Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.; Sakowitz, Houston, Tex. Gold mesh gloves by Screenland at Broadway Baby, Washington, D.C.; Burdine's, Miami, Fla.

**Page 76:** Red sequined stretch top at Fiorucci, Boston, Mass., and L.A., Calif. Rhinestone bracelets by Woman of Fashion for Stephan Adrian at J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich. Gold and diamanté strappy shoes (\$107) by Charles Jourdan, all branches. Red wing glasses (\$15) at Ian's, N.Y.C. Gold and red rhinestone bow-tie pin (\$4) at Fiorucci. Multicolored rhinestone bracelets (\$10 each) by Woman of Fashion for Stephan Adrian at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. Wide gold reptile-print belt (\$12) by Betsey Johnson at Patricia Field, N.Y.C.

**Page 77:** Red lurex tight-fitting dress by Betsey Johnson at Tootsie's, Houston, Tex. Black leather belt at La Bagagerie, Beverly Hills, Calif.

**Page 79:** Gold lamé gloves (\$15) from a selection at Early Halloween, N.Y.C. Black and gold heart pin (\$6) and black drop earrings (\$8) by Mirielle for L.H.O.O.Q. at Fiorucci, N.Y.C.; Reminiscence, N.Y.C. 

## WINES


(Continued from page 88)

white wines would surely show Gewürztraminer at the top, or close to it. These wines are produced primarily in the Alsace region of France and in some of the best districts of California. The wine usually has an intense, spicy aroma and a pronounced taste that is a long way from the many correct but comparatively neutral white wines that are lined up along the shelves of any retail store. Some California bottlings have a less pronounced spicy taste than those from Alsace, although the best of them fully display the unusual personality of this wine. Good examples of Alsatian Gewürztraminer that are widely distributed include those of Hugel, Trimbach, and Willm, at about five dollars. Some California Gewürztraminers that are generally available at three-fifty to five dollars are Almadén, Charles Krug, Inglenook, Mirassou, and Simi.

**Mâcon Blanc** The Burgundy region of France produces one of the finest dry white wines in the world. These wines are made from the classic Chardonnay grape (there is almost no Pinot Blanc left in Burgundy), and among the best-known are those from the villages of Chablis, Meursault, Puligny-Montrachet, and Chassagne-Montrachet. Perhaps the most famous of all is Pouilly-Fuissé, situated in the Mâcon region in southern Burgundy. The popularity of this wine, combined with its limited supply, has driven its price up to as much as nine dollars a bottle. A less expensive alternative, also made entirely from the Chardonnay grape and similar in taste to Pouilly-Fuissé, are wines labeled Mâcon Blanc or Mâcon Blanc Villages. Many good examples sell for four to six dollars and provide the taste and style of good Burgundy at less cost than wines from the famous villages of the region. Since California Pinot Chardonnay (as the wine is traditionally labeled) is now familiar to so many consumers, some French shippers have taken to labeling their less expensive white Burgundies as Pinot Chardonnay. The label will almost always list the appellation Mâcon Blanc or Bourgogne Blanc as well as an indication of the wine's geographical origin. Bouchard Père, Cave de Lugny, Chanson, Joseph Drouhin, Louis Jadot, Louis Latour, Marquisat, and Piat are some of the names to look for when buying Mâcon Blanc.

**California Chenin Blanc** This grape variety, used in the Loire Valley for such wines as Vouvray and Anjou Blanc, has become increasingly popular in California. Most of the hun-

dred-plus wineries that now market a Chenin Blanc produce one that has some residual sweetness to it. Although each winery determines whether its example will be just off-dry, semidry, or even semisweet, good examples are always well balanced. The wine can therefore be enjoyed as an appealing all-purpose white wine, just as attractive as an aperitif before the meal as with the meal itself. The Christian Brothers, Inglenook, Charles Krug, Paul Masson, Robert Mondavi, Parducci, Sebastiani, and Sonoma Vineyards are among the many wineries that produce good examples of Chenin Blanc at three dollars to four-fifty. A few wineries, including Louis Martini and Souverain, market a Dry Chenin Blanc, and Wente Bros. makes an attractive medium-dry Chenin Blanc labeled Le Blanc de Blancs. Along the Loire, the Chenin Blanc is often referred to by its local name, Pineau de la Loire. The Christian Brothers market a medium-sweet Chenin Blanc under that name, and Inglenook is once again producing a dry Chenin Blanc labeled White Pinot.

**California Sauvignon Blanc and Fumé Blanc** The Sauvignon Blanc grape exhibits something of a dual personality both in France and in California. In France, it is used to make Bordeaux Blanc and Graves, white wines that range from dry to semisweet, depending on the intentions of the wine maker. In addition, two popular Loire wines, Sancerre and Pouilly-Fumé, are made entirely from the Sauvignon Blanc, and these wines are always completely dry, full-flavored, and with a refreshing tang. In California, some wineries, such as Wente Bros., have long made a flavorful dry wine labeled Sauvignon Blanc; others, such as Beaulieu Vineyards, market a Sauvignon Blanc with more than a touch of sweetness. This confusion about whether or not a particular Sauvignon Blanc is dry, and the fact that this varietal wine has never been very popular with the public, inspired Robert Mondavi to market a completely dry Sauvignon Blanc under the name Fumé Blanc, to suggest that his wine was closer in style to a Pouilly-Fumé than to a white Bordeaux. The idea has caught on, and there are now a great many dry Sauvignon Blanc wines sold as Blanc Fumé or Fumé Blanc. Mondavi's excellent wine now sells for over six dollars, but many others cost four dollars or less, including Almadén, Beringer, and The Christian Brothers Napa Fumé. Harder to find, and priced at five or six dollars, are three excellent dry wines, the Sauvignon Blancs of Spring Mountain and Sterling Vineyards, and Dry Creek Fumé Blanc. 



## CLEVER KIDS

(Continued from page 98)

where Joseph and I had sat after our argument about his going to Canada. As we sat there, I had already been sure that if he went, he would be killed. In the kitchen, he had argued against going to Canada, because it was dishonorable. On the dock, I began to understand the real reason: it wasn't a matter of principle, but simply that he thought he wouldn't die; he thought he was indestructible. He really thought that he would always be in control, that he would always be the storyteller. I don't think I said to him in so many words that I knew he was going to die, or that he actually said he knew he was going to live, but that's what our conversation was about. He didn't understand how bad, and how pointless, things were in Vietnam. No matter what I said, his attention didn't focus on it, and I couldn't make him understand.

I went out to the dock, where my mother was, and crouched there. A bird flew overhead. There was a nice, mossy smell the breeze was blowing in off the water.

"Know where Nick and Sebastian went?" I said.

"Look at his poor boat," she said.

I looked down. The water was slopping against it, the breeze blowing ripples of water toward shore. The water made a slapping sound: put-put.

"I just can't snap out of it," she said.

I leaned over and kissed her cheek. Nick did that most mornings when it was time for me to wake up. Joseph had nudged me awake with his hand, squeezed my shoulder in the dark. It was nicer than any kiss.

I went to bed early and slept for a little while, then woke up. I put on an old, lacy robe that belonged to my mother or grandmother, and went out of the room. The clock in the kitchen said 1:30. Everyone had gone to bed. Going back to the bedroom, I saw the small lamp on and detoured to the living room. Sebastian hadn't gone home. He was stretched on the sofa, but not sleeping. There was a bottle and a glass on the table. "Howdy," he said quietly. My mother was asleep—or at least she was in her room in the dark. Her bedroom opened onto the living room. The door was cracked open a few inches. I waved to Sebastian and went back to my room. I looked at all the books that I couldn't remember having read, and at the pictures I no longer found attractive: a Picasso poster of a hand holding flowers; a drawing of lobstermen casting their nets, done by a boy who had had a crush on me in high school.

Joseph would have interrupted the silence with a story. I went out of the room and passed by Sebastian in the

living room without looking in, and climbed the stairs to the attic.

It smelled the way it had always smelled. The two beds were still there. When I left the room, they left that bed in place. Nick was sleeping in the far bed. Without knowing who had slept where, he had chosen Joseph's bed. Nick had slept upstairs the other time he came to the house, but that time I hadn't gone upstairs to see where he slept. In fact, I hadn't been above the first floor in a long time. With the exposed beams and the low, triangle-shaped window, it still looked snug, like some room in a storybook.

"What are you doing here?" Nick whispered.

I went over to his bed. The room looked like it existed in a time warp; I could imagine stepping on one of Joseph's socks.

"She'll hear you," Nick said. He reached out his hand from under the covers. He had been asleep.

I sat there and held his hand. Then I lay on the bed. Finally, I got under the covers.

"We shouldn't upset her any more today," he said.

It was a rational and even a nice thing to say, and I knew that I was wrong to hate him for saying it. He lay still in the bed and I lay beside him. My eyes were getting accustomed to the dark. I was looking around the room and thinking of how Joseph's shadow tiptoed to me, the pitch of his whispery child's voice. As I got older, if I told people about my brother, the stories would always be about my brother as a child—I got older, but Joseph was still frozen in childhood.

"What?" Nick said sleepily.

I had moved and thrown my arm over him, inadvertently. I wanted to say: Nick, my whole life just rushed by.

Nick fumbled for my hand and we held hands again. His hand was so warm. I could see in the dark now: his eyes closed, his mouth like the mouth of a Botticelli angel.

"There's a demon in the corner." I pointed. (Starlight on two metal coat hooks.)

He mumbled again: "What?"

He was trying to be kind, trying to stay awake. I looked at the coat hooks. They did look like eyes glaring, and I had scared myself a little by calling them demons.

"A demon," I said again, and something in my voice told Nick he had to rouse himself, that the talk about demons was flippy.

"Okay," he said, struggling up, half sighing the second "okay."

He smoothed my hair from my face and, kindly, kissed my neck, moved his hand up my ribs. It was not what I wanted at all, but I closed my eyes, not knowing now what to say.

## PHOTO CREDITS

**Page 6:** Ann Beattie by Trisha Orr; Alexis Bessaloff by Dan Wynn; Michael Weber with Burns by Albert, Newhoff & Burr, Inc.; Tohru Nakamura by Tohru Nakamura. **Page 20:** Photo by Gordon Munro. **Pages 22 and 24:** Photo by Pat Hill. **Pages 32–33:** All photos by Pat Hill. **Page 35:** Catherine Booth courtesy of Culver Pictures, Inc. **Page 37:** *Girl Friends* by Maureen Lambray. **Page 38:** Marquis de Sade by Toni Ungerer, 1969, by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. **Page 40:** Roger Lewin by Christine Jones; Tillie Olsen by Thomas Victor, 1978; Richard Leakey by Bob Campbell; Diana Nyad by Dianora Niccolini; Adrienne Rich by Thomas Victor. **Page 41:** Billie Holiday courtesy of United Artists.

## VIVA STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Statement of ownership, management, and circulation (Act of August 12, 1970, Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of publication: *Viva*. 2. Date of filing: September 8, 1978. 3. Frequency of issue: Published monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022. 5. Location of headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher, R.C. Guccione, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022; Editor, Kathy Keeton, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022; Managing Editor, Helen Irwin, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022. 7. Owner: The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock: Penthouse International Limited, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022, a trust for the benefit of the R.C. Guccione family, Georgetown, Grand Cayman. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and/or other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None. 9. Average number of copies each issue during preceding twelve months: A. Total number of copies printed, 623,018. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales, 369,494. (2) Mail subscriptions, 17,364. C. Total paid circulation, 386,858. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: (1) Samples, complimentary, and other free copies, 3,854. (2) Copies distributed to news agents but not sold, 227,949. E. Total distribution, 390,712. F. Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 4,357. G. Total: 623,018. Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: A. Total number of copies printed, 603,034. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales, 371,200. Mail subscriptions, 17,753. C. Total paid circulation, 388,953. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: (1) Samples, complimentary, and other free copies, 4,054. (2) Copies distributed to news agents but not sold, 205,521. E. Total distribution, 393,007. F. Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing, 4,506. G. Total: 603,034. I certify that the statements made by me are correct and complete: Irwin E. Billman, Executive Vice-President and Business Manager.



Among the fantasies from childhood which I brought to my adult sexual relations was the yearning for a present, potent as a prince's kiss, which would wake me from my endless daydream of the perfect gift. The value and significance of this love token was that I had always desired it, had never asked for it, yet "he" had guessed what it was. It would be a sign that destiny was at work. It would represent the very epiphany of recognition of my secret self.

This ideal present varied considerably from relationship to relationship, and in fact was usually the essence of what was "missing" from them. I yearned for something deep and grave, the collected works of Hegel, for instance, from the lover with whom it was impossible to be serious. But from the graduate student in philosophy whom I could never laugh with, I wanted a Spanish shawl with a thick silk fringe. Furthermore, I wanted him to present it impishly stuffed in a brown bag. From the man who loved my "soul," I wanted an evening dress three sizes too small. And from the one who thought of me as the most earthy creature he had ever known, I longed for the thinnest, whitest, most fragile old Meissen bowl. He gave me a world atlas for my birthday, proud of how appropriate it was. I must confess that in the years since our separation it has turned out to be an extremely sensible and pleasant present.

From the cynical journalist I was once madly in love with, and with whom I was forever deprecating love, I yearned for something touching. He brought me dime-store follies and "found junk," antique dirty postcards and cabbages wrapped in the *Daily News*. One Christmas he gave me his chest X ray in a gilt frame. I feted him in kind, with singing telegrams and plastic roses, bottles of rotgut gin and a rubber leg from a costume-supply store, Frisbees, and supremely vulgar ties. We competed in an artful and teasing toughness with one another, but for my part, I was afraid to show how much I liked him, and I was courting his idea that I was unsentimental and had contempt for cheap satisfactions. Meanwhile I kept hoping to be delivered from my own austere pretense. What I really wanted was for him to produce an emerald from his shabby briefcase, or an etching, or two tickets to Venice, or a silk nightgown with *écru* lace.

Apart from the emerald and perhaps the etching, there was nothing in my catalog of desires so expensive or so esoteric that I could not, with a little sacrifice, have rustled it

## TOKENS OF LOVE

"... He stood behind her in front of the looking glass and fastened the priceless strand around her long, white neck. All of her life she had waited and schemed for this moment. She felt his breath close for the first time, startling the small hairs at her nape. She began to shiver."—From a Gothic romance




BY JUDITH THURMAN

Abidjan made of sacred wood and rusty petrol cans. He offered pieces of yellowed ivory and yellowed lace, and tortoiseshell combs and boxes. He smuggled me baskets of wild strawberries from Nemi, and Polish sausages. He produced half-bottles of Margaux and crystal perfume decanters and velvet berets from the Paris flea market. He showered me with icons, and cacti, and old books of poems with marbled endpapers.

All this had nothing to do with the fact that we weren't happy together, never really able to talk. But the giving and taking was a real bond. The presents made a long strand of lovely, ornamental reconciliations—too heavy, finally, for the brittle string of our relationship, which held them.

That last experience dissuaded me from setting such store by love tokens, and by epiphanies of recognition in general—at least those defined and staged by me. Perhaps this means that I have lost my innocence, my belief, renewed despite vigorous disillusionments; in love's perfectibility.

Now, what I have come to regard as the best presents are no longer things yearned for in advance. Whatever they may be, they are always unexpected. They are objects or gestures with the power to surprise me in some hidden place. They are "recognitions" of myself, whose value is that they are offered freely by someone else. 

Judith Thurman, a free-lance writer who lives in New York City, is currently finishing a biography of the Danish writer Isak Dinesen.

up for myself. I wanted my worth confirmed by my lovers, but not in dollars. The tokens I fixed my heart on were all relatively modest projections of an ideal sexual self: exotic, refined, valuable, but in an endearing and obscure way precious only to the connoisseur.

To balance the account, I have to add that I had one lover who was a genius at giving presents. He traveled a great deal and was a collector by inclination. He also understood the requirements of the perfect love token: it should have a lingering scent of the altar, of possessiveness; a certain artistic choiceness, like that of objects assembled for a still life.

He brought me tarnished necklaces from Arabia that were almost too heavy to wear, and Victorian valentines from New Jersey. He returned with rare, black embroidery from Guatemala, and faded but still lovely prayer rugs from the suq of Marrakesh, and drums from



# Babe for Christmas. Fabulous.

There's no scent like Babe for the Holidays. Give her a gift of Babe perfume, Babe cologne or a lovely Babe gift set. And make it a fabulous Christmas.

**Babe**



AT YOUR FAVORITE DEPARTMENT OR DRUG STORE COSMETIC COUNTER. SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES SHOWN.

FROM THE WORLD OF FABERGÉ.



Babe Purse Perfume in its unique golden case, .25oz. 12.50.  
Spray Cologne: 4 oz. 9.50, 2 oz. 6.50.



Babe Travel Set: Cologne, Moisturizing Bath Oil, Moisturizing Body Lotion, 2 oz. each. 6.50.



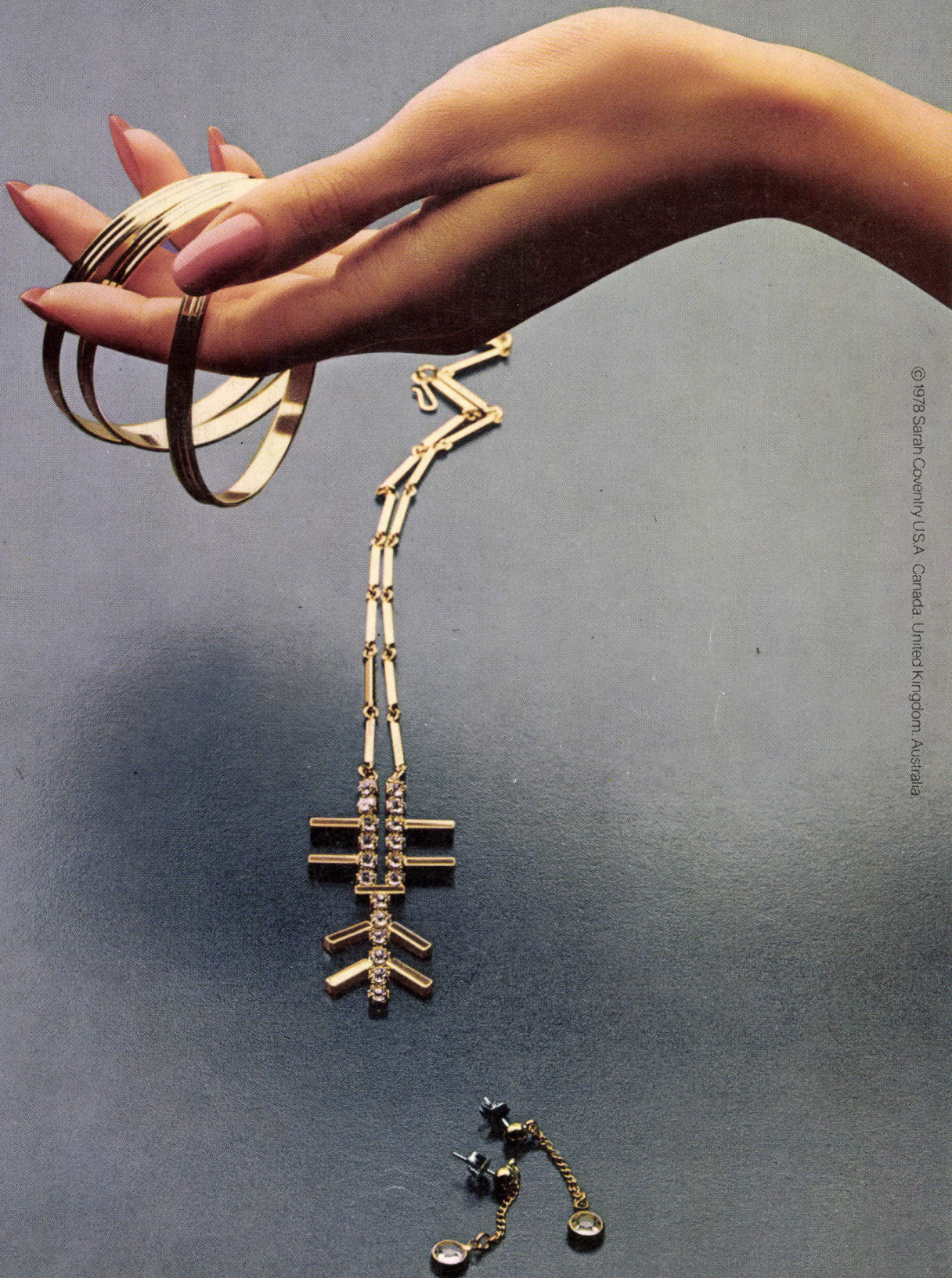
Babe Trio Set: 2 oz. Cologne, 4 oz. Soap, 2 oz. Talc. 10.50.



Babe Spray Bath Set: 4 oz. Spray Cologne, 8 oz. Bath Powder. 15.00.



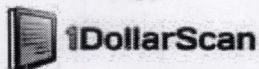
By invitation only.



© 1978 Sarah Coventry U.S.A. Canada, United Kingdom, Australia.

Be a guest at a Jewelry Home Fashion Show. R.S.V.P. 800-448-7000. *Sarah Coventry*<sup>®</sup>  
(In New York, R.S.V.P. 800-962-9711. Sarah Coventry, Newark 10, N.Y. State 14593.)





1dollarscan.com (zLibro, Inc.)  
1723 Rogers Avenue Suite G,  
San Jose CA 95112

I agree with the following things:

- 1) I am using 1dollarscan.com services based on my own request.
- 2) I agree to Terms and Conditions at 1dollarscan.com, <http://1dollarscan.com/terms.php> and my use of 1dollarscan's services will be within the scope of the Fair Use Policy (<http://www.copyright.gov/fls/fl102.html>). Otherwise, meet at least one of the following;
  - a) I am the copyright holder of this content.
  - b) I have the permission from copyright owner.
- 3) I understand that 1dollarscan shall have no liability to me or any third party with respect to their services.

NAME : Damian Matthews

Signature: [Signature]

Date: 7-2-20

This sheet should be inserted at the last page of each file generated by 1dollarscan.com scanning services.